"THE TWELVE COINS OF CONFUCIUS," A MYSTERY SERIAL, IS BEGUN ON PAGE 5 OF THIS ISSUE

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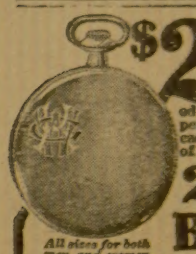

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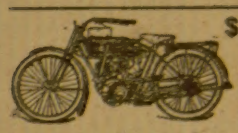

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Proving That Love Is Blind

THE very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red of head and each hair stood as if it cherished supreme contempt for its neighbor. His face looked like nothing so much as a be-spotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a large lump and the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth was anything but pretty in shape. His form was as uncouth as his features were ugly.

But——

Ben Purtle had a bouncing, handsome, blooming wife.

Curiosity as to how Ben ever got her overcame me one day and, banking on the fact that our friendship was deep, I asked him tne question point-blank. Ben grinned, ignored the impertinence of my question and told me the story as follows:

Well now, gals what's sensible aint cotched by none of your purty and hifalutin airs. I've seen that tried more than once. You know Kate was considered the purtiest girl in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to catch her. Well, I used to go over to old Sammy's too, just to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But mercy sakes! I had no more thought that I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket could hide in the hair that warn't on old Sammy's bald head—no sir ree. But still I couldn't help goin and my heart would kinder flutter and my eyes would burn all over, whenever I would go to talk with Kate. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me like, it almost killed me, sure. I went home with something like a rock jostling about in my breast, and decided that I'd hang myself with the first plow-line I found. But when I got home Dad blazed at me so for forgettin' to take old Ball to the pasture in the morning that I forgot all about the hangin' intentions.

Well—I reckon it was a year after that—I got up one Sunday and scraped my face with daddy's old razor, and put on my new copperas breeches and a new linsey coat mammy had dyed with sassafrac bark and went over to uncle Sammy's. Now, I'd got to lovin Kate like all creation, but never cheeped to anybody about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folks.

Well, now aint it queer how a feller will feel sometimes? Something seemed to say as I went along, "Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you." And then my heart would flutter like a jay bird in a trap. And when I got thar and seed Kate with her new checked homespun frock on, I really thought I'd take the blind staggers, anyhow.

Well, I found the order of the day was to go muscadine hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Bowles was thar. I'd known a long time that Sharp was after Kate, and I hated him worse than a hog hates to find the way out of a tater patch, but I dident let on. Sharp had on white breeches and fine shoes and broadcloth overcoat, but everybody knowed he wasent worth a red cent. He walked with Kate and you ought to have seen the airs he put on. It was "Miss Kate" this, and "Miss Kate" that, all sich nonseuse. After a while we came to a slough whar we had to cross on a log, and I'd a notion to pitch the sassy good for nothing into the water.

But Frovidence done that all up brown. Nothing must do but Joe Sharp must lead Kate across fust. He jumped on the log and took Kate's hand, and they put off. Just as they got half way across a tarnation big bullfrog jumped in the water. You know they always holler. "Snakes!" screamed the fool, and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, black muddy water. And what do you think he done? Why, run backwards and forreds, hollerin for a pole to help Kate outen the water.

Kate looked at me, and I couldn't stand it any longer. Kerchug! I lit ten feet from the bank at the fust jump, and had Kate outen thar in no time. And d'ye think the scamp didn't come up arter we'd got out, and said, "Are you hurt, Miss Kate?"

My dander was up, I could not stand it. I cotch him by the seat of his britches and his coat collar and gin him a toss. Maybe he did not go clear under when he hit the water. I did not see him out. Me and Kate put for the house. When we started off Kate said, " Ben, just let me hold on to your arm, I kinder feel sorter weak."

Great Jiminy! I felt so queer when she took hold. I tried to say something nice, but my drotted mouth would not go off, no how. But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped Kate along. Bimeby Kate said:

"Ben, that Joe Sharp is a good for nothing, sneaking cowardly nobody; ef he ever puts his head inside our house again, I'll souse him with dish water sure."

I tried to say something agin, but, hang the luck, I couldn't say nothing, but squeezed Kate's hand and sighed like a crazy bellows.

We had got clear out of sight of the others, and Kate says:

"Ben, I feel that you are my protector, and I believe daddy is right when he says you are worth all the rest of the boys in the neighborhood."

"Ben Purtle," thinks I, "this is a great day for you," and I made a tremendous effort to get my mouth off again, and out it popped sure enough.

"Kate," says I, trembling all over, "I've loved you to distraction, and no mistake. I have loved you long and hard. My heart has been almost broken for years; and I want you to say right straight up and down whether you are going to have me or not."

Kate hung down her head and didn't say nothing, but I felt encouraged, for she kinder sighed. Says I, "Kate, ef you are gwine to have me, say so, and ef you don't like to say so, just squeeze my hand."

Well, she squoze my hand right away. Lordy, how I did feel. I felt as if a stream of warm water, or sassafras tea, sweetened with molasses, was running thru my bones! I jess cotch her in my arms and kissed her and she never tried the first time to git loose. We were married the next fall.

Why, Lordy, she thinks I am the purtiest and best feller in the world. I tell you, sir, it is no use talking, hifalutin airs and quality dressing, and cologne and sich things, ain't gwine to go down with sensible gals, sure.

Her Money.

"I AM absolutely worn out from rushing around town with Nell these days, trying to help her decide whether she wants to buy an automobile or a diamond necklace," sighed the girl with the new furs.

"Nell, you know," she went on, "has had a wonderful turn of good luck lately. She went out West last June to visit her grandfather, expecting to remain about two weeks, but she found the old gentleman quite ill and so lonesome that she did not have the heart to come home and leave him to himself. She says that every time she packed her trunk and began to study the time table her grandfather looked so sad and disconsolate that she would postpone her departure.

"She wanted most awfully to come back, too, because Jack had written her that he was going to be in town on furlough for a few days and Nell knew that he would look so perfectly splendid in his uniform that all the girls would be wild about him and she did hate to lose him just by default. But she felt it was her duty to remain with her grandfather, so she wired Jack that she could not come home; and he was so furious that he never even answered."

"But I thought you said," interrupted the girl with the gold vanity case, "that Nell had had a streak of good luck."

"She had," retorted the fur-clad one. "Nell looked over her shoulder at the moon or the electric light or something the night that she sent Jack that message and her luck turned at once. Her grandfather became lots better and the doctor announced that he might travel to Chicago. So Nell has brought him home.

"And the very next day after she arrived Jack came down from camp to see her. He told her that altho he had been terribly peeved at her for staying away so long, he had had his furlough postponed until her return. So they became engaged at once.

"Then when the grandfather heard what a sacrifice Nell had made for his sake, he was so touched that he gave her a perfectly huge check and told her to buy herself something.

"Nell has spent every minute since looking at roadsters and jewelry, and fur coats and period furniture, but she simply can't make up her mind. Why, here comes Nell herself now!"

A radiant young person entered. "Well, lucky lady, did you buy the automobile, after all?" queried both girls.

"No, something even better than that," laughed Nell, joyously. "I began to think today how soon dear Jack would be over in France and how glad I would be if I might only help him along in the good fight—and the men who are with him. And it struck me that dear grandad's gift would look better and feel better if invested in a field ambulance or some other form of Red Cross work. And that is where it is going."

* * *

Why She Married.

THE burglar's wife was in the witness box, and the prosecuting counsel was conducting a vigorous cross-examination.

"Madam, you are the wife of this man?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?"

"Well," said the witness, sarcastically, "I was getting old, and had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar."

The cross-examination ended there.

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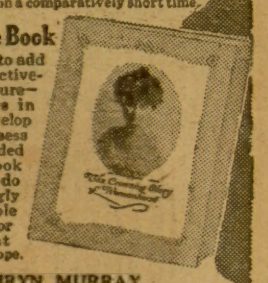

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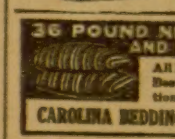

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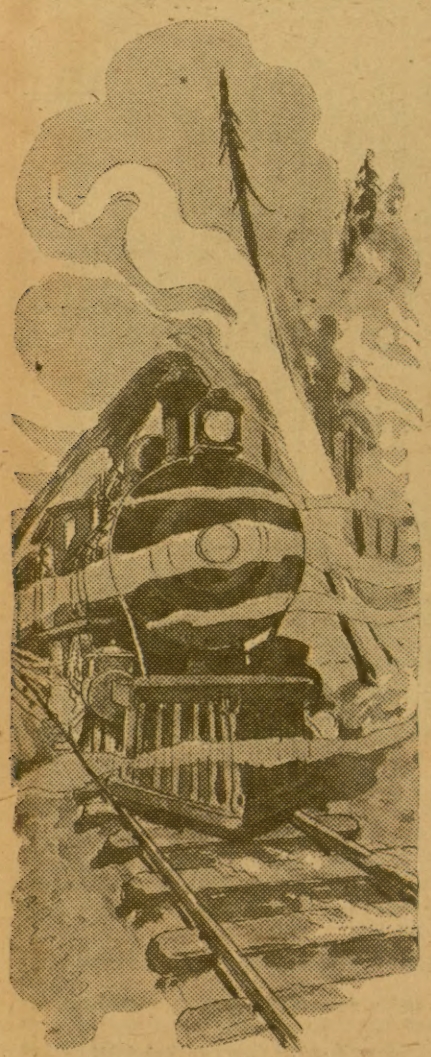
ONE YEAR LATE

By Ladd Plumley



Fire Already Was Flying Across the Track.

FOR days the smoke had been getting thicker. Jim Barth wiped his eyes at the window of the Redway Junction station.

"Barth, I can't get 'em—none of 'em. Been trying for an hour."

The operator had grunted his information in a low voice. There was a passenger in the waiting-room, and he did not wish to add to the alarm of a woman who had been waiting for most of the night. He opened the door and motioned Barth within. Then he snapped down the slide of the window.

"Came in on No. 3—from the far East. Gave it to her sne'd better stay by No. 3—tho No. 3 was hours late. But the old lady shook her head and allowed the road's got to get her to the place of her ticket. Nervy little skirt! Been sitting there since midnight, reading, as cool as a cucumber."

"The wires? But it doesn't take a bushel of brains to sense we're in for it."

"Last—to the north—went bad an hour ago. The wardens blundered. This hencoop hasn't a chance in a million. They ought to have ordered us out. I said so a week ago. Last night we ought to have made a getaway on No. 3."

"No. 3? Did Con Williams see fire? Not smoke, but fire?"

"Said it must be hell to the south. Said his passengers and crew were almost choked. Nearly all in himself. But he didn't see fire."

"No. 7?" asked Barth.

"Held at south edge of fire zone—got it just before daylight, if you calls what we get daylight. The way I figures it is they expected to order us out on 7, but waited too long. It's up to us. There's a furnace all around. That's what the dead wires mean."

"The women are out," said Barth.

"Thanks to you," replied the operator.

"At what we call daylight I began jockeying up the old mill. Gave me and Dago Paul something to do, and if time hangs, get busy with the has-been. You can put in clockfuls of time without any more result than if you was a hostler to a sure-'nough scrap-heap."

"You figured?"

"Wasn't as exact as figuring. Forest fires ain't trained in their ways. Dust-dry timber catches fire by itself. Times like this fire breaks out fifty miles apart—as if she jumped. But for a chance at a getaway even a scrap-heap is better than nothing."

"If we're cut off we're cut off. Wires can't drop of themselves. Scrap-heaps or the 1311 could only pull us into what's sure coming."

"An under fire'll drop one pole—one pole's as good as a whole mile of 'em," remarked Barth. "Time and again trains have pulled thru an under fire. We can't sit here like bumps on a log. It's up to you to say what's doing."

Ames, the operator, gazed from the window into the haze. He had no idea what course should be taken. A week before he had been ordered to send out the men who had been left at the isolated station, if the fire wardens considered the situation dangerous. But a fire warden had not been seen for days, and the last warden was of the optimistic breed who held hopes for rain from skies which for weeks had been brass.

"The old lady!" whispered the operator, as there came a tapping on the window. "She's bothered me some—no wonder." He pushed up the shield.

A little face, wrinkled with age and seamed with lack of sleep and anxiety, looked thru the window. "Do you think, sir, that a train can get here?" asked a patient and pleasant voice.

"The fires!" said the agent. "As I told you, madam, fires on a road mix things up something fierce."

"But isn't there any way to find out? My visit is important—so very important. And you know I've been waiting and waiting."

There was no use in telling the lady that No. 7 was held beyond the fire zone. The operator explained that it was difficult to know when a train would come thru. She had better get something to eat—the shack which she could see thru the smoke was a hotel. Mr. Dolan would give her coffee and sandwiches.

"She's a dear little frizzle-front," said Ames, after the passenger had left. "Wonder what's her errand? A train north? If she gets thru in ten days this guy'll buy eats for her crew till next pay day."

Barth's heavy face scowled with thought.

"You're the boss, Ames. What's it going to be?"

"Cut off from instructions. You, old man, have the longer headpiece. I've never been told what's the stunt in cremation emergencies. Here's my resignation. By a big chunk of years you're the senior on the road—even if the new manager——"

"Switch off!" interrupted the other.

"I was only going to hand it that even if you're only the engineer of a yard engine, I take my instructions from you, Jim Barth."

"A yard engineer where there isn't even a yard," grimly remarked the other.

"Yards or no yards, here's where I follow your lead."

"If it's up to me," replied Barth, "it's a special of two of the string of empties which are on the siding. Praise be, they're steel! We'll put in 'em buckets of water and a lot of blankets. I've been thru fire before. With wet cloth over faces folks can stand a lot of smoke and heat. I'll do my stunt at holding the throttle of the tough old mill, and Dago Paul has his faults, but he's got nerve like a grizzly. We'll make north. There ain't so many trestles as east and west, and south is out of the question. Then, too, on the top of the divide there isn't much but rock. Fire can't eat rock. Beyond? It may be the fringe of plain hell—but it won't be worse than taking our dose here. I'm not a fire warden and I ain't looking for showers. And it's my hunch that inside of forty-eight hours there won't be nothing but ashes left of Redway Junction."

"How soon?" asked Ames.

"The has-been 'll likely lie down on the first hill. She must have always been a bum steamer—this present century she's about as nifty as a busted coffee pot. It'll be tempting things to hang out of her window or ride behind her. I ain't so anxious to back her for a race thru fire, but it's a case of a sure burning here or risking a burning on a hill, tho we mustn't be hasty in chancing it. If nothing comes in for us, it's because nothing can come in. If we hear nothing or if nothing comes in, then it's eleven-twenty, say."

"No. 7's time," suggested the operator.

Barth nodded. "As long as I'm again to hold a throttle up the line I might just as well run on my old schedule—that's what you're thinking. You're right. You'd better stay by your instruments to the end. Dago Paul and I will dig out the others. I'll find Micky and have him tell 'em to pick up the little traps we can take. When she gits back from Dolan's you can tell your passenger that a special pulls out for Pembrook at eleven-twenty. I'll have Dolan put up a lot of sandwiches. Special! Leaky scrap-heap, two empty steel freights, old white horse—Dolan's—tied in the back of one, Foreman Micky's cats in a basket and most likely his chickens, Dago Paul trying to make steam in a boiler of tubular sieves, with a reduced engineer at the throttle of the spavined old junk-heap!"

Dago Paul was found pottering around the engine. Since Barth was disciplined, Dago Paul had learned a good deal of respect for the engineer, altho he knew the disgrace which had befallen his master.

Barth had been engineer of the crack train of the road, and but for the coming of a new manager, he would still have been at the throttle of the big 1311, a contrast to the decrepit 61 like unto the contrast between the spick-and-span young manager and rheumatic Dago Paul, in his greasy jumpers and with cinder-filled hair.

Young Crea was brought from the East to speed up the road to what is known as "modern efficiency." There were many things that his keen eye for detail noticed, and almost the first was that Barth, with No. 7, was frequently late. That the crack train of the road should slide into the northern terminal behind her time seemed a railroad crime to the energetic young man. Perhaps if he had been longer on the road he would have taken some things into account. He should have considered that Barth was by nature and self-training a man who never took chances. It might be better for passengers to arrive late at their destination with heads, legs, and arms in normal position than to come in far later on a hospital train. He might have taken thought that the last division of the road has a bad name and justly. The right-of-way isn't built on the design of a canal tow-path. Then, in the rainy season, fogs are so thick that you could eat fog with a spoon, ladled up in a cab like soup. We can get a good many reasons why Jim Barth's rage almost strangled him when at the last interview his overlord remarked, "Possibly your nerve has gone bad. Unfortunately that is sometimes the case with engineers of fast trains. You have been an engineman for many years. I don't hold it against you—personally—but I must have that train in on time. Your record has been good and if you want a fast freight?"

"Prefer not to take a freight, sir," growled poor Barth.

"If you wish to leave the line, will give you an excellent send-off."

"Own my shack, sir, at the Junction. Don't wish to leave the line, sir."

"Then I think I see how to fix things up, Mr. Barth. What with the increased traffic I'm going to assign an engine to the Junction—general helping work. Suppose you take that engine."

Perhaps the manager really believed that his was a not unkindly act in relegating the ex-driver of the crack train of the road to the easy berth of the ancient rattletrap and the convenient proximity to the engineman's home. If he thought so he had not taken his diploma in the study of men.

The heart of no bank president, chucked from his seat of authority and holding down a stool at bookkeeping, the heart of no Napoleon in his St. Helena, perhaps no heart anywhere could hold more heaviness than the heart of Barth held, as from a siding he watched the gleaming train, pulled by the great engine, gather up her speed for her home run from the Junction. He was by no means an old man, altho the responsibility of his many years at the window of a cab had whitened his hair and grooved his face. His nerve had not gone bad and he knew it. He knew that he had it in him to run any train that any man could run. The ennui and monotony of life at the Junction wore upon him. His wife had died years before; he had but himself to consider. With grim despair he had decided to ask the manager for the letter and obtain a freight on a railroad to the south where he was acquainted with the superintendent of traffic.

During the next few hours the smoke at the Junction grew perceptibly thicker. It was evident that the fires were rapidly coming nearer. Jim Barth and Dago Paul labored to do what they could to put the 61 into condition for her attempted dash for safety. But you cannot do much with such an ancient and leaky forlorn hope.

At eleven the special of a "busted knife-grinding go-cart and two yaller empties," as Ames called it, clanked to rest before the station. The horse was tied in the second car. The cats yowled from a market basket and from the boxes which had been assigned to them the chickens cackled. The foreman and other refugees, with some of their little trinkets, were assigned to the first car. Jim Barth had taken a little time from his labors on the 61 to ransack the cottages for such things as his experience in running a fire told him would prove useful.

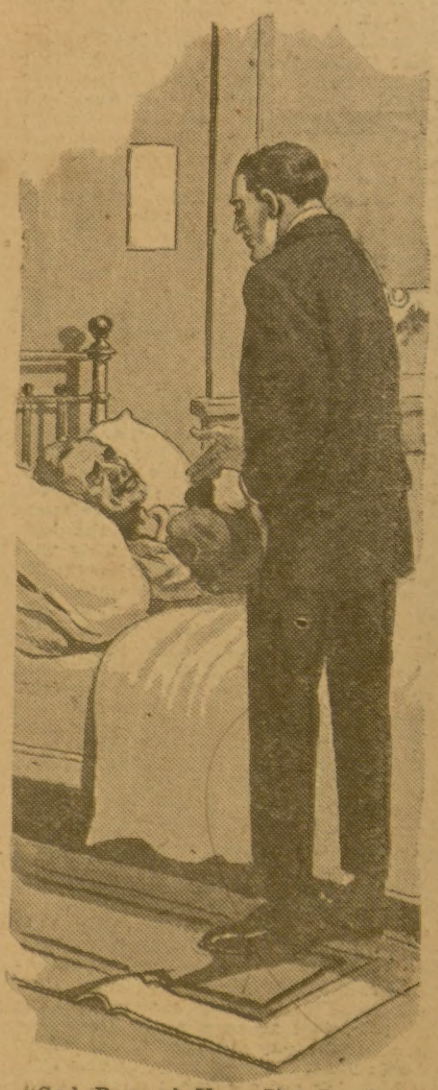
"My goodness!" exclaimed the passenger, appearing at the door of the station. "You don't mean to say this is my train? I hear cats and chickens. No—you needn't waste time in telling me. I understand. 'Any port in a storm,' as we say in Maine."

"You hold a Pullman seat, but we can only give you Ed Dolan's rocking chair," said the agent.

"'Twas nice and kind to think of a rocker," said the old lady, as she was helped into the car.

Barth has again and again told the boys that had it not been for Dago Paul "the old mill would never have made it." During the previous months, however, Dago Paul had received instruction in engine firing from Jim Barth, and that is to say he had received the most expert instruction.

Dago Paul was disgustedly familiar with the gorgings of the engine. Incessantly he trailed the deck and the gangway. She has as many idiosyncrasies as if she was what the boys say of her—"Engine bughouse." The fireman humored her, keeping down the water to



"God Reward You, Jim Barth."

a dangerous minimum and seeing to it that she had just the right amount to eat, and in her uncertain way she is sometning of an eater. To coax such scrap iron thru a run of many miles can be regarded as working a kind of miracle.

It was on the side of Thunder Mountain, with smoke and heat that made all choke and gasp, that trouble began, real trouble. Slower and slower came the jerky throbs of pistons. As if the deck and gangway were red hot, Dago Paul danced around the needle and the door of the firebox. Jim Barth, with a wet towel around his head, did all and more than another engineer could do. But tne all and more proved futile. With a final gasp, like that of a war horse dying in the smoke of battle, the 61 gave it up, and Barth threw in his brakes.

"If we can't get her going again, they'll die back there like rats in a gas tank," he growled. "Miserable old mill! It's a crime to leave such truck loose on a road. But get busy, Jim Barth!"

The half-suffocated man did get busy. Dago Paul was a mighty helper. Micky, the foreman, too, deserves praise, as do the others. Her round spectacles peering from above her wet handkerchief, the little passenger appeared at the door of the car. She fumbled away at her muffler. "Tell 'em all," she choked, "that I've made tea in my traveling teapot. They'll have to take turns with the cup. Here's sandwiches near the door. Seems strange, but of an awful hot day tea is mighty comforting."

It was a smoke-choked and half-crazy gang who made a portion of the road's rolling stock secure. Barth gave instructions to chock the wheels of the freight cars. For the grade was steep and two released freights would have wrecked trestle or bridge which the fire might spare. Nor did Barth content himself with guarding the road from a runaway. Against the slim chance that another refugee train might stumble into the freights, altho the cnance was the slimmest, torpedoes were clamped on the rails.

Barth varied his own activities by performing wonders with the internals of tne 61. Every five minutes he was back, coaxing the fire and watching the needle. Tne coaxing and her rest did the engine a lot of good. And when all was fixed up to the liking of a man who would risk the minimum, still more of the most patient coaxing induced the 61 to chug back and forth so that the coupling-pin between the tender and cars could be drawn.

The passenger was lifted into the tender and was incased in damp blankets.

"Who'd have thought that I'd have ended my trip in a tender!" she exclaimed. "But travelers must be content. Tho I do say that reading of railroad doings in wood fires doesn't give a notion of the real thing. I'll have stories to tell all tne rest of my life."

A tarpaulin, which Barth's foresight had provided, was stretched over the top of the tender, and buckets of water were thrown upon it. The cats were brought in their basket.

"Sorry, Dolan! Your old horse and the chickens'll have to take their chances," said Barth. "We'll get 'em out on the jump. We'll have to leave 'em."

When the engine had been lightened of her load she seemed to appreciate the indulgence. You could not say that she leaped forward up the grade, staggered up would hit it off better, but stagger up she did. At times halting and making her crew hold their breath, but on the whole staggering bravely onward, and, jockeyed by Barth as tenderly as he knew how, she reached the top.

Over the plateau of rocks on the summit the road makes a wide swing to the east. Here the air was much clearer; it was possible to breathe without gasping your lungs into your throat. Here Barth hit up what was dizzy speed for the 61. Thru the region of many bowlders and sparse timber she fairly sprinted. You would never have believed that she had it in her. With smoke-dulled satisfaction her driver congratulated himself that the remaining twenty-odd miles to open country was mostly down hill, with few upgrades, and those nothing to that which had stalled the engine. But he knew that as the road makes far eastward, in all probability the remaining twenty-odd miles would be the most hazardous of the run.

The engine and tender chugged thru the last of the plateau, rounded the crags of the peaks toward the east, and settled herself for the drop to Cinnamon Creek.

"This is the time we'll take chances like falling in an engine-stalled aeroplane," mumbled Barth. "If my nerve's gone to the bad it'll get a dose like strychnine!"

To all who made it the wild ride down the side of the mountain comes in their dreams. At times, when the 61 swung a quick arc, with nothing outward but smoke for a drop of five hundred feet, it seemed as if the inward wheels spun on air only. Swinging on his cushion, Barth saw nothing ahead but a wall of smoke. He let her go. He knew now that the chances were a hundred to one that in the valley below they must run the gantlet of actual flame. She must gather momentum for the hill beyond the creek. Nerve! If the spick and span manager had been in the cab he would have eaten his words and with the condiment of plenty of smoke.

She flung herself across the bridge over Cinnamon Creek as a pursued fox flings itself across a log over a ravine. She hurtled herself up the hill beyond the bridge, her internals sizzling, clanking, roaring.

Then came what Barth had felt sure must come. On the level beyond, where the road makes thru much brush, fire was already flinging its embers across the track. As the engineer's burning eyes peered into the quick-coming and rear-sliding chaos of smoke, a dead spruce within a few yards of the right of way shot upward a flame like a giant engine torch.

This was the last detail which the engineman's mind clearly holds. Beyond, he wondered if Dago Paul was watching the needle and the fire, for the engine must be made to lift herself over the low hill which marks the beginning of open country. For many years Barth's muscles and brain had been in training. Automaton-like he gripped his throttle up the final grade and made tne best of the worn machinery. His heat-crazed brain had carried him back to tne box-seat of the big 1311. Automaton-like he attempted to read his signals. He had a notion that he did read his signals, but he read no signals.

"She's late!" the crazed man gasped. "Late again! She's dropped a heap of time! I'll do my prettiest—but she's sure dropped a heap of time!"

The engineman managed to lean to his clock and noted that it was not minutes but hours that he had dropped. He cursed himself and his fireman.

* * * * * * *

They gathered in a silent group in the terminal yard, as a cinder-incrusted engine, pulling a blackened tarpaulin-incased tender, chugged to rest beyond the first cross-over, as if she waited for her signal to slide into the station. They knew that she had come out of the fire zone, where that morning it had been said that the junction village had been cut off. They did not recognize the blackened figure hanging from the window of the cab. Nor was it possible to recognize the smoke-rasped voice, as Barth, glaring at them, waved a singed and blackened sleeve and gasped: "Late again! But—tell Mr. Crea I did my best. First time that the 1311 ever did it, but she died on a hill! She died on a hill, d—n her!"

At dawn a doctor came to where Manager Crea had been waiting in the hospital for hours.

"We've pulled him thru," said the doctor. "The heat temporarily crazed him. No wonder. The foreman tells me that thru all that hell the driver kept at tne window. He got it bad. The others had their heads muffled and even the fireman hugged the floor. All that he's been worrying about is that he was late. He's out of the delirium. We're sure that it wasn't as bad as we thought. He's always taken good care of that splendid body, and with decent luck we'll pull him thru. Suppose you come and say your little piece. It will do him a lot of good."

"It's this way," stammered his overlord to the man lying on the cot. "Tonight I'm less an official of the road than I'm just a plain man. I ask forgiveness—and—want to thank you."

"I don't understand," whispered the hoarse voice.

"You will in a moment. God reward you, Jim Barth! Your passenger? She came West to surprise me. I'm doubly blessed! First child—son—last night, and—Jim Barth, old man—you brought in my mother!"

No one will think worse of the manager that for a moment his emotion overpowered him, and that he knelt at the side of the engineer and buried his face in the blanket.

"If I'd known, sir, I'd tried to make her more comfortable—tho we did our best, sir," whispered Barth. "I hope—the smoke, sir——"

"She's all right, chipper as can be. And, yes—Jim—and the Jim sounds good to me—so good! You see, my wife—well—my wife's already talking about—about his name. We're going to call him James."

"I see," whispered Barth. "I'm beginning to get things straight. At first I thought that I brought in No. 7. Say, I sure held the record! The way I figured it—a little bughouse, you know—and I figured it I was something over a year, and hours late beside. That's going some!"

"Just about a year since you had 1311," said Crea. "That's really what I came to tell you about. Simmons doesn't like her or the schedule. Says no man can make it. Wonders how you did it so often. We increase her time. She'll have to wait for you, tho. When you're well enough, you're to hit it away—a month's leave of absence—the road's guest—and my son's godfather. God bless you!"

ME, TOO!

By Will Gage Carey

Are you reading this series of humorous stories of small town life? If not, now is a good time to begin. They are exceedingly funny and each story is complete in itself.

THE group on the bench in front of the Dawson's Dells grocery store had been discussing a number of live topics of the day; then, on the departure of Lige Taylor, our harness-maker, it seemed an opportune moment for Speck Boner, the efficient assistant depot-master, to relate a little local history to Baron Dome, the stranger within our gates.

"Lige Taylor," he began, "has a boy named Zeno. Zeno is a great thinker; he thinks he can write short stories. This boy of Lige's is lean and hungry-looking, and being of a sad disposition he felt that his long suit in writing would be funny stuff. He fixed up a den over the harness-shop; it was musty; the rafters were covered with cobwebs; altogether, it was aoout as cneery a place to start a flow of humor as tne late Republican headquarters when the last returns were coming in from the West. So young Zeno Taylor started in to write funny short stories; and then there came into his young life all in one day what—were I a writer—I would call 'A Double-barreled Deal.'

"Zeno bought a typewriter from the Imperial Typewriter Company. He paid two dollars down (or rather said he was going to) and was to pay a balance of a dollar a month. It was just at this period that Tiny Folsom, the two-hundred-and-fifty-pound niece of Professor Briggs, up at the college on the hill, flitted down upon the scene. This was one of Tiny's perennial pilgrimages to Dawson's Dells. It was Tiny's ambition to cop out a husband, but each year, just when she had all plans laid for a killing, something'd come up to spill the gravy. One year—under the inspiration that she wanted to become the wife of the man possessing the longest whiskers in the world, Professor Shrewberry—she had him lassoed and almost on the way to the Sacrificial Altar when, inadvertently, the Professor mowed his crop of alfalfa, and the stuff was all off! This year, hearing tnat young Zeno Taylor was starting via the cold and barren attic route to swift and certain literary fame, she stacked all her matrimonial chips, so to speak, on Zeno the humorist!

"Well, the young author being lean and hungry-looking and unutterably sad, Tiny Folsom—with her two-hundred-fifty pounds, and her effervescing, girlish joy and mirth, made a wonderful hit with him, just as soon as he saw Tiny was willing to pay some attention to him, for this huntress from the city was ever wont to pick out a shining mark.

"Zeno Taylor, short-story writer, began chasing after the skittish Tiny; and Abe Cohn, representative of the Imperial Typewriter Company, began chasing after the short-story writer; for Zeno, being so occupied in entertaining Tiny, found very little time to write funny stuff, up in the musty, cobwebby den over the harness-shop. All season long, then, the chase kept up, Zeno gaining some on the coyly elusive but thoroly

"Excuse Me, Mister Taylor, but May I Speak to You a Moment?"

determined Tiny, and Abe Cohn never able to catch up more than within two laps of the author-lover, tho he succeeded in making things annoying and unromantic for him, at that.

"For instance, if Zeno had her out to some village sociable, and, after loading her up with ice cream, was leading her out in the silvery moonlight to spoon, and to 'pop the question' if things seemed to be breaking right, young Abe Cohn would always come upon them, like the periscope of a U-boat bobbing up from a tranquil sea.

"'Scuse me,' he'd say, 'Mister Taylor, but may I speak with you jes' a moment, please?' Then, when he'd stalled off the representative of the Imperial Typewriter Company, he'd go back to find his fair charmer chilled with lonesomeness without and ice cream within, and not to be thawed out by his most ardent appeals and glances. It seemed that, once or twice, conditions were absolutely ideal to speak to Tiny Folsom of that which burdened his heart; then young Abe Cohn would always come horning in and bust up the play!

"Thus it went. Spring turned to summer; the green of the fields turned to golden; the crisp air of early autumn was around the near-lovers—and Abe the heartless still hot on the trail of the would-be writer of funny stuff.

"Late one autumnal day Zeno Taylor climbed to his loft determined to write something which would get by, and bring home a check. No use; he sat idly before the typewriter, unable to center his thoughts about anything save only Tink Folsom. Replacing the cover upon the machine, he left at once to go in search of his fair one.

"Now, a word should be said, perhaps, in defense of Abe Cohn; he was all right, but the company back of him kept in behind him because of that Zeno Taylor account, on which nothing had been paid all summer! He was called into the office, and things said to him which made drastic action necessary. Slowly then, he made his way up to the den above the harness-shop. But some one, evidently, had been there just before him. He found a note lying upon the machine. It read:

"'Dear Zeno: You are too slow; I can wait on you no longer; good-by forever.

"'TINY.'

"Abe Cohn read the note thru a second time; then he took out his pencil and wrote just below Tiny's name:

"'Me, too!

"'IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY.'

"He laid the note on the table, picked up the machine, and departed; a drab ending to 'A Double-barreled Deal.'"

"And Tiny?" spoke up Baron Dome, anxiously. "Has she ever returned again to Dawson's Dells?"

"Oh, she'll be back again; it is always the 'open season' for Tiny. I'll introduce you," said Speck Boner.

Did you like this story? Another of the series, "The Shrewberry Shrubbery," will appear in the Ledger next week. Take it from us, it is a scream.

Unconvinced.

A PARTY from the west of England was being shown over the British Museum, and in one of tne rooms the keeper pointed out a collection of antique vases which had been recently unearthed.

"Do you mean they were dug up?" echoed one of the party.

"Yes, sir."

"What—out of the ground?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What—just as they now are?"

"Perhaps some little pains have been taken in cleaning them, but in all otner respects they were found just as you see them."

The countryman turned to one of his companions and, with an incredulous shake of the head, whispered:

"He may say what he likes, but he shall never persuade me that they dug up ready-made pots out of the ground."

Dr. Wu Scores One.

WU TING FANG is at the head of the Chinese foreign office, and you can't put much over on a man with as good a sense of humor as Dr. Wu.

A newspaper man recalls his famous wheeze about the Chinaman who committed suicide by eating gold leaf.

"But I don't see how that killed him—how did it?" inquired a society woman.

"I suppose," said Wu, seriously, "that it was the consciousness of inward guilt!"

The Twelve Coins of Confucius

Stretched Out on the Cot, His Yellow Features Rigid, Was the Victim of the Tong Murder.

By Harry Stephen Keeler

A newspaper reporter is told to interview a Chinese princess or lose his job. His efforts to comply thrust him into the midst of exciting adventures and complications, which had their origin in far-off China and take place in the city of Chicago.

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CHAPTER I.

"STEP INTO MY OFFICE, PLEASE."

"BARTON, as soon as you've beautified yourself sufficiently, please step into my office!" The crisp words, teeming with ill-concealed irony, caused six early shift reporters to glance up from their machines, their faces glaring with the light of sympathetic indignation.

Barton, the seventh man, standing in front of the cracked mirror before which he was smoothing down a mop of rumpled brown hair that overtopped a pair of steel-gray eyes, looked startled over his shoulder. The hands of the big wooden clock ticking away at the end of the Evening Dispatch city room pointed to fourteen minutes of 8. The bright morning sun flooding the long room showed most of the desks still arranged in precise—almost geometrical—order; the worn wooden floor scrubbed and rubbed almost to whiteness by the scrubwomen in the night; one whole row of typewriters neatly covered with their rubber shrouds; and the ground-glass cage at the further end which housed the ogre of the Dispatch—that font of perpetual sarcasm—Braithwaite, city editor!

Barton slipped his comb into his pocket, and, without a glance at the early men, strode down the long room whose lingering air of rigid cleanliness and mathematically accurate arrangement would be giving away to utter confusion by the time a dozen reporters should come stamping in on the big 8 o'clock shift. Reaching the open door of the ground glass cage, he walked in and stood at the desk.

"Something for me, Mr. Braithwaite?" he inquired, with forced politeness.

The man at the big flat-top desk looked up, shears in hand. He was a powerful, strongly-built individual, perhaps 50 years in age, with ruddy English cheeks that shone forth in vivid contrast to his short pointed brown beard and his close-cropped brown mustache. His eyes, staring thru Barton, were cold, blue, unfathomable.

"Close the door. Sit down." He flicked his thumb toward a chair. "And run your optics over this." He handed Barton a short clipping which the younger man saw at once was from the Sun, probably the most influential morning paper in the city. Closing the door behind him, Barton dropped into a chair and read the brief contents. They ran:

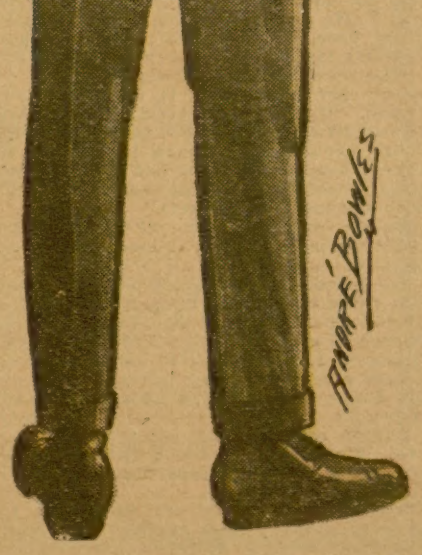
"ONLY DAUGHTER OF EMPEROR OF CHINA ARRIVES IN CHICAGO.

"PRINCESS O LYRA SENG FINISHING EDUCATION BY TOUR AROUND WORLD WITH CHINESE PRIME MINISTER AND WIFE.

"Princess O Lyra Seng, the only daughter of Seng Hoang-Ti, Emperor of the new China, arrived in Chicago from New York yesterday on her tour around the world. The royal party, consisting of the Princess, her maid, Li Hwei Tsung and Mrs. Li Hwei Tsung, are staying at the Hotel Rydenour. Yesterday afternoon was spent in a trip by carriage thru the stockyards. It is said that the Princess O Lyra Seng is better educated than most American girls, and speaks several languages in addition to her own. She is 20 years of age, and is now completing her education by a circuit of the world, under the care of the Chinese prime minister and his wife. Mr. Tsung has conveyed to the American press the regrettable information that the Princess will not give out any interviews because of diplomatic reasons. The royal party leaves for San Francisco day after tomorrow, and from there returns to Peking, after an absence of three months.

"Prominent students of international politics now concede that China's latest reversion to a monarchical form of government will endure for at least a full century before the Chinese people shall have reached the educational status to make republicanism or democracy feasible; this permanency is also strengthened by the fact that Seng Hoang-Ti is the lineal descendant of the Seng line of rulers which ruled China for so many centuries. The advanced age of Seng Hoang-Ti, coupled with the fact that the Princess O Lyra Seng is his only offspring, indicates the extreme probability that the Princess will ultimately control the destinies of her 450,000,000 people."

Barton looked up from the clipping. "Very interesting," he commented dryly. "I note there was nothing doing in the interview line with her royal nibs. The Sun seems to have had to pad out with Chinese history to fill what space they did."



Braithwaite gazed absently out of the window toward the dingy buildings across from Newspaper Row. "Barton," he said abruptly, bringing back his gaze to bear on the younger man, "paper is as high as it was during the Big War. Last month's expense sheet, according to the frantic telegram from the Old Man in California, has a corn on it equal to the salary of one reporter. Your work hasn't scintillated particularly during the last few months, so far as I've noticed. And I've got to shave off that corn." He stroked his brown beard. "Get me?"

"I gather somehow that I'm the corn," remarked Barton, coolly. "But why all the Chinese literature? Anaesthetic before an operation in pediatrics?"

Braithwaite leaned back in his swivel chair and laughed a big real laugh. "You're good, Barton. That was worthy of mine own tongue." He paused; the laugh faded; he was coming back to business again. "I met Britton, owner of the Sun, last night at the Press Club. He was kind enough to advise me to save my time trying to get an interview out of O Lyra. Said the Sun tried out three men yesterday—and absolutely nothing doing. Also, I called up the Rydenour just before you came in. Clerk told me he had special instructions from her royal nibs thru Li Hwei Tsung to tell reporters nothing doing; likewise to order the telephone operator to refuse connections to all parties trying to talk to the Princess by wire. It seems that they've got a complete suite on the fourteenth floor—and according to Britton they're very nicely isolated and quite protected. Now do you get me?"

"Light is beginning to filter in on me," remarked Barton, uneasily. "I go out and get an interview with her ladyship, Princess Chow-Chow, and we avert the corn shaving. In simple language, I achieve the impossible—or else consider myself fired?"

"Tonight at 6 p. m.," said Braithwaite, coolly. "Sorry—but the corn must be shaved. Go out and get her ladyship to talk to your notebook—and I'll promise to fall on your neck—and find another corn to operate on instead. Otherwise——" He stopped, listening. Thru the ground-glass cage came the tramp of several reporters entering the city room on the 8 o'clock shift. Braithwaite's face took on its habitual sour look. "As to achieving the impossible," he grunted, "you Yankees give me a pain in the epigastrium. An Englishman never squeals about impossibilities. An Englishman has more enterprise, push and energy than two bred-in-the-bone Americans. If it wasn't for my mechanical leg I'd go out and demonstrate to the whole bally crew of you how to fill up the pages of the Dispatch with real news stuff."

Barton flushed angrily to the roots of his hair. He himself was a Texas Yankee. And this was Braithwaite's old, moss-covered taunt to reporters. Always an Englishman was equal to two Americans; sometimes it was three; sometimes four. And once, when Braithwaite had been in a particularly nasty mood, it had risen to six. But it was rumored that the Dispatch owner himself was of English descent, and that that was the reason he loved Braithwaite.

Almost as tho he desired to emphasize the statement about his mechanical leg, Braithwaite arose with difficulty from his chair and walked stiffly over to a cabinet at the side of the office. He returned with a bundle of papers, his right leg squeaking at every step like a thousand demons in purgatory. Then he dropped back to his desk.

"That's all, Barton. The Old Man wired me to lay off one man. Also, I don't feel that we're paying you enough for your brilliant work. I appreciate the fact that the Dispatch will probably blow up within a week after you leave us; so to retain your services and thus save the paper, I suggest that you go out and bring in a nice little interview with her royal nibs. I can conscientiously change the angle of fire then, and let out some one else whom I've had my eye on for a long time." He paused. "But if it's a case of too much Yankee blood in your veins, drop in at the cashier's office on your way out tonight. Your check will be ready."

Barton rose. His face was as red as a boiled beet. On the tip of his tongue trembled a fiery challenge of Braithwaite to come out in the center of the city room and remove his coat. It was not the first time, however, that that challenge had trembled on the tip of a Dispatch reporter's tongue. But the obstacle that always prevented it from being framed into words was a simple one—Braithwaite was a cripple.

A momentary impulse seized Barton to pour out the vials of his pent-up wrath on the other's head, and quit on the spot; but a shred of cool common sense coming to his rescue told him that his triumph would be somewhat mild, since he was virtually discharged already. Instead, he leaned forward slightly and looked down at the other.

"Mr. Braithwaite," he remarked, with all the suavity he could summon, "could

you yourself get that interview with the Princess O Lyra Seng?"

"Me?" said the other, surprised. "I—well—that is to say——" He stopped in confusion.

"That's all I wanted to know," snapped Barton, scornfully. "So you don't think it can be done, eh, Braithwaite?" In his rapid speech he didn't notice that he had left off the "Mister." "But I'll do it." He shook one finger furiously at the other. "As for your confounded old equation, it was solved long ago for everybody by an algebraic process known as Bunker Hill. I'll get that interview. Remember that, I'll get it. I'll make you eat your words about Yankees, if it's the last thing I ever do. That's all. I'll come back at noontime with it—even if it's only fifty words."

He spun on his heel and marched out of the office in a smoldering rage. He jerked down his hat from the hook near his typewriter and fumbled in the drawer of his desk for his notebook and pencil. Two reporters, just coming in, stared at him oddly. While he searched for the missing notebook, the telephone in the inner office rang sharply. Dimly he heard Braithwaite answer it, speak for a minute and hang up. And as Barton marched down the aisle toward the door of the city room, he heard the door of the city editor's office open and the latter's sharp command.

"Barton! Wait a moment."

Barton spun in the doorway.

"I forgot to express my appreciation of your oration. Indeed, it was a tonic for the day's work. It was funnier than Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; and Mark Antony must have rolled over in his grave. But isn't it rather early in the morning to be calling on royalty?" Several of the reporters pricked up their ears. From the look on their faces, however, an observer might have deduced that none of them had any love for Braithwaite. "As long as you're specializing on the Orient this morning, here's a little stick for you to run out to first—before you grace the Rydenour with your presence. Sam Toy—Chinese laundryman—144 West Huron street—just found stabbed to death in his store by the policeman on the beat. Tong war stuff again. Run it down first, Mr. Barton, and if we're short on material we can slip it in for a filler. But of course," he taunted, his hand on the rapidly closing door, "we'll not be short tonight. We're going to press with a full first-page interview, captured by a wild and woolly fire eater."

"I'll 'phone in on the Sam Toy stuff," replied Barton, frigidly. "I'll see, also, that you get your interview, Braithwaite."

And he was gone.

Outside on the steps of the old-fashioned building he paused, surveying the rumbling traffic of Market street, his blood boiling in his veins.

"Of all the successful goat getters the world ever knew," he fumed to himself, "that man Braithwaite takes the gold medal! Lord knows I need his job, but I hate to strain myself trying to get any story for a man like that. That impudent air of his and the squeak of his peg leg have got on my nerves till I guess I'm ready to part company with the Dispatch for good." He paused. "And confound his eternal running down the Americans. If it's the last thing I ever do in this world, I've got to get that interview just for the satisfaction of showing him that a Johnny Bull can't rule over a Yankee news-sheet with a rod of sarcasm and a whip of irony. Yes, by the Lord Harry, I've got to do it. But how? There's the question!"

CHAPTER II.

A TRIP TO THE NORTH SIDE.

BARTON did not remain stewing on the steps of the Dispatch office for very long. Already he was brightening up, for the sun was high over the dingy newspaper shops of Market street. Likewise he was struck suddenly by the fact that Braithwaite's second assignment was sending him in the very direction he wanted to go—on certain business of his own. As he tramped up Madison street toward Fifth avenue, he established in his mind the approximate location of number 144 West Huron street; then he consulted a letter in his breast pocket.

"Two birds with one stone," he commented to himself. "The Star Hotel must be within a few blocks from there."

He boarded a Wells street car and, crossing the river, remained on it until he reached the 500's. There he dismounted on the dilapidated north side thorofare, strewn with pawnshops, second-hand tool stores and German apothecary shops, and walked slowly along, searching for number 550. He paused finally in front of a red brick building with dirty windows that flaunted tattered yellow lace curtains, and a weather-beaten door leading up a dark stairway. A painted wooden sign screwed to the door read simply:

STAR HOTEL.

Rooms by day or week.

A second later he had forged his way upstairs, and was questioning a shirt-sleeved man who was seated in an office filled with rickety red plush furniture and a great rusty stove which had not even been taken down at the close of winter.

"In what room will I find Mr. Charles Fawcett?"

The shirt-sleeved man lazily squirted a jet of tobacco juice into a battered brass cuspidor.

"Rear room on third floor. Just go up and knock."

Up the uncarpeted stairs Barton went. At the rear of the dark third floor he knocked dubiously. When a voice replied: "Come in," he entered.

A tall broad-shouldered fellow of about 35 was lying back on a cheap iron bed, smoking a cigarette. His clothes were appreciably frayed, and his face showed that he had not shaved for a couple of days. The cheap, gaudy wallpaper of the room, reflecting the gray light from a closed court, showed a bulging suitcase of worn tan leather peeping from under the foot of the bed. Barton's quick gaze also took in a flask of whisky from which the paper had not even been removed; instead it had been twisted off at the neck. The bottle stood upright on the bottom shelf of a rickety stand, and a sticky glass near by showed that within only a few hours some of its contents had been imbibed.

At Barton's entrance the man on the bed struggled to his feet, his gloomy face lighting up momentarily, showing features that were not unhandsome, barring the marked traces of dissipation. He pushed back the tangled dark hair from his eyes, and jerked out a chair from the wall.

"Jason!" His voice trembled with gladness. "I'm mighty glad to see you, old man. Excuse the surroundings—but—but—the exchequer is rather low. So you got my letter, eh?" He thrust out a hand that shook perceptibly.

Barton seized the outstretched hand silently, then dropped into a chair. He looked about him slowly, while the other took up a seat on the side of the bed. Then he spoke:

"Charlie, why didn't you let me know before that you've been in town for three days? I've been on the run all the time, but I'd have managed to get in to see you." He paused. "Your letter was terribly blue in tone, old man. So you couldn't land anything in this burg, eh?"

The other shook his head dolefully. "I never saw the beat of it, Jason," he retorted. "I canvassed every office in town for the first two days, but there's nothing doing anywhere. I'd have done better to have stayed in Omaha, but things were gone to pot there for me—so I blew out with my last few shekels."

Barton gazed at him rather strangely, but made no comment. Fawcett went on quickly:

"I—I was just thinking of going out this morning on the hunt, to make the circuit over again." He held up the sleeves of his coat. "But I'm wondering, Jason, if I'm not kind of tacky-looking to land a newspaper job in this town. Do you think that's what's keeping me out of luck?"

Barton said nothing for a moment or two. Finally he spoke, a little sharply in tone, yet in a manner that a father might use to his son.

"Charlie, I'm afraid it's up to me to have to speak rather plainly with you. You and I went to college together—and I guess that Jason's one person who can take a chance on speaking straight from the shoulder, eh?" The other nodded emphatically. "You helped me in days that were terrible days for me, old man, and I haven't forgotten it. And that's why I hate to get personal. But as long as you and John Barleycorn hobnob together, you're going to be what you call 'out of luck.' I'm telling you that straight. It may sting—but it's what you need. Yes, your suit is tacky-looking; likewise your features show the signs. Man alive, brace up. Stop it, I tell you. You're a crack newspaper man. You can give 'em all cards and spades when you want to. But paper is high. Publishers are cutting down expenses to the last farthing. Until you brace up, get a clear look in your eyes, spruce up, and throw that bottle out of the window—oh yes, I spotted it when I came in!—you're going to be 'out of luck.'" He stopped. "There, I guess I've had my say. Now throw me out. The strong man of Nebraska University can easily do me up, if he goes for me."

The other gazed wearily toward Barton. "Dear old Jason," he returned, "anything you want to say to me goes; do you hear that, old man? There's nobody but Charles Fawcett to blame for Charles Fawcett's luck. I'm a rotter, all right. But I can give 'em cards and spades, just as you say. Why—boy—I'm better than you when I'm off the stuff for a few weeks." He held up his hand, studying it curiously. The fingers trembled visibly. "But now—well—I guess I couldn't run down a story of a tomcat fight in a back alley."

Barton tilted his chair back against the wall, studying the other intently. He had been Fawcett's most intimate friend at college when Fawcett had been strong man of the University, and he himself had been only a green freshman, picked upon and hazed by the older classmen. He remembered how Fawcett had saved him from an ice-cold ducking in the campus pond one December night; also of the money the older man had loaned him at a time when money meant graduation. That money had long since been paid back—but the debt had not been discharged. A sudden wave of feeling swept over the younger man.

"The main question now," he observed pointedly, "is the condition of the exchequer in dollars and cents?"

"Jason," retorted the other, grimly, "I'd hate to tell you. Ask it in cents—but not in dollars. It's low—veree low—so low——"

Barton fished down into his pockets, and withdrew a ten-dollar bill. "Here, Charlie," he said hastily, holding it out, "take this. Send out your suit and have it cleaned and pressed. If you haven't any clean linen buy a shirt and a few collars. Get a shine and a shave. Then march into every office in town as tho you owned the place, and tell 'em you're the man who put over the Parkington scoop on the Omaha Bee. I'll venture you'll have a job inside of two days—even if it's only twelve a week. And when you get your week's pay, get out of this dump. The place is enough to drive a man to drink." He looked at the window. Then he rose abruptly and walked over to the opening, where he took up the paper-clad flask and deliberately dropped it down the courtway. A few seconds later, from the dark, trash-covered bottom, came the dull crash of splintering glass. "And cut out this stuff."

The other was fingering the bill eagerly. "Jason, old boy, you've saved my life! I tried not to write to you—until I had to; then I was worried sick for fear you might not come. If you hadn't, I'd have had to get out and climb into the bread line, I guess. I'd never have got a job in these dilapidated togs. Jason, I owe you a debt——"

"Of exactly ten dollars," retorted the other, firmly. "No more." He looked at his watch. Then he rose. "Well, old boy, I'm only stopping off here while on a story over in this part of the city. Later, I'm going out on another story; hence I can't stay and gas with you. But I'll be over tonight, however, and we'll see what luck you've had, and also go over a few plans. And you'll stay off the booze, old man?"

The other stood up and wrung his hand fervently. "So help me, Jason, not another drop. Not—one—drop! I promise you." He held up his fingers again. They were like the fingers of a man with palsy. "So help me, Jason, I'm off it for good. Never again." He held up his right hand in mock solemnity.

Barton took his departure from Fawcett's room, and stumbled down the dark musty-smelling stairway of the Star Hotel to the sunny street. Outside he walked briskly northward several blocks until he came to Huron street, a narrow thorofare lined on both sides with frame cottages and rooming-houses of the cheaper class, each bearing its drab sign in its parlor window. There he turned eastward and proceeded a half-block until he came upon a low store built out to the inner edge of the sidewalk from the foundations of an old tottering house. Its glass front had been covered with cheap green paint up to a point just a little higher than the level of a man's eyes; but above the opaque coloring matter was painted in bright red the simple announcement:

SAM TOY,

Laundering.

The glass of the front door was hung with cheap calico cloth, but thru a long tear Barton spied the figure of a bluecoat, seated in a chair near the door, and smoking away on a cigar. So he turned the doorknob and walked in.

CHAPTER III.

A DISCOVERY.

AT BARTON'S entrance the police officer looked up in surprise. The younger man quickly turned back his coat and displayed his reporter's badge.

"Heard a Chink got stabbed here last night," he asked. "What is there to it, officer?"

The other spat contemptuously on the clean floor of the store. "Nothin' to it. Tong stuff again. That's all. Wish the yellow heathens would murder each other all off and be done with it."

Barton gazed about the store curiously. The front had been boarded off from the rear by a crude partition of unpainted matched boards. The space near the store window was occupied by a trio of washtubs, a counter bearing a ball of string and a quaint inkpot, an ironing board and a great compartmented rack filled with bundle after bundle of tied-up laundry, each ticketed with a red slip marked with a few undecipherable Chinese characters. A number of the red tickets were scattered over the floor of the shop. The one door thru the partition was surmounted by a boxlike transom, inside of which a piece of rusty screen had been tacked; the doorway appeared to lead into a living-room at the rear.

"Yes," the bluecoat was saying, "Kelly seen the light burning this morning and peered in over the green paint on the window. He found the Chink lyin' across the counter there." He flicked his thumb toward that worn article of store furniture. "The heathen's head was hangin' down and his pigtail was sweepin' the floor. They'd run him in the ribs with a long knife. Same knife he cuts the string with for the bundles, accordin' to the man across the street." The bluecoat yawned. "He had his little paintbrush in his fingers just as if he'd tried to paint a farewell message on one of his blank laundry tickets; but Old Man Death got him too soon. Kelly 'phoned in to Chicago avenue, and me and one of the dicks came over and looked him over. Then we dragged him into the back room and flung him on the cot. There was a crowd outside boostin' each other up to the window, an' that's the only way we could get 'em away. Take a pike at him, if you want. You're the first reporter that's got here. Most likely none of 'em'll take the trouble to run in down."

Barton walked back into the rear room of the store. His sweeping glance showed him that the place was sparsely furnished, for it held only a kitchen range, a cheap wooden table bearing a cracked yellow bowl and a couple of chopsticks, a cupboard of crude shelves containing a few teacups, a tin plate or so, and a teapot. On a rack back of the stove a few pots and pans hung, together with an American teakettle and an equally American coffee pot. From the ceiling hung a cheap coal-oil lamp, and in the corner of the room was a wooden cot of the 79-cent variety, with a quilt and blanket on it. And stretched out on the cot, his yellow features rigid, was the victim of the tong murder.

Barton, striding over to the cot, stared down at the dead figure with some degree of interest. The queue had been wound loosely about the forehead, apparently by the officers; but they had not disturbed the knife, the handle of which protruded from the Chinaman's chest in a mass of clotted blood that had matted the cheap cotton blouse into a hard lump. The loose blue garments lay in folds over the gaunt figure, and the bland yellow features had already shrunk into a grotesque death mask. Tightly clasped in the Chinaman's right hand was a thin brush with camel's hair tip; and Barton, trying it roughly with his fingers, found that the thing still was held so rigidly that nothing less than extreme force would have to be used to remove it.

For several more seconds he stared down at the shell of the Chinese laundryman, and then, with a final cursory glance about the living-room, he returned to the front of the store where the officer was still tilted back in his chair.

"So Kelly found him lying across the counter?" Barton queried curiously. "And with the paintbrush in his hand?" He pondered for a moment. "Death couldn't have come instantaneously then; he must have tried to write something out—and fainted across the counter, eh?"

The other yawned. "I guess," he assented wearily. "I guess." He unbuttoned his great blue coat and looked at his watch. Then he turned to the younger man. "Say, Bud, can you stay here for a minute or two? I'd like to run into

DON'T YOU CARE

When a girl makes a fool of you, sonny,
Don't take it too seriously.
It is probably well worth the money
To know what a dolt you can be.

If you look at it right, it's just funny.
Makes you feel like the dickens? What then?
It has happened to all of us, sonny—
To the best and the wisest of men.

And the very best antidote, sonny,
When a maiden thus makes you feel blue,
Is to hunt up some other sweet honey
And let her make a fool of you, too!

—*Walter G. Doty, in Judge.*

the saloon farther up the street and get a plug and a few cigars. I'm rooted here for the rest of the day, I'm afraid."

"Sure; go ahead," Barton acquiesced cheerfully. "I'll hold the fort while you're gone."

The bluecoat jumped up, buttoned his coat together and swung out of the door, forging eastward. Barton sat sidewise on the edge of the counter, pondering again over the brush in the dead Chinaman's hand, and reflecting on a city administration which made such things possible. "It's a shame," he commented to himself, "that in any big city a blackhander can kill an Italian and get away with it every time; and the tongs can pot each other in the same way, and never get caught. If I had my way, I'd break up the tongs and the black hand if I had to swear in a thousand extra police."

His eyes fell on the blank red laundry tickets scattered about the floor of the store; then on the little pot of black ink on the counter. He leaned down and picked one of the tickets up. At the top had been crudely printed by a cheap handpress:

SAM TOY,
144 W. Huron street,
Hand Laundry.

The rest of the ticket, however, was blank.

"I wonder," he thought, "if Sammy in the next room tried to write a scathing indictment of the tong system before he kicked off." He paused. The opening of the door on the part of the officer, he saw, had dispersed the red tickets in a dozen directions. A sudden thought struck him. He went over to the door and held it wide open. The gust of wind that shot thru the store and out the cracked window of the rear living-room animated every one of the red squares. He propped open the door with a chair. Then he stepped to the doorway in the partition and wet his finger. With the moistened digit he could feel a most pronounced breeze.

"Now, I wonder," he said softly to himself, "if Sammy Toy did write something before he dropped across the counter—and it got blown away?" He was instantly on the alert. He looked down at the floor and under the counter. There was nothing there, however. But an idea struck him. He took one of the blank tickets, and holding it some distance from the floor, suddenly released it. Much to his surprise it sailed upward, caught in the flowing breeze thru the store, and disappeared in the boxlike, screened transom over the partition door. Quickly he got the chair, and, standing on it, raised himself up on tiptoe and peered over the edge of the transom.

His heart gave a peculiar little leap. There were two red slips there, the one he had just released, and one more.

He brought them hurriedly down. The one, of course, was blank; but the other, underneath Sam Toy's cheaply printed name, bore a wavering set of crudely splotched Chinese characters than ran in two vertical wobbly lines. The officer was just turning the knob of the door. Barton quickly stuffed the second red slip into his pocket.

"Maybe it's only a spare laundry ticket," he said to himself, "and on the other hand it may be Sam Toy's last message to the police. If it tells the name of the tong that pulled the stunt—it means something more than a stickful. At any rate, my boy, we'll just hang on to it."

CHAPTER IV.
FEMININE VOICES.

OUTSIDE, Barton strolled leisurely away from Sam Toy's laundry, but a block from the place he withdrew the ticket and studied it closely. There was nothing more to be seen than at first, however; only the crudely printed English words at the top, and below them the two vertical wavering columns of Chinese hieroglyphics. There was the biggest possibility in the world, he realized, that a translation of those characters would reveal merely some banal facts about shirts and cuffs; or else the usual description by which Celestials manage to identify their customers. But there was the still more satisfying possibility that the characters presented the dying message of a man, who, even in the throes of death, had made one last effort to get revenge on the enemy tong which had terminated his own career. And in that was a story—not a new story, perhaps; but something considerably more than a stick!

When he dismounted from a street car in the loop it was ten minutes to ten. It was still too early to visit the Hotel Rydenour on Michigan avenue and make the hopeless attempt to overwhelm Braithwaite by securing an interview with the uninterviewable Princess O Lyra Seng; but, indeed, the slip in his pocket suggested that he might yet present the Dispatch with something that would not grace the pages of any other evening paper. Already he had in mind the means for obtaining a translation, and so, after looking at his watch, he forged straight to the Illinois Central suburban station at the foot of Randolph street.

He reached the platform just in time to board an express for Fifty-seventh street, and sixteen minutes later he was walking over the campus of Chicago University. He entered the office of the world-famous college and strode straight to the desk of the registrar's clerk.

"How soon this morning can I get in touch with Professor Chan Fu—the exchange professor from the University of Peking?" He paused, and then explained: "Barton's my name. I'm the man who interviewed Professor Fu when he came to Chicago-U some months ago."

The clerk turned to a 'phone and rang a number. He talked for a minute, and then hung up the receiver. "Professor Fu left for the Field Museum in Jackson Park some ten minutes ago. The board of directors there is holding a meeting regarding an exhibition of Chinese tapestries, and Professor Fu is to have charge. He's expected back at his rooms in the faculty building at 3:30. Do you care to leave a message? If so—" he pointed at a desk in the corner of the office—"just write it out, and I'll see that he gets it on his return."

A little crestfallen, Barton turned from the desk. He had hoped from his slight acquaintanceship with the big professor from China to secure both a translation and some advice in the matter of the problem which centered in the Hotel Rydenour. He stepped over to the empty desk and sat down. Drawing over an empty sheet of paper, he wrote:

"Dear Professor Fu: The undersigned interviewed you some few months ago upon your joining the university under the new exchange system with Peking University, and on the strength of that brief but pleasant acquaintanceship takes the liberty of asking you a favor. I am anxious to secure a literal translation of these few Chinese characters. I take the liberty of inclosing them, therefore, and will return at half-past three today."

He signed his name and drew out the laundry ticket. For a moment he gazed at it, and then, remembering with a feeling of disquiet that Chicago University boasted a whole corps of student journalists who sent in daily correspondence to every paper in the city, he decided not to do as the man in the fable—to place all his eggs in one basket. In fact, he dimly recalled at this juncture a woman friend of his who claimed to have a woman friend out in Ravenswood, who in turn had a Chinese servant—or who had had some months ago. And it struck him that the two egg baskets for any possible scoop would admirably be that Chinese servant and the big professor, Chan Fu. So he deliberately tore the laundry ticket into two vertical strips, and proceeded to inclose only the right-hand row of characters in his letter. Then he sealed it up, and marking the Professor's name and the word "urgent" on it, left it with the registrar's clerk. "Please see that the Professor gets this immediately on his return, and I'll call back later."

He took out an old black leather bill fold and placed the left-hand strip of the ticket in one of its many empty compartments. Then, retracing his steps across the tree-dotted campus, he was soon back at the Fifty-seventh street station of the Illinois Central. A quarter of an hour later he was emerging from the commuter's tunnel on busy Michigan avenue, thronged now with stylishly dressed women and men of leisure swinging along with their silk hats and canes.

A brief walk brought him to the Hotel Rydenour. He knew it to some extent from having been there before, and recalled that it usually housed the visiting potentates and people of distinction from other lands; indeed, it consisted mostly of extensive suites rather than individual rooms.

He entered the big white-stone skyscraper, and strolling up to the desk, motioned the clerk to one side.

"On what floor is Princess O Lyra——" he began.

"Suite 14-B," interrupted the clerk. He grinned an irritating grin. "My dear sir, if you knew of the newspaper men that have been in here all morning—and filing out again, you wouldn't ask that question. Mr. Tsung has given me the Princess' instructions to tell all newspaper men that she does not care to give out any interviews."

Barton nodded carelessly as tho the matter were of little consequence to him one way or the other, and walked over to the cigar counter in order to get a cigar and figure upon the matter. It was just about as he had expected. He wondered if there were any subterfuge by which he could get a 'phone connection with suite 14-B. But as he was nipping off the end of his purchase in the steel cutter, a short stocky Asiatic with squat features, yet clad in an expensive suit of Scotch tweeds, stepped up to the counter, and in perfect English spoke to the clerk about a certain brand of cigar.

Barton scrutinized him carefully. He was about 50 years of age, as near as the newspaper man could guess. Dangling from his coat pocket was the ungainly metal shingle which is always attached to hotel keys. And when he strolled back to the lobby and rejoined a woman whose face, showing thru the thick folds of her veil, was distinctly Chinese, and elderly at that, Barton whistled softly to himself.

"That's Li Hwei Tsung, the prime minister, and his wife, all right." His eyes searched the lobby. But where's the Princess?"

Chewing on his unlighted cigar, Barton watched the two, the yellow-faced Chinese dignitary and the veiled woman, step out of the foyer and into a taxicab drawn up to the curbing. A second later they had driven off. Then he spoke again to himself, this time with some enthusiasm.

"Out on business or to see the city by themselves. And he keeps the key right on his person. That means that our haughty Princess and her maid are alone in their suite. By the Lord Harry, I'll try it!"

He made his way quickly over to the elevator shaft, and entered the waiting car. "Fifteenth floor," he said quietly.

The elevator stopped with a rush at the fifteenth floor. Barton stepped out, and leaning over, fumbled with his shoelace until the car had descended. Then he hurried down the carpet-clad hall until he came to the stairway. Quickly he descended one story, and, proceeding along the hall, studied carefully the gold-lettered wording on each of the four great oaken doors that clustered about the elevator shaft on that floor. He passed Suite D, Suite C, and finally found himself in front of Suite B.

He lost no time. There was no telling when the elevator might return with a passenger; so he knocked three times. There was no sign of life. Again he knocked, this time louder. Again no answer.

He stooped over and peering thru the keyhole found that the door opened only on an inner corridor, at the further end of which were several other oak doors and a half-opened window. He tried the knob and found, as he now half anticipated, that the door was locked. But the sight of the iron framework of a fire-escape on the window at the end of the corridor gave him an idea which he lost no time in putting into execution.

After some hesitancy as to whether to go up or down one flight, he hurried back again to the fifteenth floor. There he tried the door of Suite 15-B and found to his satisfaction that it was unlocked. He walked rapidly down the narrow corridor, passing several open rooms which showed by the condition of their bureau covers that the suite was untenanted. Reaching the window, he raised it part way, and clambered out on the fire-escape, which looked down upon a courtyard far below.

Down he went exactly one flight, until he came to the half-opened window he had glimpsed thru the keyhole. He tumbled inside quickly, and gazing along the corridor, identical in appearance with the one above, he saw with satisfaction that the big oaken door which separated the suite from the outer hallway now protected his operations as much as a few minutes before it had barred them.

He stepped along the corridor a few feet, straining his ears, his heart pounding a little forcibly at his unparalleled effrontery. Now, for the first time, matters had begun to dawn upon him; and over him rolled a sudden wave of resentment against Braithwaite, who had been the cause of his adopting such a sensational and obtrusive method for securing something exclusive for the Evening Dispatch. But suddenly Barton stopped. Behind the second door he detected faint feminine voices, one sibilant and strangely girlish, another speaking in a harsh tone words which were quite indistinguishable.

A second longer he listened, and then, with some trepidation, knocked firmly on the door three times. "Now to get ordered out like a dog," he remarked dolefully to himself. "Confound such a game, anyway!"

Barton finds himself further enmeshed in the mystery in the next installment of this strange story, which will appear in next week's Ledger. It grows more and more absorbing as it goes along.

YOU

The highway is bordered with purple and gold,
The trees are of autumn hue;
The call of the woods is in the air; and
I call You.

The road, like a ribbon, leads on and away,
My engine purrs soft and true;
And in the empty seat beside me,
I want You.

The air is crisp with Frost King's touch,
The sky above me is blue;
The ripening fields need the reaper's hook; and
I need You.

Life's highway is not always purple and gold,
Nor the sky above it so blue,
But, oh, I am happy along the way; since
I love You.

Old Stories.

"THE story that will make one man break a slat laughing falls flat with another," observed the lawyer. "I have been laughing at intervals for a quarter of a century over a yarn I heard so long ago as that, and I used to tell it often, but it never seemed as funny to other people as it seems to me.

"James Russell Lowell was visiting W. E. Gladstone, informally, one day, and asked the English statesman how tall he was. Mr. Gladstone announced his altitude, and Lowell said, 'I don't believe you're quite that, Mr. Gladstone.'

"Gladstone backed up to the wall and was measured, and the result astonished him. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'I was two inches taller when a young man.'

"Lowell explained that men lose height as they grow old. He said it reminded him of a story he had heard of Methuselah. That patriarch was celebrating his 900th birthday, and a number of neighbors dropped in to congratulate him and ask him how he was. 'I'm all right,' said Methuselah, 'only my blamed shoelaces keep flapping in my face.'

"Now that," concluded the lawyer, "is what I call a funny story."

The innocent bystanders grinned feebly.

"Alfred Henry Lewis used to tell a story that made me giggle," said the bookseller. "It treated of a number of colored gentlemen who were telling fish stories. They didn't believe that the truth had anything to do with such a contest, and one after another strained his inventive faculties.

"Some of the falsehoods were pretty farfetched, and they had a wearying effect on one old man, who waited until the others had finished and then told of a trifling exploit of his own. He hooked a black bass, he said, and fought with it for three hours. It was the most titanic struggle he ever had. Finally he conquered and lifted the fish out of the water. As the bass swung thru the air it was so mad it shook itself so its scales sounded like shot in a bottle, and it let out a yell that could be heard a mile away."

"Well," queried the doctor, after a pause, "why don't you finish the story?"

"I told all there was of it," replied the bookseller. "I think it a very humorous story just as it stands, but there's always a sepulchral silence, like that surrounding me now, whenever I tell it."

"Sir Walter Scott always had a dog or two along with him when he was at home," remarked the librarian. "One tempestuous day he was seated in the house, with a big collie lying at his feet, when a couple of squires blew in out of the storm and made themselves at home.

"After a while they began arguing some point of heraldry, a subject on which Sir Walter was wonderfully posted. They got loud and excited and waved their arms and stamped their feet, and the dog, evidently thinking they threatened his master, got up and barked.

"'Shut up, you fool!' said Sir Walter to the dog; 'you don't know any more about heraldry than they do.'

"That was the wittiest rebuke I ever heard," added the librarian.

The Wrong Number.

SHE was a telephone girl, he a telegraph clerk, and they were contemplating matrimony. They were sitting by the fire discussing the blissful time when they would have a little home of their own. The conversation drifted to the topic of fire lighting, and he ventured the opinion that no man should get up and light the fires in the morning. He should lie in bed and rest for the day's work.

The girl stared at him in silence for a minute, and then very sweetly, but with great firmness, said:

"Dear man, ring off, please! You're on the wrong number!"

The Brown Sea God

By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER IV.

RABAYO added something in his own language and the Kanakas divided, making ample room to pass. Thru this opening he led, followed by John Terrimore. The latter was exercising his mind somewhat to guess what was to happen next, but the answer to his problem was not among the things he marshaled mentally.

At the extremity of the party they met a figure different from the others, and as one of the Kanakas threw fresh fuel upon the fire, it flamed up brightly and its light fell upon a brown-skinned girl. Rabayo motioned, paused and bent his head.

"Cicilee, the Money Maker," he explained. "Sister, this is Professor John of the University."

Terrimore's eyes were not idle. He saw that the girl was one like a favorite with nature, being well formed and having becomingly shaped features, and as she smiled faintly upon him, he accepted her as a welcome addition to his island acquaintances. He was uncertain how he was to greet her, but she solved the perplexity promptly, extending her hand in American fashion and widening her smile.

"I am very, very glad to meet the great Professor!" she said earnestly.

"The pleasure is certainly reciprocal," asserted Terrimore, well pleased to have the plump brown hand in his grasp.

"I can tell by your looks how splendid the university will be when it is built and being conducted by you."

"And," Rabayo put in, "remember, Professor, that Cicilee is the Money Maker."

"I'm ready to believe she can find the wherewithal if anybody can," the American replied promptly, "but I don't see the ways and the means closely. Hard by me I notice Kanakas, a fire, barren cliffs and the sea, but no money. Where is it?"

The two natives each studied the other's face, and Cicilee nodded slightly.

"Have you—it??" Rabayo asked.

"I brought it," the brown girl replied.

"Then," said the Sea God gravely, "you shall learn more. First, be it known to you, Professor John, that I went in search of you tonight with the intention of bringing you here. This gathering of my people is not chance, nor is it trivial. We expected you, because I was to bring you if I could, I say. It was chance that I met you where I did, but it only hastened matters somewhat. Now you shall see. Cicilee will show you that our plan of a university is not a phantasm. You can trust her—she is my sister, John."

"Good," Terrimore commented. "That makes her a goddess, does it not?"

"No. By birth she is a princess."

"Oh!"

"I've always been Princess Cicilee," interrupted the girl, "but I am now more. Am I not the Money Maker?"

"I hope to see it made," said John, hiding his skepticism.

"A suitable rock is yonder, sister," and Rabayo pointed. "Let us sit, and the Professor shall see. Yonder, Princess!"

She moved to the bowlder he had pointed out, and the two men took position beside her. Beyond them were the natives, the warrior-eyed dragmen conspicuous at one side, and over this impressive group the firelight flung its rays in generous quantity.

It was a gathering of numerous believers and a positive skeptic. The coming of the brown girl gave a new cast to the affair and she softened the harshness of the situation, but good-natured contempt was John's most active emotion. How little, he mused, these simple islanders really knew of the practical life of the world. They were like children.

His meditations were interrupted as he shifted his gaze and saw the twenty dragmen from the pathless hills. Undoubtedly they had once been children, too, but it was long ago, and they were now warriors with eyes not unlike those of so many tigers.

Nothing but ignorance could bring men into such an impractical plan, but, with twenty included, the enterprise, whatever its outfittings might be, was not to be considered nonsensical. Delusion there must be, but mixed up with it were the brown dragmen, and they were barbarians, selfish, lawless, dangerous, unless their appearance libeled them.

"Here!"

It was the voice of Cicilee, and it brought Terrimore back to his chief companions. The girl had produced a sheet of parchment from her loose dress, and as she looked she gave a sudden flirt that unfolded it.

"The money map!" explained Rabayo, briefly.

"Some kind of animal-skin with ink-made markings upon it," said John, beset with mild curiosity.

"Bend lower!" Cicilee directed. "Come nearer!"

He complied, finding an odd pleasure as her cheek was brought near his own. She pointed with a plump finger.

His Evil Head Barely Showed Above the Rocky Crest.

"Here," she explained, "is the end of the island. Notice the point that juts into the sea. That is the bit of land called the Chained Ghost. See the tiny bay, the reef and the beach. Other parts of the coast are also properly marked, showing every cove and point from Gull Ribbon to Ulfoto Beach. Some rocks and trees appear, being extra large ones, and it happens that all are still in existence. See the arrow near the cocoa palm by the Chained Ghost?"

"I see," Terrimore replied.

"And the figures beside it?"

"Yes."

"Can you guess what they mean?"

"No."

"Nobody could, ordinarily, but with an explanation put in words all is made easy. See the other markings, well out to sea, a circle within a circle?"

"Yes."

"That represents the old Belt Reef lighthouse that was constructed eighty years ago, but, at the time of the big earthquake, ten years later, was utterly destroyed and deserted. In the ruins of that lighthouse a vast fortune is hidden, being over half a million dollars."

Terrimore turned his gaze upon the girl, looked hard and did not feel inclined to smile.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

Cicilee motioned to her brother.

"Tell," she directed, and the Sea God took up the conversation.

"The lighthouse had only a brief career," he said, "but it was an odd one. Built in the days when trade was brisk off the north coast of Kayenso and pirates were many, ships were sacked and treasure secured. The keeper of the light was a confederate of the pirates, and often helped them to get vessels in their clutches by displaying false beacons, and certain parts of the plunder—that is, money, jewels and the like—were hidden in the light by the pirates. You see, as it was a Government structure, manned by men placed there by the same high authority, nobody ever thought of searching there, or of suspecting the light-keepers.

"Big luck!" Terrimore commented. "Was it never discovered?"

"Never! The earthquake that destroyed the reef not only leveled the light but killed its keeper, or so it was supposed. Also, it so demolished or shifted the reef that vessels could sail where it had been at almost every point, so no new beacon was built. Men almost forgot that a light had been there."

"Wasn't the old light searched after the earthquake?"

"No. It seems that, with the reef shaken to pieces and invisible, nobody could tell within half a mile where it had reached, and, of course, the Government would never authorize such a long, blind hunt when it was not known that a dollar's worth of value was there. That was the end of the lighthouse."

"Well?" Terrimore questioned, eyeing the Sea God closely.

"Well," Rabayo continued, "the old idea that both the keepers perished in the collapse of the light was correct, but a third person who was there when the earthquake struck it did not die. He was a boy of 12 years, son of the assistant keeper, young in years but deep in crime as his elders. He escaped, tho flung about shockingly by the quake. Somehow he came thru it, happened on a drifting boat as he clung to other stray wreckage, and finally escaped."

"Of course he returned and secured the treasure?" Terrimore asked.

"No. He was so scared that he was glad to keep away, and he lived from boyhood to great age without again seeing Kayenso or the waters where the light had been.

"Some months ago my sister, the Princess Cicilee, found a white man on our coast over yonder, injured, suffering, and, as was later proved, dying. He was old, and she had him carried to a hut where she nursed him until death came. He was Alonzo, the long-back lad of the beacon-house.

"Filled with gratitude to her he talked before he died. He had returned this way to see the scene of early days, and, sailing alone in a little boat, had made a discovery that nobody else had ever made.

"Water was not and never had been flowing wholly over the old light. Bits of the old reef remain to this day, as one may see by looking. At one point Alonzo found the entrance to the light, descended, found something more, tried to climb out, fell, received his fatal injury, reached the shore with difficulty, and, in a few days, was dead.

"Before his end he told my sister that half a million dollars in treasure was in the place, and, having made his will and given all to her, he marked off the map you see here. His body is in the soil of Kayenso, but the treasure is in the old lighthouse."

Rabayo finished and nodded satisfaction.

"Have you seen the treasure?" Terrimore asked dubiously.

"Yes."

"And I, too," added Cicilee.

"And all our people," supplemented the Sea God.

"Money?" John questioned sharply.

"Money and jewels. Many diamonds, but all is treasure."

"What have you done with it?"

"Nothing. It is still there."

"Exposed to the greed of thieves?"

"It seemed to be the safest place for it."

"Humph!"

Terrimore voiced the sound in a manner that was almost a snarl. Temper was rampant within him. All his life he had heard tales of treasure found in places more or less like this, and never believed any of them. His rugged conviction was that nothing of value had ever been left unguarded anywhere for later generations to discover, and in this respect his belief was so firm that he was even inclined to doubt all that had been said about the Spanish galleons of early days. As far as detached treasure was concerned, John was a scoffer and a cynic.

Now, however, both Rabayo and Cicilee asserted that they had seen the wealth alleged to be in the old beacon-house. This was a staggering point, and he could only grasp at the possibility that bogus money was there, and that they were so inexperienced that they had been deceived by it.

"Rabayo," he said abruptly, "you speak good English. Where did you learn it so well?"

"Chiefly in Honolulu, where I had an American teacher, but I was also in San Francisco for fifteen months, three years ago."

"You must know good money when you see it," muttered Terrimore, unconsciously putting his thoughts into words.

"Oh! I do know it!" the Sea God cried. "Believe me, the money of the old lighthouse is genuine, not counterfeit."

"How much of the treasure is cash?"

"Over three hundred thousand dollars, and it is largely in gold, since the brief existence of the light was in the years when gold was freely used in trade. I think the earthquake was in 1860, or a few years before."

"And you've left all that money there, for months past," angrily cried the man who was empty of stomach because he had not the fraction of a dollar in the world.

"Yes. What other place would be so safe?"

"There are four banks in yonder town."

"Banks!" scoffed Rabayo.

"How long since you've seen the trsasure?"

"Possibly two months."

"And you've not taken pains to learn if it has already been stolen? Well, for men who want to build a university, you are a remarkable gang!" John exclaimed intemperately.

"No other hiding-place could be so safe," the Sea God persisted. "Only the Kanakas know, and they would not steal. If the ruins of the beacon held the treasure secure for seventy-five years, are they not capable of keeping it safe a while longer?"

"If a man fails to die for seventy-five years, is that proof that he will never die?"

"Brother," said Cicilee, turning to Rabayo, "we never thought of that."

"The treasure is safe," replied the Sea God, somewhat curtly. "No man has stolen it. It is still ours. Ours, did I say? Some persons would question that it really was ours, since it is the plunder of old-time pirates, money got by dishonor and crime, but who knows the real owners now? My conscience will permit me to keep it. Now, Professor Terrimore, you know how my people will establish their university. Tell me, will you unite your fortunes with ours in labor, and become the head of the seat of learning? Will you be president of the university?"

Brother and sister were looking at the American eagerly, studying his expression with wide-open eyes, and no doubt they saw signs of the struggle that was in his mind. A struggle was certainly there. Feeling absolute faith in the veracity of the Kanakas, as far as their knowledge went, he nevertheless doubted all else. Somehow, he was certain, they were deceived. Surely, no such treasure existed.

As for accepting their offer, there was nothing but words to accept, he reasoned, yet he was not ready to cast the

Be Sure and Read This First

JOHN TERRIMORE, washed overboard from a schooner, lands on the island of Kayenso among a group of beachcombers. There isn't a chance of getting away, Jarrick, their spokesman, says. Terrimore, discovering a violinist, known as "Fiddler" Frink, among them, feels sure that, with himself as promoter and publicity man, they can earn the money with which to pay their passage away from the island. Terrimore meets Rabayo, a young Kanaka, who asks him to help found and become the president of a university for the natives. Terrimore hears other Kanakas hail his companion as "The God of the Seas," Rabayo speaks of half a million dollars being available for the university and leads him away to give him the proof.

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simple people off brusquely. It was his duty to see them out of their delusion, and to smooth the road of their painful enlightenment as much as possible. But how was it to be done? How was he to proceed?

"I don't think the Professor has been told exactly what the university is to be," said Cicilee, suddenly. "Sir, our purpose is to found a college for the Kanaka people, so they will become highly educated. We know that learning means power. A university for our own people! Now, you know all. Will you be its president?"

With the question clearly presented, and doubly presented, the brown people awaited the reply. The air was clear and words had carried far, so it almost seemed as if every Kanaka had heard and was eager for the answer. Every man in the surrounding circle bent forward waiting for Terrimore's reply.

Nor did the interest end there. Back of the brown people, his body concealed by a bowlder and his evil head barely showing above the rocky crest, a white man watched and listened, trying, and perhaps successfully, to overhear, and his intruding presence remained unsuspected. A spy had come. This man was Fiddler Frink.

Beset by repeated pleas, and, tho still without faith in the university, with friendship for the Kanakas steadily growing in his mind, the American made answer.

"It shall be as you wish. I will be your Professor!"

CHAPTER V.

A DEEP sigh went up from the grouped men, and then they moved restlessly, some of them rising to their feet. Even their intense manner of the previous moments had not prepared Terrimore for the profound interest now shown in the matter under discussion, but he could see, at last, that the university project was as much to them as life, and perhaps more. It had, as it were, become part of the blood and bone of their bodies, and part of their minds of settled purpose.

Rabayo grasped Terrimore's hands, and Cicilee and Gorleta followed his example, all expressing their thankfulness and putting their feelings into eager, warm words.

Last of all came one of the dragmen from the far hills, tall, muscular and panther-like of body and keen and savage of eyes. He, too, held out his hand, a member that looked capable of deeds far beyond the ordinary.

"Good, good!" he exclaimed, his guttural tones in marked contrast with the soft accents of the pure-blooded Kanakas.

"Professor, this is Barro, general of the Hill-keepers, or, as some call them, the dragmen. Barro is the mightiest of all our people, the leader of our bravest men. To be a Hill-keeper is much, and to be Barro is everything that is valiant."

"He is a great warrior," added Cicilee.

The general laughed a deep, good-natured laugh, and, spreading out his empty hands, made answer. His English was bad, tho John understood him without difficulty.

"Who shall say that there is any warrior on Kayenso?" he replied, with what seemed to be good-natured scorn. "The day has gone by when men fight. Now, they grow things to eat and catch fish, and do no more. What need has the world for fighting men when matters are so? What is it to be a general? Yes, I am a general, but only of men who never fight."

He laughed again, and one would have said, if disinterested, in perfect good humor, but Terrimore was not so sure of it. Vaguely distinguishing something more back of the peaceful words—a suggestion of ability and will to begin and carry on the rejected art of fighting—he was not so certain that General Barro was a reliable disciple of peace.

The chief of the Hill-keepers suddenly changed his manner.

"Never mind me," he added. "This is a time for greater things. It is for Rabayo, God of the Kayensan Seas, to speak. My part is only to listen. Speak on, you men who know how to read the black imps on pale paper that white persons call learning."

He fell back and fully effaced himself. This step brought matters forward on the university plan, but Terrimore would not willingly have had that minute of Barro made into a thing that never happened. Peaceful the true Kanakas were, but their mixed-blood allies of the hills held possibilities of which one should not be ignorant.

Cicilee quickly took up the thread of speech.

"The great enterprise," she said. "You have accepted, Professor Terrimore, and you are now president of the school. We will get the work begun as soon as possible."

"Do you know the first step?" John demanded.

"No."

"Get your money out of the lighthouse!"

"It will not be safe anywhere else than there."

"There are several banks in the town——"

"I will have nothing to do with banks!" cried Rabayo, sharply.

"But the money must not stay where it is. It will surely be stolen. Take it away. If need be, bury it in some lonely place on land, but whatever you do, make it safe——"

"It is safe now," declared the Sea God, stubbornly.

"In a lighthouse that anybody may enter, even as Alonzo entered."

"It has been safe for seventy years——"

"Are you sure it is safe now? You've not seen it for a long while, and you say it is not guarded by any of your men. If you are so firmly resolved that it shall stay there, make sure of its safety at once, and then set a guard to watch it, men who must not leave it for a moment on pain of death. Remember, if it is lost your university is gone forever. What would become of your people then?"

Cicilee touched Rabayo's arm.

"These are words of wisdom, brother," she said softly. "The Professor is already proving himself a man of profound thought."

The Sea God looked at vacancy and meditated. Realizing that he was turning all the points over in his mind, Terrimore remained silent. At last the Kanaka faced him more fully.

"Since you feel so sure about this you shall be satisfied," he said. "This night—even this hour—you shall see the half-million in treasure. When you have seen it we will talk again. Perhaps you will then be willing that it should stay there, unguarded."

John shook his head and said nothing.

"Come!" Rabayo added with energy. "Sister will accompany us, and we three will be enough. Barro, dismiss our people. Professor John, be so good as to go with us to the west shore."

They started without delay. The coast-line presented the same features as before, and often the cliffs were near their left hand, but sometimes there were wide breaks that led to the open fields of the inner part of the island. Of necessity, the way could not be long, and Terrimore was giving thought to the situation.

With his skepticism as to the treasure in full force, he felt obliged, nevertheless, to act as if it were an established fact.

"Rabayo," he finally said, "I understand the ruins of the lighthouse to be in the reef west of here."

"Yes," the Sea God replied. "Before the earthquake the reef extended almost due west from Chained Ghost Point, and was from two to thirty feet in height. The quake put most of it under water and turned what was left almost one-quarter around, like a hinged door, so the rocks that remained, tho still in line, point nearly south, and are from the level to ten feet about normal tide. Taken as a whole, the old reef is a ledge a mile long, now mainly submerged, but visible in places from the shore."

"But the wreck of the lighthouse is invisible from shore?"

"Yes."

"Why has no fisherman ever found it when out in his canoe?"

"Wait and see why."

At that moment they reached the water and Terrimore stopped short.

"I will not go open-eyed," he replied. "Blindfold me!"

"What?"

"Tie a bandage over my eyes. I am a stranger to you, and I will not permit you to divulge your vital secrets to me. I'll go with you and see the treasure, if there is one, but how to find the ruins of the light and how effect an entrance to that place I will not know. Blindfold me!"

"But, Professor, you are one of us and we trust you fully——"

"Blindfold me!"

"We will not!" declared the Sea God firmly.

Terrimore deliberately produced his pocket handkerchief and tied it over his eyes.

"Proceed!" he directed calmly.

"Sir," said Rabayo, an odd note in his voice, "we should have felt it a lasting disgrace to us had we blindfolded you, for we have made you not only one of us but our leader; but now that your will has been revealed so positively to us, we cannot rebel. It shall be as you say."

"Tho we had far rather you went seeing all!" cried Cicilee.

"It is so," the Sea God agreed.

"Be at ease, my good friends," returned Terrimore, cordially. "We understand each other. Now, forward!"

A plump hand was thrust into his own and he was led a few steps farther. Then a canoe was entered. John felt confident that only the brother and sister and himself entered, but did not concern himself greatly with that point.

The little craft, well paddled, started, receded, and neared the remoter part of the reef.

It was shortly before this that a man skulked down to the shore where they had lately been and began casting off his clothes. Had the light been stronger, it would have been possible to recognize Fiddler Frink. Ready for a swim, he looked away and lowered himself into the water.

CHAPTER VI.

TERRIMORE, sitting in the canoe, heard the steady dip of the paddle until the craft came to a gentle stop. All the while he had been the same as a blind man. The handkerchief did its allotted part well and he saw nothing. Once it occurred to him that, while refusing to let the Kanakas confide in him fully, he was trusting them to the limit, placing his person and his safety in their keeping, with eyes covered and complete helplessness in other respects. This, however, was as he willed it.

"We are now at the reef," Rabayo said quietly. "You can remove your bandage——"

"I thought that I made it clear the removal was not to take place until we were inside the light. Lead on!" said the American, curtly.

"As you will," the Sea God gently returned.

Terrimore was helped to the ledge and then led forward for some yards. The course was crooked, and he made no effort to keep the points of compass in mind. At last they paused.

"A stairway is before us," Rabayo explained, "but it will be necessary to uncover it. Be patient!"

"Take your time."

The uncovering took several minutes. He was then helped down a dozen or more steps. The sounds of the water had now changed from those common to the sea. Dripping and gurgling were audible. The white man heard a match scratched.

"Remove the bandage, if you please," the Sea God directed. "We are at the end of our journey. What you are to see you will see."

Terrimore unknotted the handkerchief and vision was restored to him. No longer hesitating to use his eyes freely, he perceived that he was in a stone room that had once been about thirty feet square. Now, however, blocks of building material had caved in here and there, so that the open space was but little more than an irregular hole with confusion all around.

Cicilee had lighted a lamp that, perhaps, she had brought with her, and she waved the light and smiled upon him.

"All that remains of the home of the lighthouse pirates!" she explained.

"Not a bad structure once, I think," John answered. "Good masonry shows here and there, but an earthquake is a leveler of the works of man."

"Do you see any treasure here?"

Rabayo asked the question quietly, but his manner was serious.

"Not a dollar," Terrimore declared.

"Do you notice that stream of water yonder, a sheet possibly three feet wide?"

"Yes."

"One's first idea would be that it was an imperfection that might at any moment cause what remains of the light to collapse, but it is not so. It is part of an odd condition made by nature, the quake, a freak, or whatever else you may see fit to call it, but it rivals the most cunning work that man could do by design. It's so odd that only the persistence of Alonzo revealed it. Watch me!"

Raising his hand he touched the roof of rock above.

"How high?" he asked.

"Less than seven feet."

"From which you will guess that not all of the lighthouse is inclosed in this small cavity. Follow me and look well. If I am holding the light properly you will see that the stream of water enters by a narrow slit in the rocks above, runs thru the room and disappears, but is never disturbed by any condition outside of itself. Also, you may notice that a dozen loose stones are scattered near the entrance slit, giving an appearance of the end of all things there. One would say there was no passage among them,

"The Treasure Is in the Old Lighthouse, Money and Jewels and Many Diamonds."

and nothing to reward examination. Let me show you how it really is."

The Sea God deftly moved among the stones until at the very spot where the water entered.

"Look!" he directed.

"A wide cavity under the channel."

"Yes. Follow again!"

They passed under the water, clambered down rocks that were flung about haphazard, and presently entered another room. It was nearly perfect of shape, showing that it had resisted the earthquake well, and giving the suggestion that it was once the lower room of the lighthouse.

"Look well again!" the Sea God continued. "Niches are in the big blocks of building-stones, depository-shelves for the numerous articles used by the long-dead keepers. One of the number—that which you may notice yonder—was more than that. Well hidden and operated by a cunning spring—watch!"

He fumbled, met with difficulty, persisted, and then a secret door eighteen inches square flew open. A cavity was beyond. Rabayo reached inside, took out a rude casket or box of cheap metal, and passed it back to his American companion.

"Take it!" he directed. "And here is another. Take that, too. And a third, a fourth, a fifth. Have you all? Yes! That is right. Now, open them. Here, Professor Terrimore, you see the University of Kayenso in its first stages. What do you think of it?"

There was no answer. Sight of the boxes had done much to sweep Terrimore's doubts away, and, when so directed, he had bent, as the boxes stood in a row on the floor, and turned back the cover of the nearest. A pile of gold coins was before him.

"Try another," Cicilee suggested.

He obeyed, and saw something wrapped in waterproof material. It was closely tied, but Rabayo produced a knife and cut the thongs that checked investigation.

"United States bank-notes," he commented. "Not over fifty thousand dollars. Too small a sum to be lingered with. The next, please!"

Once more Terrimore opened, and the result gave him a backward start. A sheet of many-colored flame shot at him, somewhat startling for the moment, but it was only from a great mass of brilliant diamonds. All were cut and set, and the sight warmed his heart to the business of the occasion. Somebody else was even more affected.

The Sea God flung himself down on his knees by the box and plunged his hands into the glittering mass.

"Oh! the beauties, the beauties!" he cried rapturously.

Rabayo was dipping at the gems, turning, tossing and overhauling, bathing, one might say, in the flood of radiance that shot out from the long-imprisoned marvels.

"Beauties, beauties, beauties!" he repeated fervently.

Cicilee knelt by his side, and they united in heaving the gems up to get their splendor in full force.

John Terrimore, smiling gravely, looked on and waited indulgently. He was no longer a skeptic. The total of the treasure might have been overestimated, but enough was already revealed to make two simple Kanakas quite excusable for their present conduct. It was, decided the president of the forthcoming university, a commentary on the difference between Anglo-Saxon and native blood that even Rabayo should go into such ecstasies. This was John's first judgment as head of the seat of learning.

Presently, however, the Sea God suddenly stood erect and flushed as if ashamed of his exhilaration. Comment was prevented by Cicilee, who quickly opened the remaining boxes. Both were filled with gold, the coins being wholly of twenty-dollar value.

Rabayo again came to the front. Drawing Terrimore to the secret receptacle, he bade him look inside.

"What," he asked, "do you see?"

"Two large boxes."

"They hold the bulk of the treasure, and one is almost too heavy to lift. Gold and bank-notes are there, the paper money being so cunningly protected that the dampness of this under-water place has not caused any injury whatever to the texture."

Turning, he picked up the small caskets that were on the floor and replaced them in the old hiding-place. When the secret door was reclosed there was nothing to show that anything more than solid wall was there. The Sea God faced Terrimore deliberately.

"Is the plan to build a university a mere dream?" he asked quietly.

"Rabayo, I beg your pardon for my former doubts," returned the American, quickly. "You have wealth here, and I do not question that you have counted it correctly. The money for the university is yours, now. Mark my expression—it is yours now. Will it remain so? It is in the most strangest of repositories, and one thoroly unsafe. I beg that you will at once place every dollar in a Kayenso bank——"

"No!" Rabayo exclaimed. "The Kanakas might as well destroy their treasure completely and forever. Back in your great United States all banks are safe and all bankers honest, but not so on the islands. To deposit our money there is to run chance of losing it utterly. Oh! believe me, I know these South Sea bank men!"

"But this lighthouse ruin has a thousand perils——"

"It has withstood them for seventy years."

"It may fall to pieces completely at any moment——"

"Do you see signs of weakness?"

"Or a thief may come——"

"Is that really possible? The entrance is at a certain point on a mile-long reef, and wholly invisible except to minute search."

"You found it, did you not?"

"With the aid of Alonzo's map and ample spoken directions, which Cicilee wrote down in words. Even then it took her and myself four days to find the entrance."

Terrimore sighed and dropped the useless argument. The Sea God had been firm from the beginning, and argument was adding to his stubborn resolution, so the American gave up all thought of inducing him to remove the treasure. To the plea that faithful men be set to guard the place at all hours, Rabayo returned a promise to think the matter over. Practically, however, the situation remained unchanged.

The only gain made by the visit to the wreck of the light was that Terrimore knew the treasure to be a thing of fact.

Time was wearing on and nobody was disposed to remain, so they started on the return. John had again insisted that his eyes be bandaged, and tho the Sea God scoffed at the idea, it was so done.

They left the ruin, the American was helped into the canoe, and his companions paddled toward the land. The journey was made in total silence. Rabayo seemed to have lost his powers of ambition after the night's work was done, and to sag at the task of paddling. Once, as they progressed, John had an idea so startling to him that he was briefly tempted to demand a halt for conference.

The Kanakas were very certain of the security of the ruin from intrusion by a stranger, but what if some dishonest person had that night witnessed their own movements? If there had been such a spy upon them he could easily get into the ruin as they had got in, or so he believed.

The blindfolded man turned to address Rabayo, but his efforts to impress him had been so unavailing formerly that nothing was said now. Why add a new, useless attempt?

In a short time the Kanakas landed him on the shore, and he removed the handkerchief from his eyes and found himself where they had previously embarked in the canoe.

"Now," said Rabayo, with a brief return of vivacity, "we may part for tonight, but I want to see you tomorrow, Professor John. There is much to say, much to do. I am sure you are ready to work with us, carefully and zealously."

"Decidedly so. All that I can do to put the University of Kayenso on solid footing shall be done."

"Good, good! We shall soon—but I feel weary, so we may well postpone talk. I will see you early in the morning. For now, good night!"

The lingering over the separation was not lengthy, and Terrimore soon found himself walking away, alone. Then, for the first time since leaving the island, his mind turned to the recent swift-moving events. His meeting with the beach-combers, and, later, with the Kanakas, and the various plans developed since twilight fell, had made a remarkable evening for him, and one certainly not to be expected after his former luck.

It was done with now and he could go—— He stopped short. Go where? None of his friends had given him money, and he had none of his own. Where could he find bed and food? He laughed a laugh that was mirthless.

"Back yonder," he mused, "a half-million dollars lies idle, and somewhere hereabouts a university waits to be erected. Meanwhile, I am a penniless professor!"

The contradictions of the evening impressed him briefly, but minor matters had to wait when others crowded hard for attention. Bed and food—the two major problems of life! Where could he find them? In that latitude one might sleep safely on bare earth, but no latitude could make acute hunger philosophically endurable. The few crumbs that had made up John's supper wanted the company of their kind now. Where could he find the means of eating?

Being deep in thought he had been heedless of his course, and now, unexpectedly he found himself at the water's edge. Irritated without knowing why, he was about to turn away, when, in the dim light, he saw a canoe drifting past without signs of an occupant. Canoes represented money, and he immediately resolved to acquire this particular one if he reasonably could.

"Perhaps," he mused, "a new adventure is about to pour cash at my feet."

Zealously entering the water, he waded briskly, and arrived just in time to lay hold of the canoe. No one sat within it, and he was convinced that it was untenanted, but as a precaution he swung an investigating arm over the rail. He had barely done this when he uttered a startled exclamation, leaped back, and, letting the craft go free, made a hasty retreat toward the shore.

Terrimore's fright was natural. His exploring hand had made a startling discovery and it leads to a new angle of mystery. The next installment of this story will prove most interesting.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Two Remarkable Stories.

READERS of the Ledger have a double treat in store for them in the next issue, dated December 15. One half of this treat is in the shape of a cleverly written story entitled, "Out of the Ashes," the tale of a man who believes he has lost the power of loving, an opera singer, her brother and a band of Western outlaws, headed by a woman. Not only is it a love story, but one of exciting experiences, as well.

In the same number will appear the first half of a longer story from the pen of Robert W. Chambers. It is called "The Shining Band" and it is one of the most unusual stories we have published in many weeks, and masterfully written.

Either one of them is alone worth the price of the Ledger. You would do well to ask the agent to save you a copy.

LOOKING AT FURS.

MRS. CONNERY trudged up the steps, her arms filled with packages. She sank exhausted into the nearest chair. There her husband found her, too tired even to move. He observed the parcels with interest.

"My collars there, Eliza?" he asked.

Mrs. Connery nodded.

"Quick delivery, eh? I tell you, we have some system in this man's town!"

"We do that," observed Mrs. Connery emphatically. "I brought them home myself."

"There wasn't any such rush as that about getting your things home, was there?" asked her husband.

"No-o," Mrs. Connery replied. "You see, it's this way. For some time past I have been reading appeals from the big stores asking their customers to shop carefully and not to use the call system any more than was positively necessary. Also that they carry home their small packages. This they announced was a war measure."

"That's all right, of course," said Connery. "But I should think that people who've had accounts with stores as long as we ought to be entitled to special consideration."

"That was the view I took of it exactly," commented his wife. "Whenever I read those articles I always made the mental reservation that they didn't apply to me, because I was a conservative buyer. However, I had all that exclusiveness taken out of me today. I started away early this morning to buy that set of furs I've been talking about the last month.

"However," Mrs. Connery continued, "I couldn't find anything at a price near what I wanted to pay. Yet there were two sets, one of marten and one of taupe fox, that I rather liked, so I told the clerk to send them out on approval.

"The saleswoman hesitated and then said, 'Madam, we are not sending furs out on approval.'

"I looked at her in astonishment. 'Why, I always have things sent out that way,' I told her. 'I want my husband to see which of these sets he likes the best.'

"The poor girl looked rather flustered, but insisted that she couldn't send them out. 'Probably you don't know who I am,' I gently hinted. 'I've had an account with this store since it first opened its doors.' She assured me that they were not allowed to deviate from their rule for any one.

"This roused my ire. 'Do you mean to tell me,' I asked, 'that if I purchase this set of furs, and then find that I don't like it when I get home, it can't be exchanged?' 'We might exchange it,' she replied, 'but no credit would be allowed.' I opened my mouth to speak, but she went right on: 'It's the fault of the customers, madam, that we have to make these stringent rules. Last year we had half of our fur stock out on approval. Some people kept a set two weeks, some three weeks, some even a month, and insisted that they hadn't been worn, tho there was every evidence to show that they had. We couldn't afford to offend the customer and lose the trade, so this year we adopted new measures. We realize,' she assured me, 'that furs are a luxury that a woman wants to feel perfectly satisfied before making a purchase. We clerks are instructed to spare no effort to please a customer, but to send nothing on approval.'

"'It seems a shame,' I protested as soon as I could get in a word, 'that the person who really wants to purchase should be subjected to the same treatment as the person who is only shopping.'

"Presently we got to talking about the abused privileges of the delivery system, 'You have no idea how people abuse every privilege,' this young woman said. 'Some will send home a pattern, a couple of spools of thread, or some very inexpensive little article and the same routine has to be gone thru with each purchase, no matter how small. You begin to get our point of view, madam?'

"I did, and I felt that I had been rather lax myself on every count. So each purchase I made today that was small enough to carry conveniently is with me."

"What did you do about furs?" inquired Connery.

Mrs. Connery floundered. "Say, that girl ought to be the head of a school on salesmanship—she sold me the furs!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A Sad Tale.

"I SAW a very depressing little incident last evening," remarked the young man with the pompadour, addressing the girl who was trying to transcribe her shorthand notes.

"Well, go ahead and spill it," said the stenographer, "I'm caught on a pothook here and maybe your tale of woe will suggest the queer old word I'm looking for."

"You remember that department store on Thirty-First street, where they're having demonstrations in the window most all the time? Well, this week they're demonstrating hairpins, a certain brand guaranteed to be the finest in the universe.

"I happened to be walking past there last night and saw a bunch of men crowding about the window. My curiosity was aroused, so I elbowed my way thru. The demonstrator was different from the average run. She was a young woman and a peach. She was a blond peach, a blue-eyed little doll, and the way she toyed with the hairpins was a caution. You'd never have imagined that a bunch of men could be so interested in 'em. They had their eyes glued on that young woman. Generally, you know, a man doesn't take much interest in his wife's hairpins, except to clean out his pipe, and I never supposed there was a married man living who would spend fifteen or twenty minutes watching a hairpin demonstration."

"They were interested in the hairpin in the window," remarked the impertinent office boy.

"Cease thy chatter, son," advised the young man with the pompadour. "This young lady was far from being a hairpin, in your vernacular. But I haven't come to the sad part yet. This was it:

"Standing beside me was a fellow dressed in the height of fashion eagerly watching the movements of the demonstrator. Suddenly he turned to a middle-aged party standing beside him and said, 'Confound you! What are you butting in here for? I had a nice little conquest—almost. Then you butt in and she acts queer right away.'

"'That's interesting,' said the middle-aged party. 'I happen to be the owner of that store, and that is my wife in the window demonstrating those new hairpins because the girl who has that job regular is away. She wasn't really flirting with you, young man. She was just bending you in order to show you that you were a hairpin of an inferior brand. Our own brand is guaranteed not to bend. Gentlemen, I thank you for your interest.' And with that the young fellow so stylishly dressed hurried out of the crowd."

"Chucklehead!" said the office boy.

"Oh, yes, 'chucklehead,'" gurgled the stenographer, happily. "That is the word I was trying to think of. You see, the boss was dictating a letter to his son at college and I couldn't remember what it was he called him. Thank you so much!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Real Put Out."

PATIENT Amos Keene had heard his sister tell everybody in town how she fell from a ladder when she was showing Amos how to shingle the roof. "I've been present about thutty times when she's told it," said a neighbor, "and it hasn't lost anything by the repetition.

"Well, sir, one day when she'd reeled it off to a party of folks that were driving by and stopped for a glass o' water, Amos was real put out. 'I declare to man,' he said to me, 'there's times—maybe it's wicked—but there's times when I almost wish Deborah had never fell off'n that ladder!'"

Lazarre, the Lost King

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

FOR love and freedom's sake he gave up his royal inheritance and sought a strange land. Those were the perilous days—the days of romance and adventure—and this extraordinary story is replete with thrills. It was begun in No. 42, October 20, and if you wish to read the story which has gone before, subscriptions may begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news dealers, our agents or by mail direct from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER XX.

SWIFTLY as she passed between the tree columns, more swiftly her youth and vitality died in that walk of a few yards.

We had been girl and boy together a brief half hour, heedless and gay. When she reached the arbor end, our chapter of youth was ended.

I saw her bloodless face as she stepped upon the terrace.

The man stretched his arms to her. As if the blight of her spirit fell upon him, the light died out of his face and he dropped his arms at his sides.

He was a courtly gentleman, cadaverous and shabby as he stood, all the breeding of past generations appearing in him.

"Eagle?" he said. The tone of piteous apology went thru me like a sword.

She took his hands and herself drew them around her neck. He kissed her on both cheeks.

"O Cousin Philippe!"

"I have frightened you, child! I meant to send a message first—but I wanted to see you—I wanted to come home!"

"Cousin Philippe, who wrote that letter?"

"The notary, child. I made him do it."

"It was cruel!" She gave way, and brokenly sobbed, leaning helpless against him.

The old Marquis smoothed her head, and puckered his forehead under the sunlight, casting his eyes around like a culprit.

"It was desperate. But I could do nothing else! You see it has succeeded. While I lay in hiding, the sight of the child, and your youth, has softened Bonaparte. That was my intention, Eagle!"

"The peasants should have told me you were living!"

"They didn't know I came back. Many of them think I died in America. The family at Les Rochers have been very faithful; and the notary has held his tongue. We must reward them, Eagle. I have been hidden very closely. I am tired of such long hiding!"

He looked toward the chateau and lifted his voice sharply:

"Where's the baby? I haven't seen the baby!"

With gracious courtesy, restraining an impulse to plunge up the steps, he gave her his arm; and she swayed against it as they entered.

When I could see them no more, I rose, and put my snuffbox in my breast. The key rattled in it.

A saving need of hiding when so wounded, worked first thru the disorder that let me see none of the amenities of leave-taking, self-command, conduct.

I was beyond the gates, bareheaded, walking with long strides, when an old mill caught my eye, and I turned toward it, as we turn to trifles to relieve us from unendurable tension. The water dripped over the wheel, and long green beard trailed from its chin down the sluice. In this quieting company Skenedonk spied me as he rattled past with the post-carriage; and considering my behavior at other times, he was not enough surprised to waste any good words of Oneida.

He stopped the carriage and I got in. He pointed ahead toward a curtain of trees which screened the chateau.

"Paris," I answered.

"Paris," he repeated to the postilion, and we turned about. I looked from hill to stream, from the fruited brambles of blackberry to reaches of noble forest, realizing that I should never see those lands again, or the neighboring crest where my friend the Marquis slept.

We posted the distance to Paris in two days.

What the country was like or what towns we passed I could not this hour declare with any certainty. At first making effort and groping numbly in my mind, but the second day grasping determination, I formed my plans, and talked them over with Skenedonk. We would sail for America on the first convenient ship; waiting in Paris only long enough to prepare for the post journey to a port. Charges must at once be settled with Dr. Chantry, who would willingly stay in Paris while the De Chaumonts remained there.

Beyond the voyage I did not look. The first faint tugging of my foster country began to pull me as it has pulled many a broken wretch out of the conditions of the older world.

Paris was horrible, with a lonesomeness no one could have foreseen in its crowded streets. A taste of war was in the air. Troops passed to review. Our post-carriage met the dashing coaches of gay young men I knew, who stared at

A Man, Gun in Hand, Made Us Welcome.

me without recognition. Marquis du Plessy no longer made way for me and displayed me at his side.

I drove to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain for my possessions. It was closed, the distant relative who inherited after him being an heir with no Parisian tastes. The care-taker, however, that gentle old valet like a woman, who had dressed me in my first Parisian finery, let us in, and waited upon us with food I sent him out to buy. He gave me a letter from my friend, which he had held to deliver on my return, in case any accident befell the Marquis. He was tremulous in his mourning, and all his ardent care of me was service rendered to the dead.

I sat in the garden, with the letter spread upon the table where we had dined. Its brevity was gay. The writer would have gone under the knife with a jest. He did not burden me with any kind of counsel. We had touched. We might touch again. It was as if a soul sailed by, waving its hat.

"My Dear Boy:

"I wanted you, but it was best you should not stay and behold the depravity of your elders. It is about a woman.

"May you come to a better throne than the unsteady one of France.

"Your friend and servant,

"ETIENNE DU PLESSY.

"Garlic is the spice of life, my boy!"

I asked no questions about the affair in which he had been engaged. If he had wanted me to know he would have told me.

The garden was more than I could endure. I lay down early and slept late, as soon as I awoke in the morning beginning preparations for leaving France. Yet two days passed, for we were obliged to exchange our worn post-carriage for another, after waiting for repairs. The old valet packed our belongings; tho I wondered what I was going to do with them in America. The outfit of a young man of fashion overdressed a refugee of diminished fortune.

For no sooner was I on the street than a sense of being unmistakably watched grew upon me. I scarcely caught anybody in the act. A succession of vanishing people passed me from one to another. A working man in his blouse eyed me, and disappeared. In the afternoon it was a soldier who turned up near my elbow, and in the evening he was succeeded by an equally interested old woman. I might not have remembered these people with distrust if Skenedonk had not told me he was trailed by changing figures, and he thought it was time to get behind trees.

Bellenger might have returned to Paris, and set Napoleon's spies on the least befriended Bourbon of all; or the police upon a man escaped from Ste. Pelagie after choking a sacristan.

The Indian and I were not skilled in disguises as our watchers were. Our safety lay in getting out of Paris. Skenedonk undertook to stow our belongings in the post-chaise at the last minute. I went to De Chaumont's hotel to bring the money from Dr. Chantry and to take leave without appearing to do so.

Mademoiselle de Chaumont seized me as I entered. Her carriage stood in the court. Miss Chantry was waiting in it while Annabel's maid fastened her glove.

"O Lazarre!" the poppet cried, her heartiness going thru me like wine. "Are you back? And how you are changed! They must have abused you in Russia. We heard you went to Russia. But since dear Marquis du Plessy died we never hear the truth about anything."

I acknowledged that I had been to Russia.

"Why did you go there? Tell your dearest Annabel. She won't tell."

"To see a lady."

Annabel shook her fretwork of misty hair.

"That's treason to me. Is she beautiful?"

"Very."

"Kind?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, you're not. By the way, why are you looking so wan if she is beautiful and kind?"

"I didn't say she was beautiful and kind for me, did I?"

"No, of course not. She has jilted you, the wretch. Your dearest Annabel will console you, Lazarre!" She clasped my arm with both hands. "Madame de Ferrier's husband is alive!"

"What consolation is there in that?"

"A great deal for me. She has her estates back, and he was only hiding until she got them. I know the funniest thing!"

Annabel hooked her finger and led me to a small study or cabinet at the end of the drawing-room.

A profusion of the most beautiful stuffs was arranged there for display.

"Look!" the witch exclaimed, pinching my wrist in her rapture. "India muslin embroidered in silver lama, Turkish velvet, ball dresses for a bride, ribbons of all colors, white blond, Brussels point, Cashmere shawls, veils in English point, reticules, gloves, fans, essences, a bridal purse of gold links—and worse than all—except this string of perfect pearls—his portrait on a medallion of ivory painted by Isabey!"

"What is this collection?"

"A corbeille!"

"What's a corbeille?"

Annabel crossed her hands in desperation. "Oh, haven't you been in Paris long enough to know what a corbeille is? It's the collection of gifts a bridegroom makes for his bride. He puts his taste, his sentiment, his"—she waved her fingers in the air—"as well as his money, into it. A corbeille shows what a man is. He must have been collecting it ever since he came to France. I feel proud of him. I want to pat him on his dear old back!"

Not having him there to pat she patted me.

"You are going to be married?"

"Who said I was going to be married?"

"Isn't this your corbeille?"

Annabel lifted herself to my ear.

"It was Madame de Ferrier's!"

"What!"

"I'm sure of it!"

"Who bought it?"

"Count de Chaumont, of course."

"Was Madame de Ferrier going to marry him?"

"Who wouldn't marry a man with such a corbeille?"

"Was she?"

"Don't grind your teeth at your dearest Annabel. She hadn't seen it, but it must have decided her. I am sure he intended to marry Madame de Ferrier, and he does most things he undertakes to do. That inconsiderate wretch of a Marquis de Ferrier—to spoil such a corbeille as this! But Lazarre!" She patted her gloved hands. "Here's the consolation—my father will be obliged to turn his corbeille into my trousseau when I am married!"

"What's a trousseau?"

"Goose! It's a bride's wardrobe. I knew he had something in this cabinet but he never left the key in the door until today. He was so completely upset when the De Ferriers came into Paris!"

"Are they in Paris?"

"Yes, at their own hotel. The old Marquis has posted here to thank the Emperor! The Emperor is away with the troops, so he is determined at least

to thank the Empress at the assembly tonight."

"Will Madame de Ferrier go to the Tuileries?"

"Assuredly. Fancy how furious my father must be!"

"May I enter?" said the humblest of voices outside the door.

We heard a shuffling step.

Annabel made a face and clinched her hands. The sprite was so harmless I laughed at her mischief. She brought in Dr. Chantry as she had brought me, to behold the corbeille; covering her father's folly with transparent fabrications, which anybody but the literal Briton must have seen thru. He scarcely greeted me at all, folding his hands, pale and crushed, the sharp tip of his nose standing up more than ever like a porcelain candle-extinguisher, while I was anxious to have him aside, to get my money and take my leave.

"See this beautiful corbeille, Dr. Chantry! Doesn't it surprise you Lazarre should have such taste? We are going this morning to the mayor of the arrondissement. Nothing is so easy as civil marriage under the Empire! Of course, the religious sacrament in the church of the Capuchins follows, and celebrating that five minutes before midnight, will make all Paris talk! Go with us to the mayor, Dr. Chantry!"

"No," he answered, "no!"

"My father joins us there. We have kept Miss Chantry waiting too long. She will be tired of sitting in the carriage."

Chattering with every breath Annabel entrained us both to the court, my poor master hobbling after her a victim, and staring at me with hatred when I tried to get a word in undertone.

I put Annabel into the coach, and Miss Chantry made frigid room for me.

"Hasten yourself, Lazarre," said Mademoiselle de Chaumont.

I looked back at the poor man who was being played with, and she cried out, laughing:

"Did you go to Russia a Parisian to come back a bear?"

I entered her coach, intending to take my leave as soon as I had seen Count de Chaumont. Annabel chattered all the way about civil marriage, and directed Miss Chantry to wait for us while we went in to the mayor. I was perhaps too indifferent to the trick. The usually sharp governess, undecided and piqued, sat still.

The Count was not in the mayor's office. A civil marriage was going forward, and a strange bridal party looked at us.

"Now, Lazarre," the strategist confided, "your dearest Annabel is going to cover herself with Parisian disgrace. You don't know how maddening it is to have every step dogged by a woman who never was, never could have been—and manifestly never will be—young! Wasn't that a divine flash about the corbeille and the mayor? Miss Chantry will wait outside half a day. As I said, she will be very tired of sitting in the carriage. This is what you must do: Smuggle me out another way; call another carriage, and take me for a drive and wicked dinner. I don't care what the consequences are, if you don't!"

I said I certainly didn't, and that I was ready to throw myself in the Seine if that would amuse her; and she commended my improvement in manners. We had a drive, with a sympathetic coachman; and a wicked dinner in a suburb, which would have been quite harmless on American ground. The child was as full of spirits as she had been the night she mounted the cabin chimney. But I realized that more of my gold-pieces were slipping away, and I had not seen Dr. Chantry.

"We were going to the mayor's," she maintained, when reproached. "My father would have joined us if he had been there. He would certainly have joined us if he had seen me alone with you. Nothing is so easy as civil marriage under the Empire. Of course, the religious sacrament follows, when people want it, and if it is celebrated in the church of the Capuchins—or any other church—five minutes before midnight, it will make all Paris talk! Every word I said was true!"

"But Dr. Chantry believed something entirely different."

"You can't do anything for the English," said Annabel. "Next week he will say haw haw."

Dr. Chantry could not be found when we returned to her father's hotel. She gave me her fingers to kiss in good-by, and told me I was less doleful.

"We thought you were the Marquis du Plessy's son, Lazarre. I always have believed that story the Holland woman told in the cabin, about your rank being superior to mine. Don't be cut up about Madame de Ferrier! You may have to go to Russia again for her, but you'll get her!"

The witch shook the mist of hair at the sides of her pretty aquiline face, blew a kiss at me, and ran up the staircase and out of my life. After waiting long for Dr. Chantry, I hurried to Skenedonk and sent him with instructions to find my master and conclude our affair before coming back.

The Indian silently entered the Du Plessy hotel after dusk, crestfallen and suspicious. He brought nothing but a letter, left in Dr. Chantry's room; and no other trace remained of Dr. Chantry.

"What has he done with himself, Skenedonk?" I exclaimed.

The Oneida begged me to read that we might trail him.

It was a long and very tiresome letter written in my master's spider tracks, containing long and tiresome enumerations of his services. He presented a large bill for his guardianship on the voyage and across France. He said I was not only a Rich Man thru his Influence, but I had proved myself an ungrateful one, and had robbed him of his only Sentiment after a disappointed Existence. My Impudence was equaled only by my astonishing Success, and he chose not to contemplate me as the Husband of Beauty and Lofty Station, whose Shoes he in his Modesty and Worth, felt unworthy to unlatch. Therefore he withdrew that very day from Paris, and would embrace the Opportunity of going into pensive Retirement and rural Contemplation, in his native Kingdom; where his Sister would join him when she could do so with Dignity and Propriety.

I glanced from line to line smiling, but the postscript brought me to my feet.

"The Deposit which you left with me I shall carry with me, as no more than my Due for lifting low Savagery to high Gentility, and beg to subscribe my Thanks for at least this small Tribute of Gratitude."

"Dr. Chantry is gone with the money!"

Skenedonk bounded up grasping the knife which he always carried in a sheath hanging from his belt.

"Which way did the old woman go?"

"Stop!" I said.

The Indian half crouched for counsel.

"I'll be a prince! Let him have it."

"Let him rob you?"

"We're quits, now. I've paid him for the lancet stab I gave him."

"But you haven't a whole bagful of coin left."

"We brought nothing into France, and it seems certain we shall take nothing but experience out of it. And I'm young, Skenedonk. He isn't."

The Oneida grunted. He was angrier than I had ever seen him.

"We ought to have knocked the old woman on the head at Saratoga," he responded.

Annabel's trick had swept away my little fortune. With recklessness which repeated loss engenders I proposed we scatter the remaining coin in the street, but Skenedonk prudently said we would divide and conceal it in our clothes. I gave the kind valet a handful to keep his heart warm; and our anxieties about our valuables were much lightened.

Then we consulted about our imminent start, and I told my servant it would be better to send the post-chaise across the Seine. He agreed with me. And for me to come to it as if by accident the moment we were ready to join each other on the road. He agreed to that. All of our belongings would be put into it by the valet and himself, and when we met we would make a circuit and go by the way of St. Denis.

"We will meet," I told him, "at 11 o'clock in front of the Tuileries."

Skenedonk looked at me without moving a muscle.

"I want to see the palace of the Tuileries before I leave France."

He still gazed at me.

"At any risk, I am going to the Tuileries tonight!"

My Iroquois grunted. A glow spread all over his copper face and head. If I had told him I was going to an enemy's central campfire to shake a club in the face of the biggest chief, he could not have thought more of my daring or less of my common sense.

"You will never come out."

"If I don't, Skenedonk, go without me."

He passed small heroics unnoticed.

"Why do you do it?"

I couldn't tell him. Neither could I leave Paris without doing it. I assured him many carriages would be there, near the entrance, which was called, I believed, the pavilion of Flora; and by showing boldness we might start from that spot as well as from any other. He abetted the reckless devil in me, and the outcome was that I crossed the Seine bridge by myself about 10 o'clock; remembering my escape from Ste. Pelagie; remembering I should never see the gargoyles on Notre Dame any more, or the golden dome of the Invalides, or hear the night hum of Paris, whether I succeeded or not. For if I succeeded I should be away toward the coast by morning; and if I did not succeed, I should be somewhere under arrest.

I can see the boy in white court dress, with no hint of the traveler about him, who stepped jauntily out of a carriage and added himself to groups entering the Tuileries. The white court dress was armor which he put on to serve him in the dangerous attempt to look once more on a woman's face. He mounted with a strut toward the guardians of the imperial court, not knowing how he might be challenged; and fortune was with him.

"Lazarre!" exclaimed Count de Chaumont, hurrying behind to take my elbow. "I want you to help me!"

Remembering with sudden remorse Annabel's escape and our wicked dinner, I halted eager to do him service. He was perhaps used to Annabel's escapes, for a very different annoyance puckered his forehead as he drew me aside within the entrance.

"Have you heard the Marquis de Ferrier is alive?"

I told him I had heard it.

"D—d old fox! He lay in hiding until the estates were recovered. Then out he creeps to enjoy them!"

I pressed the Count's hand. We were one in disapproval.

"It's a shame!" said the Count.

It was a shame, I said.

"And now he's posted into Paris to make a fool of himself."

"How?"

"Have you seen Madame de Ferrier?"

"No, I have not seen her."

"I believe we are in time to intercept him. You have a clever head, boy. Use it. How shall we get this old fellow out of the Tuileries without letting him speak to the Emperor?"

"Easily, I should think, since Napoleon isn't here."

"Yes, he is. He dashed into Paris a little while ago, and may leave tonight. But he is here."

"Why shouldn't the Marquis de Ferrier speak to Napoleon?"

"Because he is going to make an ass of himself before the court, and what's worse, he'll make a laughing-stock of me."

"How can he do that?"

"He is determined to thank the Emperor for restoring his estates. He might thank the Empress, and she wouldn't know what he was talking about. But the Emperor knows everything. I have used all the arguments I dared to use against it, but he is a pig for stubbornness. For my sake, for Madame de Ferrier's sake, Lazarre, help me to get him harmlessly out of the Tuileries, without making a public scandal about the restitution of the land!"

"What scandal can there be, monsieur? And why shouldn't he thank Napoleon for giving him back his estates after the fortunes of revolution and war?"

"Because the Emperor didn't do it. I bought them!"

"You!"

"Yes, I bought them. Come to that, they are my property!"

"Madame de Ferrier doesn't know this?"

"Certainly not. I meant to settle them on her. Saints and angels, boy, anybody could see what my intentions were!"

"Then she is as poor as she was in America?"

"Poorer. She has the Marquis de Ferrier!"

We two who loved her, youth and man, rich and powerful, or poor and fugitive, felt the passionate need of protecting her.

"She wouldn't accept them if she knew it."

"Neither would the Marquis," said De Chaumont. "The Marquis de Ferrier might live on the estates his lifetime without any interference. But if he will see the Emperor, and I can't prevent it any other way, I shall have to tell him!"

"Yes, you will have to tell him!"

I thought of Eagle in the village, and the old woman who blessed her a quarter of an hour, and Paul standing on the seat to be worshiped. How could I go to America and leave her? And what could I do for her when a rich man like De Chaumont was powerless?

"Can't you see Napoleon," I suggested, "and ask him to give the Marquis a moment's private audience, and accept his thanks?"

"No!" groaned De Chaumont. "He wouldn't do it. I couldn't put myself in such a position!"

"If Napoleon came in so hurriedly he may not show himself in the state apartments tonight."

"But he is accessible, wherever he is. He doesn't deny himself to the meanest soldier. Why should he refuse to see a noble of the class he is always conciliating when he can?"

"Introduce me to the Marquis de Ferrier," I finally said, "and let me see if I can talk against time while you get your Emperor out of his way."

I thought desperately of revealing to the old royalist what I believed myself to be, what Eagle and he believed me to be, and commanding him, as his rightful Prince, to content himself with less effusive and less public gratitude to an usurper. He would live in the country, shrinking so naturally from the court that a self-imposed appearance there need never be repeated.

I believe this would have succeeded. A half hour more of time might have saved years of comfort to Eagle—for De Chaumont was generous—and have changed the outcome of my own life. But in scant fifteen minutes our fate was decided.

De Chaumont and I had moved with our heads together, from corridor to antechamber, from antechamber to curtained salon of the lower floor. The private apartments of the Bonaparte family were thrown open, and in the mahogany-furnished room, all hung with yellow satin, I noticed a Swiss clock which pointed its minute finger to a quarter before 11. I made no hurry. My errand was not accomplished. Skenedonk would wait for me, and even dare a search if he became suspicious.

The Count, knowing what Madame de Ferrier considered me, perhaps knew my plan. He turned back, at once assenting.

The Marquis and Marquise de Ferrier were that instant going up the grand staircase, and would be announced. Eagle turned her face above me, the long line of her throat uplifted, and went courageous and smiling on her way. The Marquis had adapted himself to the court requirements of the Empire. Noble gentleman of another period, he stalked a piteous masquerader where he had once been at home.

Count de Chaumont grasped my arm and we hurried up the stairs after them. The end of a great and deep room was visible, and I had a glimpse, between heads and shoulders, of a woman standing in the light of many lusters. She parted her lips to smile, closing them quickly, but having shown little dark teeth. She was of exquisite shape, her face and arms and bosom having a clean fair polish like the delicate whiteness of a magnolia, as I have since seen that flower in bloom. She wore a small diadem in her hair, and her short-waisted robe trailed far back among her ladies. I knew without being told that this was the Empress of the French.

De Chaumont's hand was on my arm, but another hand touched my shoulder. I looked behind me. This time it was not an old woman, or a laborer in a blouse, or a soldier; but I knew my pursuer in his white court dress. Officer of the law, writ in the lines of his face, to my eyes appeared all over him.

"Monsieur Veeleeum!"

As soon as he said that I understood it was the refugee from Ste. Pelagie that he wanted.

"Certainly," I answered. "Don't make a disturbance."

"You will take my arm and come with me, Monsieur Veeleeum."

"I will do nothing of the kind until my errand is finished," I answered desperately.

De Chaumont looked sharply at the man, but his own salvation required him to lay hold on the Marquis. As he did so, Eagle's face and my face encountered in a panel of mirror, two flashes of pallor; and I took my last look.

"You will come with me now," said the gendarme at my ear.

She saw him, and understood his errand.

There was no chance. De Chaumont wheeled ready to introduce me to the Marquis. I was not permitted to speak to him. But Eagle took my right arm and moved down the corridor with me.

Decently and at once the disguised gendarme fell behind where he could watch every muscle without alarming Madame de Ferrier. She appeared not to see him. I have no doubt he praised himself for his delicacy and her unconsciousness of my arrest.

"You must not think you can run away from me," she said.

"I was coming back," I answered, making talk.

My captor's person heaved behind me, signifying that he silently laughed. He kept within touch.

"Do you know the Tuileries well?" inquired Eagle.

"No. I have never been in the palace before."

"Nor I, in the state apartments."

We turned from the corridor into a suite in these upper rooms, the gendarme humoring Madame de Ferrier, and making himself one in the crowd around us. De Chaumont and the Marquis de Ferrier gave chase. I saw them following, as well as they could.

"This used to be the Queen's dressing-room," said Eagle. We entered the last one in the suite.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"This is the room you told me you would like to examine?"

"The very one. I don't believe the Empire has made any changes in it. These painted figures look just as Sophie described them."

Eagle traced lightly with her finger one of the shepherdesses dancing on the panel; and crossed to the opposite side of the room. People who passed the door found nothing to interest them, and turned away, but the gendarme stayed beside us. Eagle glanced at him as if resenting his intrusion, and asked me to bring her a candle and hold it near a mark on the tracery. The gendarme himself, apologetic but firm, stepped to the sconce and took the candle. I do not know how the thing was done, or why the old spring and long unused hinges did not stick, but his back was toward us—she pushed me against the panel and it let me in.

And I held her and drew her after me, and the thing closed. The wall had swallowed us.

We stood on firm footing as if suspended in eternity. No sound from the swarming palace, not even possible noise made by the gendarme, reached us. It was like being earless, until she spoke in the hollow.

"Here's the door on the staircase, but it will not open!"

I groped over every inch of it with swift haste in the blackness.

"Hurry—hurry!" she breathed. "He

may touch the spring himself—it moves instantly!"

"Does this open with a spring, too?"

"I don't know. Sophie didn't know!"

"Are you sure there is any door here?"

"She told me there was."

"This is like a door, but it will not move."

It sprang inward against us, a rush of air and a hollow murmur as of wind along the river, following it.

"Go—be quick!" said Madame de Ferrier.

"But how will you get out?"

"I shall get out when you are gone."

"O, Eagle forgive me!" (Yet I would have dragged her in with me again!)

"I am in no danger. You are in danger. "Good-by, my liege."

Cautiously she pushed me thru the door, begging me to feel for every step. I stood upon the top one, and held to her as I had held to her in passing thru the other wall.

I thought of the heavy days before her and the blank before me. I could not let go her wrists. We were fools to waste our youth. I could work for her in America. My vitals were being torn from me. I should go to the devil without her. I don't know what I said. But I knew the brute love which had risen like a lion in me would never conquer the woman who kissed me in the darkness and held me at bay.

"O Louis—O Lazarre! Think of Paul and Cousin Philippe! You shall be your best for your little mother! I will come to you sometime!"

Then she held the door between us, and I went down around and around the spiral of stone.

CHAPTER XXI.

EVEN when a year had passed I said of my escape from the Tulleries: "It was a dream. How could it have happened," For the adventures of my wandering fell from me like a garment, leaving the one changeless passion.

Skenedonk and I met on the ship a New England minister, who looked upon and considered us from day to day. I used to sit in the stern, the miles stretching me as a rack stretches flesh and tendons. The minister regarded me as prostrated by the spider bite of that wicked Paris, out of which he learned I had come, by talking to my Oneida.

The Indian and I were a queer pair that interested him, and when he discovered that I bore the name of Eleazar Williams his friendship was sealed to us. Eunice Williams of Deerfield, the grandmother of Thomas Williams, was a traditional brand never snatched from the burning, in the minister's town of Longmeadow, where nearly every inhabitant was descended from or espoused to a Williams. Tho he himself was born Storrs, his wife was born Williams; and I could have lain at his feet and cried, so open was the heart of this good man to a wanderer rebounding from a family that disowned the pretender. He was my welcome back to America. The breath of Eastern pines, and the resinous sweetness of Western plains I had not yet seen, but which drew me so that I could scarcely wait to land, came to me with that man. Before the voyage ended I had told him my whole history as far as I knew it, except the story of Madame de Ferrier; and the beginning of it was by no means new to him. The New England Williamses kept a prayerful eye on that branch descending thru the Iroquois. This transplanted Briton, returning from his one memorable visit to the England of his forefathers, despised my Bourbon claims, and even the French contraction of my name.

"What are you going to do now, Eleazar?" he inquired.

Hugging my old dream to myself, feeling my heart leap toward that Western empire which must fascinate a young man as long as there remain any Western lands to possess, I told him I intended to educate our Iroquois as soon as I could prepare myself to do it, and settle them where they could grow into a greater nation.

The man of God kindled in the face. He was a dark-eyed, square-browed, serious man, with black hair falling below his white band. His mouth had a sweet, benign expression, even when he quizzed me about my dauphinhood. A New England pastor was a flame that burned for the enlightenment of the nations. From that hour it was settled that I should be his pupil, and go with him to Longmeadow to finish my education.

When we landed he helped me to sell my Babylonish clothes, except the white court dress, to which I clung with tenacity displeasing to him, and garb myself in more befitting raiment. By Skenedonk's hand I sent some of the remaining gold coins to my mother Marianne and the chief, when he rejoined the tribe and went to pass the winter at St. Regis. And by no means did I forget to tell him to bring me letters from De Chaumont's manor in the spring, if any arrived there for me.

How near to heaven the New England village seemed, with Mount Tom on the horizon glorious as Mount Zion, the mighty sweep of meadow land, the Connecticut River flowing in great peace, the broad street of elms like some gigantic cathedral nave, and in its very midst a shrine—the meeting-house, double-decked with fan-topped windows.

Religion and education were the mainsprings of its life. Pastor Storrs worked in his study nearly nine hours a day, and spent the remaining hours in what he called visitation of his flock.

This being lifted out of Paris and plunged into Longmeadow was the pouring of white hot metal into chill molds. It cast me. With a seething and a roar of loosened forces, the boy passed to the man.

Nearly every night during all those years of changing, for even faithfulness has its tides, I put the snuffbox under my pillow, and Madame de Ferrier's key spoke to my ear. I would say to myself: "The one I love gave me this key. Did I ever sit beside her on a ledge of stone overlooking a sunken garden—so near that I might have touched her? Does she ever think of the Dauphin Louis? Where is she? Does she know that Lazarre has become Eleazar Williams?"

The pastor's house was fronted with huge white fluted pillars of wood, upholding a porch roof which shaded the second-floor windows. The doors in that house had a short-waisted erect with little panels above and long panels below. I had a chamber so clean and small that I called it in my mind the Monk's Cell, nearly filled with the high-posted bed, the austere table and chairs. The whitewashed walls were bare of pictures, except a painted portrait of Stephen Williams, pastor of Longmeadow from 1718 to 1783. Daily his laughing eyes watched me as if he found my pretensions a great joke. He had a long nose, and a high forehead. His black hair crinkled, and a merry crease drew its half-circle from one cheek around under his chin to the other.

Longmeadow did not receive me without much question and debate. There were Williamses in every direction; disguised, perhaps, for that generation, under the names of Cooley, Stebbins, Colter, Ely, Hole, and so on: A stately Sarah Williams, as Mrs. Storrs, sat at the head of the pastor's table. Her disapproval was a force, tho it never manifested itself except in withdrawal. If Mrs. Storrs had drawn back from me while I lived under her roof, I should have felt an outcast indeed. The subtle refinement of those Longmeadow women was like the hinted sweetness of arbutus flower. Breeding passed from generation to generation. Tney had not mixed their blood with the blood of any outsiders; and their forbears were English yeomen.

I threw myself into books as I had done during my first months at De Chaumont's, before I grew to think of Madame de Ferrier. One of those seven years I spent at Dartmouth. But the greater part of my knowledge I owe to Pastor Storrs. Greek and Hebrew he gave me to add to tne languages I was beginning to own; and he unlocked all his accumulations of learning. It was a monk's life that I lived; austere and without incident, but bracing as the air of the hills. The whole system was monastic, tho abomination alighted on that word in Longmeadow. I took the discipline into my blood. It will go down to those after me.

There a man had to walk with God whether he wanted to or not.

Living was inexpensive, each item being gauged by careful housekeeping. It was a sin to gorge the body, and godly conversation was better than abundance. Yet the pastor's tea-table arises with a halo around it. The rye and Indian bread, the doughnuts fragrant as flowers, the sparing tea, the prim mats which saved the cloth, the wire screen covering sponge cake—how sacred they seem!

The autumn that I came to Longmeadow Napoleon Bonaparte was beaten on the sea by the English, but won the battle of Austerlitz, defeating the Russian coalition and changing the map of Europe.

I felt sometimes a puppet while this man played his great part. It was no comfort tnat others of my house were notning to France. Tho I did not see Louis Philippe again, he wandered in America two or three years, and went back to privacy.

During my early novitiate at Longmeadow, Aaron Burr's conspiracy went to pieces, dragging down with it that pleasant gentleman, Harmon Blennerhassett, startling men like Jackson, who had best befriended him unawares. But this in nowise affected my own plans of empire. The solidarity of a nation of Indians on a remote tract could be no menace to the general government.

Skenedonk came and went, and I made journeys to my people with him. But there was never any letter waiting at De Chaumont's for me. After some years, indeed, the Count having returned to Castorland, to occupy his new manor at Le Rayville, the mansion I had known was torn down and the stone converted to other uses. Skenedonk brought me word early that Mademoiselle de Chaumont had been married to an officer of the Empire, and would remain in France.

The door between my past and me was sealed. Madame de Ferrier stood on the other side of it, and no news from her penetrated its dense barrier. I tried to write to her. But nothing that I could write was fit to send, and I knew not whether she was yet at Mont-Louis. Forever she was holding the door against me.

Skenedonk, coming and going at his caprice, stayed a month in every year at Longmeadow, where the townspeople, having had a surfeit of aboriginal names, called him John. He raised no objection, for that with half a dozen other Christian titles had been bestowed on him in baptism; and he entered the godly list of Williamses as John Williams.

The first summer I spent in Longmeadow there was an eclipse of the sun about the middle of June. I remember lying on open land, my book on its face beside me, and watching it thru my eyelashes: until the weird and awful twilight of a blotted sun in mid-heaven sent birds and beasts to shelter as from wrath. When there was but a hairy shining around the orbed blackness, and stars trembled out and trembled back, as if they said: "We are here. The old order will return." and the earth held its breath at threat of eternal darkness, the one I loved seemed to approach in the long shadows. It was a sign that out of the worst comes the best. But it was a terror to the unprepared; and Pastor Storrs preached about it the following Sunday.

The missionary spirit of Longmeadow stirred among the Williamses, and many of them brought what they called their mites to Pastor Storrs for my education. If I were made a king no revenue could be half so sweet as that. The village was richer than many a stonier New England place, but men were struggling then all over the wide States and Territories for material existence.

The pension no longer came from Europe. It ceased when I returned from France. Its former payment was considered apocryphal by Longmeadow, whose very maids—too white, with a pink spot in each cheek—smiled with reserved amusement at a student who thought it possible he could ever be a king. I spoke to nobody but Pastor Storrs about my own convictions. But local newspapers, with their omniscient grip on what is in the air, bandied the subject back and forth.

We sometimes walked in the burying ground among dead Williamses, while he argued down my claims, leaving them without a leg to stand on. Reversing the usual ministerial formula, "If what has been said is true, then it follows, first, secondly," and so on, he used to say:

"Eleazar, you were brought up among the Indians, conscious only of bodily existence, and unconscious of your origin; granted. Money was sent—let us say from Europe—for your support; granted. Several persons, among them one who testified strongly against his will, told you that you resembled the Bourbons; granted. You bear on your person marks like those which were inflicted on the unfortunate Dauphin of France; granted. You were malignantly pursued while abroad; granted. But what does it all prove? Nothing. It amounts simply to this: You know nothing about your early years; some foreign person—perhaps an English Williams—kindly interested himself in your upbringing; you were probably scalded in the camps; you have some accidental traits of the Bourbons; a man who heard you had a larger pension than the idiot he was tending, disliked you. You can prove nothing more."

I never attempted to prove anything more to Pastor Storrs. It would have been most ungrateful to persuade him I was an alien. At the same time he prophesied his hopes of me, and many a judicious person blamed him for treating me as something out of the ordinary, and cockering up pride.

A blunter Williams used to take me by the button on the street.

"Eleazar Williams," he would say, "do you pretend to be the son of the French King? I tell you what! I will not let the name of Williams be disgraced by any relationship to any French monarch! You must do one of two things: You must either renounce Williamsism or renounce Bourbonism!"

Tho there was liberty of conscience to criticise the pastor, he was autocrat of Longmeadow. One who preceded Pastor Storrs had it told about him that two of his deacons wanted him to appoint Ruling Elders. He appointed them; and asked them what they thought the duties were. They said he knew best.

"Well," said the pastor, "one of the Ruling Elders may come to my house before meeting, saddle my horse, and hold the stirrup while I get on. The other may wait at the church door and hold him while I get off, and after meeting bring him to the steps. This is all of my work that I can consent to let Ruling Elders do for me."

The Longmeadow love of disputation was fostered by bouts which Ruling Elders might have made it their business to preserve, if any Ruling Elders were willing to accept their appointment. Tne pastor once went to the next town to enjoy argument with a scientific doctor. When he mounted his horse to ride home before nightfall the two friends kept up their debate. The Doctor stood by the horse, or walked a few steps as the horse moved. Presently both men noticed a fire in the east: and it was sunrise. They had argued all night.

In Longmeadow a man could not help practicing argument. I also practiced oratory. And all the time I practiced the Iroquois tongue as well as English and French, and began the translation of books into the language of the nation I hoped to build. That Indians made unstable material for the white man to handle I would not believe. Skenedonk was not unstable. His faithfulness was a rock.

For some reason, and I think it was the reach of Pastor Storrs, men in other places began to seek me. The vital currents of life indeed sped thru us on the Hartford and Springfield stage road. It happened that Skenedonk and I were making my annual journey to St. Regis when the first steamboat accomplished its trip on the Hudson River. About the time the Wisconsin country was included in Illinois Territory, I decided to write a letter to Madame Tank at Green Bay, and insist on knowing my story as she believed she knew it. Yet I hesitated: and finally did not do it. I found afterward that there was no postoffice at Green Bay. A carrier, sent by the officers of the fort and villagers, brought mail from Chicago. He had two hundred miles of wilderness to traverse, and his blankets and provisions as well as the mail to carry; and he did this at the risk of his life among wild men and beasts.

The form of religion was always a trivial matter to me. I never ceased to love the sacrifice of the mass, which was an abomination and an idolatrous practice to Pastor Storrs. The pageantry of the Roman Church that first mothered and nurtured me touches me to this day. I love the Protestant prayers of the English Church. And I love the stern and knotty argument, the sermon with heads and sequences, of the New England Congregationalist. For this catholicity Catholics have upbraided me, churchmen rebuked me, and dissenters denied that I had any religion at all.

When the Episcopal Bishop of New York showed me kindness, and Pastor Storrs warned me against being proselyted, I could not tell him the charm in the form of worship practiced by the woman I loved. There was not a conscious minute when I forgot her. Yet nobody in Longmeadow knew of her existence. In my most remorseful days, comparing myself with Pastor Storrs, I was never sorry I had clung to her and begged her not to let me go alone. For some of our sins are so honestly the expression of nature that justification breaks thru them.

On the Western border there was trouble with dissatisfied Indians, and on the sea there was trouble with the British, so that people began to talk of war long before it was declared, and to blame President Madison for his over-caution in affairs. A battle was fought at Tippecanoe in the Indiana Territory, which silenced the Indians for a while. But every one knew that the English stood behind them. Militia was mustered, the army recruited, and embargo laid upon shipping in the ports, and all things were put forward in April of that year, before war was declared in June.

I had influence with our tribes. The Government offered me a well-paid commission to act as its secret agent. Pastor Storrs and the Williamses, who had been nurturing a missionary, were smitten with grief to see him rise and leap into camps and fields, eager for the open

(Continued on Page 18)

Is Your Boy in the Navy or Army?

WAR has hit virtually every home in every community of our big land. Perhaps your son, or your brother, or your sweetheart or your husband has heard his country's call and already is "Over There," or in one of our training camps. Naturally, any news of our armed forces is of keen interest to you. One of the best ways to keep in touch is to become a constant reader of The Saturday Blade. In this week's issue (you can get it from the agent who sold you this Ledger), you will find several columns of gossip from the training camps, from the Army in France, from the boys in the fleet and an interesting story of life in the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Illinois, the largest in the world. In addition there is all the news of the week worth reading, pictures in profusion, humorous stuff, more serious comment and news and feature stories of all kinds.

A CONFESSION

When you told me how much you cared,
Under the stars that night,
I could have told you, had I but dared,
That into my life a light
Brighter than any light on earth,
Or even in Heaven above,
Came to me then, and I knew its worth;
For it was the light of love!

—Maxine Kerr.

The Medallion of Denise

By Frederick Boutet

Frederick Boutet is one of the foremost French short story writers of the day. This story is the sort of compressed sketch at which the French are best. In this little story he deals with one of the petty tragedies of the war, but it illuminates a large vein of pathos. The translation is by William L. McPherson.

THE sun never penetrated into the narrow little street, and the shop, shut in behind a large house which faced on another street, was somber and silent as a cave. Dingy with dirt and thick with dust, the front windows had become opaque. Over the door one could read in detaced letters: "Barbinet: Effects bought and sold."

Denise, without hesitating, pushed open the door. In the shadows, from which came a smell of moldiness, among the heterogeneous objects which filled the shop from one wall to another and from floor to ceiling, she sought the eyes of Barbinet.

Suddenly she started. Silently he had appeared beside her, coming from behind a mattress which hung suspended from a crosspiece. He was a thin old man, gnarled, yellow, bald, full of wrinkles, lost in a brown greatcoat of seedy looking plush. He fixed on Denise his little, cautious eyes, blinking and reddened about the borders.

The young woman's resolution suddenly vanished. She could find no words to say, and her emotion made her appear even more frail and childish than ever in her poor, shabby dress.

"I came for the medallion," she stammered.

"What medallion?"

"You know. The gold medallion which I left in pawn with you six months ago. It is necessary for me to have it back. My husband will soon return. I don't want him to know."

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

With his methodical deliberation he went to a case, hidden under the old curtains which shut off the back of the shop, and brought out a little box, with a ticket which he examined.

"That makes eighty-seven francs, with the last month unpaid."

"Eighty-seven francs! As much as that!"

She made a movement as if half stunned. But she soon recovered herself.

"Well, you must know the amount better than I do. But, see, just now I haven't the money. So I have come to ask if you wouldn't give me back the medallion for a week. I will return it to you."

"I can't do that," said the old man, in his dead voice. "I am sorry I can't do that."

He retreated, with the box and the ticket, toward the case. Denise, alarmed, caught him by the arm.

"Wait, I beg of you! Listen to me! I must have it! I am going to explain the situation to you. My husband gave it to me. He had it from his family. It is the first thing he ever gave me. He values it highly, and he knows how much I value it because he gave it to me. I have never parted with it before. But when Louis was wounded I needed money to go to see him. I had none. I was sick and could not work. Then I thought of the medallion. But, you understand, my husband does not know that I was sick. It would have been the last straw if I had told him. He torments himself enough about me, because we have no relatives at all. We were married four months before the war. I was only 18 years old. But my aunt, with whom I lived, had just died, and Louis said that I was too young to live all alone. Think what anxiety he has had since he has been away. Now if he sees me without the medallion he will suspect something. He will question me, and I shall be compelled to tell him the truth. You will give it to me, won't you? Only for a week."

She stopped, casting an imploring look at the old man. She had forced herself to tell him her story calmly and clearly. The situation was, in her eyes, a poignantly tragic one, and it was so easy, she thought, to straighten it out without damage to any one that she could not imagine the pawnbroker refusing her request.

M. Barbinet had listened to her with attention.

"It cannot be done," he repeated, at the end. "That sort of thing cannot be done in business. Think of it yourself. That would be too convenient for everybody. You need money, for one reason or another. You know that there is in the neighborhood some one who can help you. You look him up. You promise everything, and then when you have spent the money you come back and say, 'I cannot pay, but give me back the medallion all the same.' No; I have said my last word. Give me eighty-seven francs and I will return the medallion."

"But I haven't the eighty-seven francs. The little money that I have been able to scrape up I need to entertain Louis. Think of it. He will come home for so short a time, and he will be so happy. But if things go wrong he will return to the front with an uneasiness which he will never be able to shake off. When I go to meet him he will ask me why I am not wearing the medallion. No, no; it is impossible. Give it to me."

"Find the money. Eighty-seven francs—it is not a fortune. You can manage it," the old man added, between his teeth.

He did not say how it could be managed. Nor did Denise ask him. She sobbed, murmured supplications and began again, with a broken voice, her humble story. M. Barbinet reflected. Without doubt he was moved. He gave a little cough, went to his desk and came back with a sheet of paper on which he had written some lines.

"Don't cry any more," he said benevolently. "It is bad for the eyes. I wish to show my confidence in you. You see that I am an honest man, and that they are wrong who speak evil of me in the neighborhood. Sign this. It says that I give you, for the purpose of exhibiting it, a medallion which belongs to me and which you obligate yourself to return to me within eight days. Now, if you don't bring it back, that will be an admitted theft. And people who steal get arrested. Besides you will pay a double interest. Do you agree?"

"Yes," she said.

It was all the same to her. She wanted the medallion. That was all. She signed the paper and went away radiant, carrying it with her.

She had it on her neck when her husband arrived the next day. He noticed it with satisfaction, and the young wife had no difficulty in making him believe that she lacked for nothing.

The last day, when, with tears in her eyes, she was helping him to pack his bag, he said to her suddenly:

"I have something to ask of you, my little Denise. Give me the medallion. I wish to carry it with me. It will be a little of you that I shall have out there.

"I shall not leave my picture in it, you understand," he added laughingly. "I am going to put yours into it."

She did not hesitate. She handed him the medallion. He slipped into it a picture of his young wife and said, half apologetically:

"You don't think that I am foolish, do you? You know out there one has no false shame about loving those whom he loves. And it will give me the greatest pleasure to have with me something that you have worn so long."

The next morning he went away. Denise found herself alone on the railroad platform.

Then for the first time she thought, with a shock, of M. Barbinet. She began to tremble with fear.

* * *

Everything goes round in a sewing circle.

A Christmas in the Future

By Richard Henry Little

BJONES looked over his mail on the bright morning of Dec. 13, 1921, and sighed as he thought of all the Christmas presents he would have to buy before the twenty-fifth day of the month. It had been much easier ten years before. In that far-off day precedent and usage had laid down hard and fast laws on the subject of Christmas presents.

They were implanted in every breast and one could not go wrong. If one had to buy presents for a little Jimmy, a small Clara, an Uncle Albert, a Cousin Amelia, or for a Mehetable, queen of hearts, who would some day be our bride, there was not a possibility of any doubt as to what would be most suitable.

A little Jimmie invariably received a drum, little Clara got a doll with hair that would comb. For the Uncle Alberts there was always the box of "El Fumigatoro" cigars, for the Cousin Amelias the sterling silver pendent earrings (like cut $5), and for Mehetable, queen of hearts, who would some day be our bride, the handsome diamond which one got for $1 down and $1 a week up to the time of the filing of the last papers in the divorce case.

But Bjones found that times had changed. New conditions, of which there was hardly more than a strong hint a few years before, had broken the old laws and rules as to what to buy for Christmas all into small pieces.

Bjones decided the best thing to do was to go to the shops and walk among the gay display of seasonable gifts for the holidays and wait for inspiration. So hurrying downtown on the subway from Wilson avenue he plunged into the first big store, near where he alighted in what was once the loop district.

Bjones went into the egg department.

"You know eggs are always suitable for Christmas presents," said Mrs. Jowser, whom he met there. "When in doubt buy an egg. Of course, they're a bit expensive, but when one gives a Christmas present one wants to give something worth while and shouldn't think of the money part of it."

"I know that," said Mr. Bjones. "Still why wouldn't it be better to buy an egg extract coupon from the grocers? It would cost only as much as two or three real eggs and yet would keep a person supplied with egg extract for several months. Nowadays we eat nothing but egg extract, and why give a real egg and arouse a false appetite which, after being once gratified, must thereafter be supplied only with a substitute?"

"Well, of course, there's something in that," said Mrs. Jowser. "Still, there is so much distinction this year in being able to say that one has eaten a real egg that even if it does arouse the awful egg appetite which cannot be appeased until the following Christmas, well, it's something to have lived once, anyhow."

But Bjones couldn't quite make up his mind. He wanted to buy an egg for his little nephew Ferdinand and looked at several that were very beautiful.

"Eggs are the most desirable Christmas presents one can buy," said the clerk. "After the contents are carefully removed by making a small hole at each end of the egg and blowing out the yolk and the white, to be eaten, the memory of which will remain forever, the shell is left to be hung up over the mantel—if one is rich, or put away in a safe deposit vault if one is in more moderate circumstances—and preserved as an heirloom. I would advise you by all means to buy an egg for Christmas."

Bjones priced a dozen or more and finally bought an egg for little Ferdinand. Then he decided to buy something for his uncle and approached a clerk whom he recalled as having been in the store for many years.

"What is your uncle's name?" asked the clerk, and then, blushing deeply, said, 'I beg your pardon; I associate you with the old days when it was highly important that the name of the uncle be known. You know that ten or twelve years ago they always bought a safety razor for the Uncle Johns and a pair of automobile goggles for the Uncle Williams."

"True," said Bjones, "I never could understand why."

"Probably," said the clerk, "because the Uncle Johns always had a heavy growth of spinach on their chin and had taken an oath never to shave until William Jennings Bryan became President. The automobile goggles always were sent at Christmas time to the Uncle Williams because the only speeding the Uncle Williams did was on the Indiana avenue trolley."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Bjones. "Well, times have changed. What are we buying for uncles this Christmas?"

"I think the most acceptable present—at least to judge from the number we are selling for delivery Christmas morning—would be a nice porterhouse steak. Two or three years ago these were out of the reach of all except persons of great wealth."

"Well" said Mr. Bjones, "I had thought of buying a steak for Uncle Tom; it would remind him of his boyhood. But I have to buy quite a lot of presents this year and I didn't think I could afford anything so elaborate as a beefsteak.

"You must examine our new plan of selling porterhouse steaks," said the clerk. "You are required to pay down only $5 and then a dollar a month until the full amount has been paid. If you keep the steak in a cold storage safety vault we will take it off your hands at any time for just what you paid for it."

"Splendid," said Bjones, "I may buy one. But now for a present for mother."

"How would a pound of nice, yellow, genuine butter do?" asked the clerk.

Bjones laughed scornfully. "There is no such thing," he said, "and you know it."

"With every pound package of our Christmas present butter," said the clerk solemnly, "we give a copy of the affidavit sworn to by the hired man who milked the cow, the hired girl who did the churning, and the farmer's wife who patted the butter into shape. We also furnish a photograph of the identical cow from whose milk the butter was made and one hair from her tail mounted in silver on a mahogany stand."

"Well, that ought to be proof enough," said Bjones, "if I can afford it I will buy a pound. I suppose I can get the pound of butter on the cash down and so much a week plan."

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, "we want to make it possible for every one to secure the most desirable present."

"And now there is another present I would like to buy," said Mr. Bjones, dropping his voice to a hushed whisper. "You see, this is the most important of all."

"What color eyes?" asked the clerk.

"A deep, wonderful sea gray," said Bjones.

"And hair?"

"Black as the great black night."

"Ah, yes, and——"

"Probably next spring," said Bjones, "only we haven't set the day yet."

"Well, of course," said the clerk, thinking hard, "I know that in this case money is no object. You are willing to go the limit?"

"Absolutely," said Bjones huskily.

"Then," said the clerk, "why not a nice big potato or a big red apple?"

"I'm willing to spend money," answered Bjones, "but you know I've got to keep in mind that I want to have a little cash in hand to commence housekeeping on."

"True," said the clerk, "but I can show you some potatoes that are as good as new, only they are not new and therefore we are selling them very cheap. These potatoes were taken by people who failed to keep up their weekly installments on them and so we had to seize the property and return it to the store. Just as good as new, only a little handled."

Bjones bought the idol of his dreams, a potato weighing fifty carats, and after seeing it was carefully wrapped in cotton and put into a great plush box, lined with green silk, called a special messenger and sent his Christmas present on its way.

But he had hardly reached his modest bachelor quarters that evening before a panting messenger reached him with a note that made him reel over to the drug store, where he would have purchased a small bottle of carbolic acid only it was so expensive the druggist demanded a dollar to permit him even to smell the cork.

For the note said, "You have spoiled our happiness forever with your Christmas present. Papa saw it and said I must declare our engagement at an end. 'My daughter,' said my father, and I think he was quite right, 'shall never marry a spendthrift.' Good-by forever. Mildred."

* * *

A Friend in Need.

AN IRISH country gentleman, well known for his geniality, happened to visit a court of justice at the moment when the judge was about to pronounce sentence on a peasant youth for his part in some serious riots.

The judge seemed really anxious to discover extenuating circumstances, and asked the boy whether there was any one present who could give him a good character. The prisoner replied mournfully that he saw no one in court whom he knew, whereupon the visitor, perceiving how matters stood, called from his seat in the gallery:

"Well, now, yourself's a queer boy that doesn't know your own friends when you see them!"

Quick to take the hint, the boy promptly responded: "Indeed, then, it's proud and happy I am to see your honor here this day!"

The gentleman came forward as a witness and testified as follows: "I can tell you, my lord, that from the very first time that ever I saw the boy to this minute I never knew anything of him that was not very good."

As he had never before set eyes on the defendant, his evidence was certainly the truth and nothing but the truth, as far as it went, and the boy was discharged after a caution.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Just think! It is Christmas eve!
My! But ain't it jolly?
All day long we fixed things up
In mistletoe and holly.

Papa got a tree today,
Big and tall and round,
Great big branches reaching out,
Nearly to the ground.

Santa Claus will trim it up.
My! Won't that be nice?
Popcorn balls and shiny things,
And little candy mice.

And he'll fill our stockings, too,
When he comes tonight,
But we have to go to bed,
And keep our eyes shut tight.

And he'll leave the very best
That his pack affords.
Boys and girls, he'll come tonight,
Just you mark my word.

A RACE IN THE SKY.

THE Man-in-the-Moon and Mother Goose are great friends and they often go out riding across the sky after Mother Goose has swept up the cobwebs and Mr. Sun has excused Mr. Man-in-the-Moon so that he may have for a few hours rest. The last time they had a trip was on Halloween and they enjoyed it so much that they planned another.

"We'll go up and see Santa Claus," said Mr. Man-in-the-Moon, "he always expects me to visit him in December when he's getting his packs ready, and you shall go this time, dear Mrs. Goose, for surely you and Santa Claus ought to be better acquainted." De-lighted, I'm sure," said Mother Goose; "maybe I can advise Santa Claus a little, for I know all the children in the world just as he does." So it was arranged.

First of all, Mother Goose planned to take all the children, but Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put him together again. Then Miss Muffet ran away from that spider and couldn't be found. And the little girl that had a little curl was "horrid" just then and had to be left behind.

"Told you so," said the old woman who lived in her shoe. "Like me, you've so many children you don't know what to do; but where's Cinderella?" "Oh, she says the prince will take her in an airship to see Santa Claus," replied Mrs. Goose. "Humph!" Mrs. Shoe-Lady continued, "I think Cinderella is a bit spoiled by that goomother of hers, but do look at Goldilocks!" Then they both laughed, for Goldilocks was coming with the coats of the Big Bear, the Middle-Sized Bear and the Teeny-Tiny Bear all on at once.

Well, the company was all selected at last and bundled up in little rabbit skins, such as Daddy got for Baby Bunting, and off they went. Mr. Man-in-the-Moon drove his machine this time, for the Owl chauffeur had disappeared right after Halloween. You never can find an owl in the winter.

Now there are patrols in the sky—we call them "Orbits"—and they tell what tracks everything must run on and how fast it can go, but on this night in December it was so cold that Mr. Man-in-the-Moon didn't pay much attention to speed laws, and before Mother Goose had thought of such a thing they rushed into the snow and ice of the Northland and there sat Santa Claus on the North Pole, swinging his feet and eating a bear meat sandwich.

Tommy Tucker saw him first, but in another instant Jack-the-Giant-Killer was out of the machine and was rushing at Santa Claus with his fists doubled up. Think of it—when Mother Goose had cautioned them all about being polite!

Mother—"Cannot you be good, Rupert?"

Rupert—"Mother, would you wish me to die young?"

But Santa didn't mind, he only chucked Jack under the chin and said, "Now, sonny, don't you know you can't kill good giants? Why, I expect to live always." And then he fell to discussing Mr. Man-in-the-Moon's machine, and the two got into an argument about whether the Lunamotor could get over the world on Christmas eve as fast as Santa's reindeer could.

All this while the children were running about among the toys. Of course there were engines that could run and boats that could float and airships that could fly. (You'll see some of them on Christmas morning.) Jill found a doll that could talk, and Bo-Peep pulled a "baa-baa-black-sheep" out of the pile. Oh, there was no end to the things, but Santa's elves were packing them away as fast as ever they could. The reindeer, too, were getting ready, for they were practicing running and the ice pasture looked like a footfall field.

But now they had to settle the question whether Mr. Man-in-the-Moon or Santa Claus could deliver Christmas packages the faster, and suddenly Santa had a bright idea. "Why not try a race right here and now?" he said. Mr. Man-in-the-Moon thought that was a little unfair, since his machine wasn't made for ice, but they told him that he'd have to go so fast that he wouldn't touch ground anyhow, and he finally said that if they'd go down to the library and get the Raggedy Man to help steer, he'd try.

Then Santa Claus called up his reindeer—you know them all, Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen—and gave them some private instructions, and then they were off. I forgot to say that Little Boy Blue was asked to blow his horn for the signal to start and that Tom the Piper's son played "Over the Hills and Far Away," all the time they were racing. There was great excitement, especially when the Lunamotor ran into the North Pole and knocked it down and the stars came around to see what the matter was.

It didn't take long to settle the question, for the reindeer beat by fifty miles or so. Then when Mother Goose went up to congratulate Santa Claus he had another bright idea, and he invited Mother Goose to go with him on Christmas eve to help him distribute the presents, and as this was exactly what she wanted, she promptly accepted his invitation.

Dorothy (aged 10) to Bobbie (aged 11)—"We must be more careful what we say before mamma; she picks up our slang so readily."

ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

While St. Nicholas, in one early days, seems to have confined himself to shoes and stockings as receptacles for his gifts, Santa Claus is broader in his views as to what shall hold them. He is impartial, caring not whether they be placed in stockings or plates or suspended from wonderfully illumined trees. But even when the tree is used, stockings, albeit they be of net, play an important part in its adornment.

The tree as a gift bearer is not a modern idea. It is older than St. Nicholas or Christmas day itself. In the days of creation it was known, was coeval with Adam and Eve, for did it not bear the fruit of all knowledge, of which they ate?

The early Egyptians used the palm as a gift-bearing tree. In Rome a fir tree was gayly lighted at the feast of Saturn and at the festival of Sigillaria, which followed hard upon the Saturnalia, Roman matrons hung upon its friendly branches little waxen figures of mythological personages, which were given to the children, who received them with as much joy as do modern children their Christmas gifts. Like our Christmas presents, these little gifts were distinguished by the name of the festival, Sigillaria, at which they were given.

It is not unlikely that the idea of a Christmas tree sprang from its use by the Romans. Tho in the Northern countries, the world-tree, the Ygdrasil of the Scandinavians, with its roots in the earth and its upper branches reaching heavenward, may have been its origin.

The legend of Boniface, apostle to the ancient Germans, tells that it was he who gave the people the pine tree to bear to their homes as the center of loving rites performed in the warmth and light of the household.

The thunder oak, sacred to the cruel god Thor, crowned a lonely snow-clad hill. Beneath it a fire was kindled near an altar surrounded by white-robed warriors who waited to see a child victim die under the hammer blow given by the high priest.

Then came Boniface, bearing his cross, symbol of a kindlier religion which was to overcome that of the hammer. Felling the oak, under which the cruel rites were held in cold and quiet, he bade the people to take from the hill a fir and bear it to the chieftain's hall, where they could celebrate in peace and love the birthnight of the white Christ who came to save, not to sacrifice little children.

So the fir became the Christmas tree and the pagan rites and festivities of the winter solstice were each in turn spiritualized and made symbolic of the new faith which was to bring peace and good will to men.

A "COOKY" TREE.

In the country, where Christmas tree ornaments are hard to get, a family of children were once delighted by a "Cooky Tree." Its chief decorations were homemade cookies, in every imaginable form; stars, hearts, rings, horseshoes, animals, birds, men and women, all fastened in the boughs or hanging from them by long dark threads. Little sugared squirrels seemed running about the branches, and gay little snowbirds perched aloft. Cocoanut icing was freely used on all the cakes for its decorative effect. Other ornaments were gilded nuts, tangerines, crystallized grapes and small red apples, while pairs of scissors were hung from long scarlet streamers, that each spectator might enjoy the novelty of cutting anything he liked from the wonderful "Cooky Tree."

SOUNDS WELL.

Wilfred—"My papa's going to have a professional trimmer to trim our Christmas tree."

Mildred—"Pooh! That's nothing. My mamma's going to have a plumber make our plum pudding."

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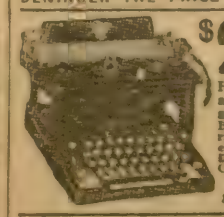

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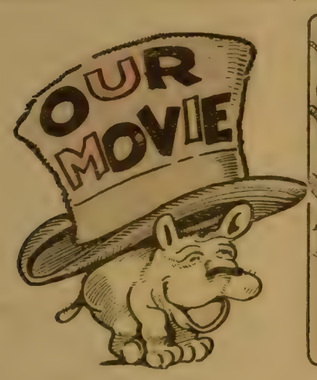
Disappointment.

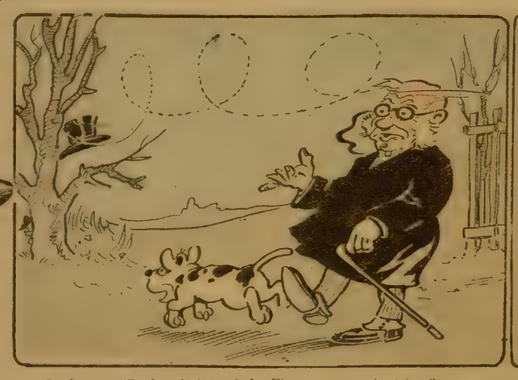
Polly—"What's Freddie crying for?"
Dolly—"Because he dug a big hole in the garden, and mother wouldn't let him bring it into the house."

Thoughtful Mary.

"Where did you get those smart stockings?"
"Oh, I had them laid by for a rainy day!"

EXCHANGING LIDS





Professor—"Confound that wind. There goes my best hat."

Tired Tea—"Ahar! Right in me mitt.

"Here ye are, dorg—take this to the Proff and tell him ter be happy.

Prof—"Thunder! What kind of black magic is this.

Willing.

"No, madam," said the lazy tramp. "I'm sorry, but it's ag'in my principles. I can't chop no wood."

"Well," answered the farmer's wife, "there will be some coal here this afternoon and——"

"I'm sorry ag'in, but I can't carry no coal. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll compromise. If you've got a gas stove I'll turn on the gas fur ye."

Daughter—"Now don't start anything with Percy, dad. He's so quick that you can't lay a glove on him."
Father—"I won't try. I don't wear gloves on my feet, anyway."

Overcoming Her Prejudices.

"There's nothing the matter with you," said the doctor. "You want just a little tonic. Take a glass of ale with each meal."

"Can't be done, doctor. There's a barrel of ale in the cellar, all right, but I can't touch it. My wife insists that everybody in our house be teetotal."

"Nonsense! Where your health is concerned you must find a way of overcoming your wife's prejudices."

A few days later the wife visited the doctor.

"Oh, doctor, I'm so worried about my husband! I'm afraid he's going to have a nervous breakdown. He's developed a perfect dread of Zeppelins lately and keeps running down and hiding in the cellar. And he looks so curious when he comes up."

The Perfect Blockade.

Carl W. Junch, a millionaire dyer, said in Cincinnati:

"Now we've cut off the neutrals, Germany is bound to fare as sparsely as the Schmidt family.

"Mrs. Schmidt, you know, took her large family of children to the city one day, and when lunch time came she led them into a restaurant.

"'Walter,' she said, 'one sirloin steak and seven plates.'

"The waiter gave a start. Then he bent over Mrs. Schmidt and whispered, respectfully:

"'Beg pardon, madam, but if you and your family was to take that there table by the kitchen door and sniff hard I think you'd get more of a meal.'"

She—"Please show me some ties."
He—"A gentleman's tie?"
She—"Oh, no; it's for my husband."

A Frozen Voice.

Scoffers have arisen from time to time to say that United States official weather reports are a joke in so far as they deal with the future, but their descriptions of the present and past are admittedly serious and accurate. Therefore one must not read in too jovial a frame of mind the report of David Moore, observer at Castle Rock, Wyo., where they occasionally have some very cold weather. Mr. Moore cites in his report that one night two men stopped at his cabin, and the next morning he tried in vain to call one of them, who was at the barn, to come to breakfast. But the man did not come. So the two sat down to breakfast without him. In about ten minutes the man in the barn strolled into the house.

"Why didn't you call me when breakfast was ready?" he asked.

"I did," was the answer.

That was during a cold snap. A thaw hit Castle Rock a few days afterward, Moore says, and while he was standing at the back door sunning himself he was startled by a weird medley of sounds.

"Come on to breakfast!"

There was no one in sight. And then he realized why the man had not heard him.

The voice, his own voice, had frozen to a post and was thawing out.

A Quiet Week.

A man recently bereaved of his wife interviewed the minister about the arrangements for burial.

"When is the funeral?" asked the clergyman.

"Monday," was the reply.

"Monday!" ejaculated the minister. "That's a long time to keep the body; a whole week."

"Weel, you see," said the bereft, "it's like this. When we got marrit, the wife an' me made up our minds to hiv' a quiet week at hame the first chance we got. We're jist hivin' it noo."

Used to It Now.

"If you go first, dear, you'll wait for me on the other shore, won't you?" questioned the fond wife.

"I suppose so," returned her husband, with a sigh. "I never went anywhere without having to wait for you."

Her Last Word.

Mr. B. (during the quarrel)—"Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money."

Mrs. B.—"I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for."

"I'm having a new dress made, but my heart isn't in it."
"Is it as low as all of that?"

SUBSTITUTES.

The wooden shoe
We can make do;
Live on near-food, wear paper clothing;
And pay the cost
For what we've lost,
Tho what we have we view with loathing.

We'll live in cells,
And eat from shells,
To meet the mad world's insane humor;
But, praise his race!
Naught can replace,
That easy mark, the poor consumer!

Logic.

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Lloyd George?"

Little Son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Lloyd George."

"Yes? Why?"

"'Cause he ain't dead."

That's So.

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?" "I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been gotten from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

True.

"I don't see anything remarkable about that baby."

"Oh, but you would if it was yours."

The Lost Luggage.

An Aberdonian went to spend a few days in London with his son, who had done exceptionally well in the great metropolis. After their first greeting at King's Cross Station the young fellow remarked:

"Feyther, you are not lookin' weel. Is there anything the matter?"

The old man replied: "Aye, lad, I have had quite an accident."

"What was that feyther?"

"Mon," he said, "on this journey frae bonnie Scotland I lost my luggage."

"Dear, dear, that's too bad! 'Ow did it happen?"

"Aweel," replied the Aberdonian, "the cork cam out."

Starting It All Over Again.

She—"I suppose if I were to die tomorrow you'd marry some other woman immediately?"

He—"Not right away. I'd take a little rest first."

"BEN BOLT"—The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the kindlings, Ben Bolt;
That had to be chopped every night?
Pa used such a lot—it still makes me hot;
I believe he just did it for spite.

Patient—"From what you say, doctor, it seems that I mustn't eat anything."
Dr. Emdee (absently)—"Yes and be sure you chew it thoroly."

This Ever Happen to You?

"Henry, dear," said Mrs. Newbride to her husband the other morning, "I wish if it won't be too much trouble, dear, that you'd bring me home a yard of orange ribbon this evening.

"I don't want it so very wide, or so very narrow; something between an inch and an inch and a half, or, at most, an inch and three-quarters, will be about right. Be sure and get a pretty shade of orange, dear, and I'd prefer it with one side satin and the other grosgrain, altho all satin or all grosgrain will do; but I think you can easily get the other if you look about a little; and be sure, dear, not to get picot-edged ribbon, but one with just a plain corded edge; and don't get a remnant; and don't get any shade but orange; not a real vivid orange, either, but a piece that will look well with pale green; and don't pay too much for it; and don't get red, or blue, or green, or pink by mistake. You won't forget, will you, dear? I must have the ribbon tonight?"

Was it any wonder that when the dazed Henry came home he brought three yards of sky-blue watered ribbon, or that, when his wife saw it, she sank into a chair and gasped out:

"Why—Henry—Newbride!"

The Prodigal Son.

He was an artist, and the humdrum life in the butcher's shop vexed his noble spirit. Somehow, selling scrag of mutton and the best end of the neck was not appreciated by his artistic temperament, and so he went to New York, where talent is recognized and paid for—sometimes.

For a time he wrote glowing letters home. Then there came silence.

"Success," reflected his sorrowing parents, "has been too much for him. He has forgotten us. Alas! alas!"

But he hadn't, for one evening, just as his father was sitting down to supper and preparing to enjoy his humble chop, a small boy brought a note.

"Dear dad," it read, "please meet me by the old bridge at midnight, and bring with you a shirt, a waistcoat and a jacket. I have a hat.—John."

A Child's Wisdom.

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger.

"The feelings," he said.

"Right, my dear child" said the gratified listener. "But why is it worse to hurt the feelings"

"Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child.

Between Girls.

Connie—"I shall not marry a man unless he is my exact opposite."
Cissie—"You will never find so perfect a being as that."

A Noosepaper.

"What is that?" asked the condemned murderer, pointing to the death warrant in the warden's hand.
"That? That's a noosepaper."

On the Road.

The vicar of a mining village sent a pair of boots to the cobbler's for repairs; but Bill, who had been imbibing rather freely, felt no inclination for work, so the boots were not touched that day. Next morning his nerves were rather shaky and he longed for "a hair of the dog that bit him."

His own boots were rather dirty, so he thought there was no harm in putting on the parson's, which he accordingly did, and started off for the village pub to get a "reviver." He had not gone very far when whom did he meet but the vicar, who said:

"I sent my boots down for repair, William. Are they not finished yet?"

"Wey, mister," answered Bill, calmly, "they're not mended yet, but they're on the road."

John D.'s Charities.

John D. Rockefeller, congratulated on his recent $5,000,000 gift to the Red Cross, said in New York:

"Thank you for your congratulations. So many people, you know, take my giving as a matter of course. It rather puts me in the position of the divine.

"This divine was very charitable, and a lady said one day to one of his aged pensioners:

"'Wasn't it kind of Dr. Fifthly,' on hearing you were ill, to walk six miles to your cottage in all this heat with a big basket of fruit and port wine and chicken and coffee?'

"The old lady frowned in puzzled surprise.

"'Kind?' she said. 'Why, what's he for?'"

Bath.

Mr. Porter, an Irish magistrate, in pronouncing the sentence of the court, said to a notorious drunkard: "You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow and I sincerely hope you will devote some portion of the time to cursing whisky."

"I will," was the answer, "and Porter, too."

Little Eva—"I will now read to you from Milton's sublime epic, 'Paradise Lost.'"
Uncle Tom—"Hark! Ah knows all about dat pair o' dice los'. Ah done los' dem bones mahse'f."

"Was that butter or an imitation you served me yesterday?"
"It was butter, sir."
"Well, then, bring me the imitation."

Try-Out of a Soul Mate

By Edgar White

ELIZABETH BILLINGS, young, tall, stately and cultured, was tied to a lump of clay. On her parents' say-so she had reluctantly consented to take Joe Billings for better or worse some five unfortunate years ago. She was just beginning to realize the fatal mistake of her parents and herself, and knew that matters were bound to get worse as time went by.

Joe was a squat little man, with a comical, rather moon-shaped face, the twinkling blue eyes of a comedian and without a lick of sense—the sort of sense that makes for great things. So his lady reasoned.

As Elizabeth understood it, he made his money by peddling insurance, real estate and other people's assets, with an occasional amateurish whack at the law business. Somehow or other he managed to get together enough of the wherewithal to meet her rather expensive requirements, and never growled about the bills. She never went into the sordid details of his business, taking it for granted that he made his money in some Shylockian way, of which she never spoke when in polite society. His use of the word "lawyer" in his business she regarded as a mere deference to euphony, or perhaps a usurpation liable to get him into trouble some time. Certainly he would cut a sorry figure as an expounder of Blackstone.

Still, they got along tolerably well together. Joe wouldn't fuss or raise the mischief about anything, and was such a good paymaster that it would be pretty hard to find fault. Tho Elizabeth told herself that if she hadn't been an angel she never could have put up with such a groveling creature as long as she had.

Elizabeth belonged to several reading clubs that analyzed Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Scott, et al., and put them where they belonged.

Joe, the scrub, contented himself with ten and fifteen-cent magazines, and was foolishly fond of detective stories.

Of course, with such a divergence in tastes, the inevitable showed up. Elizabeth found an affinity in mental culture.

Archie Rhinestone came to Star Cliff at the psychological moment, and set up a law studio. He didn't have to be a notary public, real estate, loan and insurance agent. Archie was just a lawyer, a graduate from a regular school, with a diploma a yard square, that had a red seal on the bottom.

Joe had no such dazzling credentials.

Archie was tall, pale, dark-eyed and dark-haired. If a witness were sworn to classify him he might say he looked like a man the morning after an earthquake. Elizabeth rapturously declared his expression was deeply studious, and that his dark eyes seemed to find their way into her very soul. Physically Archie was on all fours with the heroes of the sort of novels she liked best to read. In Joe's more vivid style of literature Archie fitted the character of "stool pigeon" or the "come on" man.

In truth, there wasn't a bit of danger in Archie. He was used to the adulation of women, and took it as the rain and the sunshine. What he yearned for most was a chance to set the world on fire. He knew he made great speeches—had been told so dozens of times by the chairmen of Fourth of July committees, and had seen it in print in the village papers. To shine at the bar, to sway the mob, to move the Senate—these were Archie's ambitions. And Elizabeth had murmured that man could have none worthier.

They had many talks together—Archie and Elizabeth. They adored ancient history, literature and art. They talked about the ruins of Baalbek as tho the cataclysm had been chronicled in last night's edition. They evolved original theories about the disintegration of the Roman Empire, and found fault with the military strategy of J. Caesar.

Together they saw the onward sweep of civilization thru the Crusades, and deplored that the Turk was still on the lid.

Archie called Elizabeth his inspiration—sometimes he used a dearer term. They seemed entirely congenial, and Elizabeth felt the delicious thrill of reflected glory in the idea that she was in some way helping to build this man up to the high place to which destiny had elected him.

While awaiting the Great Day, Archie pottered along with cow cases, replevin suits and such work as he could get. These he spoke of as "legal actions," and Elizabeth caught the idea that thousands were involved in them, and that clients were battering at his doors.

But one day a man walked into Archie's office with a real case. It was Thomas Smedley, head of a contracting firm that had built some fifty miles of roadbed for the new Missouri and Gulf Railroad. At the wind-up Smedley and the road's engineers had a $100,000 disagreement on final estimates. Smedley, who lived in another State, gave the case to Archie because all the attorneys in the circuit looked alike to him.

Archie immediately swelled up. The Star Cliff Bugle Call printed a long story about the case and Archie's connection with it. It read as if it might have been written in the office, but a carbon copy of it was on file in Archie's little law-shop.

When she heard of the case Elizabeth saw the Great Day for her hero. He had "found himself," and as the time of trial approached she gladly typewrote a lot of the pleadings and papers to be used by the plaintiff. She studied the case, and talked with Archie a great deal about it. As she looked at it, he couldn't lose—Archie declared he couldn't, and proved it on fifteen different propositions.

Joe knew his wife was doing a lot of typewriting for her lawyer friend, but made no objection, because he never protested against anything the superior half of the partnership did. A worm has no right to complain of a beautiful bird if he keeps out of the way during the bird's dinner hour. Once, remembering a stiff bill for typewriting Elizabeth had filed with him for a certain piece of work, Joe mildly inquired what Archie was paying her.

"Paying?" Her beautiful eyebrows elevated in surprise. "Why, nothing, of course. I'm glad to be of aid to such a worthy young man!"

"All right," and Joe shut up.

The contractor's case was docketed at Clover Valley, the adjoining county seat. Judge Nathan Ellison, who lived on the same street with Joe and Elizabeth, was also judge of the court at Clover Valley. Archie roomed at a private house near Judge Ellison's.

Elizabeth talked about nothing but the case and the masterly way it was to be conducted by Archie. She told Joe that she had a right to feel personally interested in the outcome, as she had helped Archie to prepare it.

"With both of you on the job you sure ought to win," observed Joe, dryly.

"To be sure we will!" exulted Elizabeth. "The pleadings are absolutely without a legal flaw!"

"They are? Who said so?"

"Why, Mr. Rhinestone," replied Elizabeth, "and he's looked up the decisions all the way down from the common law of England."

"Oh, well," returned Joe, carelessly, "if he's done that I guess he's got a cinch. Maybe when the road hears it they'll confess judgment."

Elizabeth scrutinized the Scrub's round face, but saw no sarcasm.

"They ought to," she observed.

Archie left for Clover Valley the night before the case was to be called. Suddenly remembering he had a little business in the same town, Joe told Elizabeth he'd go over in the morning, and Elizabeth directed him to report about the trial as matters progressed.

As her husband was leaving in the morning, Elizabeth ran to him with a bouquet of flowers freshly picked from the garden. Joe's eyes lighted up.

"Say, girlie, that's nice of you," he said, as he approached and put his arm around her. "I thought——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, hastily. "I was going to ask you to put them in a vase on Mr. Rhinestone's table in the court—to encourage the poor boy, you know. I didn't suppose you cared for flowers."

A knife thrust thru his breast might have hurt worse, but Joe would have been willing to risk it. He wondered what he had ever done that fate should link him up with an imperious beauty who despised him. With all his heart he believed in her fidelity, and that she would never stoop to a really wrongful act with Rhinestone or anybody else, but he saw she was weighing him on the scales with Archie, and had decided that her husband was a featherweight in comparison.

Joe's habitual smile vanished as he turned from his home, but he took the flowers, and when he entered the courtroom at Clover Valley he gave the janitor a quarter to hunt up a vase and put Elizabeth's gift on Archie's table as directed.

The case which Archie had told Elizabeth might last all week was finished the first day. When all was over, Joe went to the telephone and called up Elizabeth, as she had commanded. She responded eagerly.

"The contractor's case——"

"Yes, yes!" she broke in impatiently. "Did he make a good speech?"

"A Jim-dandy, but I was going to tell you——"

"I know—I know. You gave him the flowers?"

"Sure! I was just going to say the case was over. We'll all be in on the 6 o'clock train."

"Good! I'll have a nice lunch ready. And, say, Joe?"

"Well?"

"Invite Mr. Rhinestone to stop and take lunch with us—I want to hear him tell about the case."

"You do?"

"Yes—won't you—please?"

"I reckon."

"Thank you—good-by."

Elizabeth was at her front gate as the court crowd walked up from the depot. Among the people Judge Ellison and Joe walked together, but no Archie. Elizabeth greeted the Judge cordially, and asked about her anticipated guest, Mr. Rhinestone.

"He has a bad headache, and I'm afraid he won't be here, Mrs. Billings," and the Judge smiled at Joe. "In truth he got a pretty hard jolt today."

"Met with an accident?" asked Elizabeth, anxiously.

"You might call it that," returned the Judge, still smiling. "You see, Archie had a sort of illusion that he knew something about the law until he ran across a 'little 2x4 railroad lawyer' who took the conceit out of him before he even got 'het up.' It was a sad day for Archie," and the Judge put on a face of assumed solemnity.

"Do you mean Mr. Rhinestone lost his case?" cried the amazed Elizabeth.

"Why, child," explained the Judge, "he never got to first base on his case. That little railroad lawyer——"

His honor stopped and looked at Joe. Elizabeth followed the look, and stood as one petrified. The thing was preposterous! She must be dreaming. The Judge tipped his hat and passed on.

"Joe!" she gasped.

"Yes, honey."

"Did he mean that you—that you beat Mr. Rhinestone in the case?"

He winced at the accentuation, but nodded with meekness, as his manner was in her presence. Then Elizabeth did a curious thing. She ran toward that little sawed-off duffer, threw her arms around his neck and squeezed until she most choked the life out of him.

"Oh, Joe!" she whispered as she mussed up his manly shirt front with her auburn head, "in all the great world do you suppose there's a bigger goose than I have been?"

If the question had been put to him professionally the Scrub might have been compelled to admit the law books had no comparable record, but as she still had him in chancery, he merely glued his lips to hers for a few moments exceeding the movie censor's limit, and whispered back:

"Let's forget it, girlie, and begin all over again—you and I."

Lazarre, the Lost King

(Continued From Page 13.)

world, the wilderness smell; the council, where the red man's mind, a trembling balance, could be turned by vivid language; eager, in fact, to live where history was being made.

The pastor had clothed me in his mind with ministerial gown and band, and the martial blood that quickened he counted an Iroquois strain. Yet so inconsistent is human nature, so given to forms which it calls creeds, that when I afterward put on the surplice and read prayers to my adopted people, he counted it as great a defection as taking to saddle and spur. We cannot leave the expression of our lives to those better qualified than we are, however dear they may be. I had to pack my saddlebags and be gone, loving Longmeadow none the less because I grieved it, knowing that it would not approve of me more if I stayed and failed to do my natural part.

The snuffbox and the missal which had belonged to my family in France I always carried with me. And very little could be transported on the road we took.

John Williams, who came to Longmeadow in deerskins, and paraded his burnished red poll among the hated Williamses, abetted me in turning from the missionary field to the arena of war, and never left me. It was Skenedonk who served the United States with brawn and endurance, while I put such policy and color into my harangues as I could command. We shared our meals, our camps, our beds of leaves together. The life at Longmeadow had knit me to good use. I could fast or feast, ride or march, take the buckskins, or the soldier's uniform.

Of this service I shall write down only what goes to the making of the story. The Government was pleased to commend it, and it may be found written in other annals than mine.

Great latitude was permitted us in our orders. We spent a year in the North. My skin darkened and toughened under exposure, until I said to Skenedonk, "I am turning an Indian;" and he, jealous of my French blood, denied it.

In July we had to thread trails he knew by the lake toward Sandusky. There was no horse path wide enough for us to ride abreast. Brush swished along our legs, and green walls shut our view on each side. The land dipped toward its basin. Buckeye and gigantic chestnut trees, maple and oak, passed us from rank to rank of endless forest. Skenedonk rode ahead, watching for every sign and change, as a pilot now watches the shifting of the current. So we had done all day, and so we were doing when fading light warned us to camp.

A voice literally cried out of the wilderness, startling the horses and ringing among the tree trunks:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, and He hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for behold the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"THAT'S Johnny Appleseed," said Skenedonk, turning in his saddle.

"What is Johnny Appleseed?"

"He is a man that God has touched," said Skenedonk, using the aboriginal phrase that signified a man clouded in mind.

God had hidden him, too. I could see no one. The voice echo still went off among the trees.

"Where is he?"

"Maybe one side, maybe the other."

"Does he never show himself?"

"Oh, yes," Skenedonk said. "He goes to all the settlements. I have often seen him when I was hunting on these grounds. He came to our camp. He loves to sleep outdoors better than in a cabin."

"Why does he shout at us like a prophet?"

"To warn us that Indians are on the warpath."

"He might have thought we were on the warpath ourselves."

"Johnny Appleseed knows Shawanoes and Tecumseh's men."

The trees, lichened on their north sides, massed rank behind rank without betraying any face in their glooms. The Ohio and Indiana forests had a nameless quality. They might have been called home-forests, such invitations issued from them to man seeking a spot of his own. Nor can I make clear what this invitation was. It produced thoughts different from those that men were conscious of in the rugged Northwest.

"I think myself," said Skenedonk, as we moved farther from the invisible voice, "that he is under a vow. But nobody told me that."

"Why do you think so?"

"He plants orchards in every fine open spot; or clears the land for planting where he thinks the soil is right."

"Don't other men plant orchards?"

"No. They have not time, or seed. They plant bread. He does nothing but plant orchards."

"He must have a great many."

"They are not for himself. The apples are for any one who may pass by when they are ripe. He wants to give apples to everybody. Animals often nibble the bark, or break down his young trees. It takes long for them to grow. But he keeps on planting."

"If other men have no seeds to plant, how does he get them?"

"He makes journeys to the old settlements, where many orchards have grown, and brings the seeds from cider presses. He carries them from Pennsylvania on his back, in leather bags, a bag for each kind of seed."

"Doesn't he ever sell them?"

"Not often. Johnny Appleseed cares nothing for money. I believe he is under

HANDLE WITH CARE

Give a woman your full commendation,
Give her praise, and approval and laud;
Give her unqualified adulation.
Give her compliments lavish and broad.

Give her doses of flattery, double.
Give her eulogies—said over twice;
But—unless you are hunting for trouble—
Never give her one bit of advice.

a vow of poverty. No one laughs at him. The tribes on these grounds would not hurt a hair of his head, not only because God has touched him, but because he plants apples. I have eaten his apples myself."

"Johnny Appleseed!" I repeated, and Skenedonk hastened to tell me:

"He has another name, but I forget it. He is called Johnny Appleseed."

The slim and scarcely perceptible tunnel, among trees, piled with fallen logs and newly sprung growths, let us into a wide clearing as suddenly as a stream finds its lake. We could not see even the usual cow tracks. A cabin shedding light from its hearth surprised us in the midst of stumps.

The door stood wide. A woman walked back and forth over a puncheon floor, tending supper. Dogs rushed to meet us, and the playing of children could be heard. A man, gun in hand, stepped to his door, a sentinel. He lowered its muzzle, and made us welcome, and helped us put our horses under shelter with his own.

It was not often we had a woman's handiwork in corn bread and game to feed ourselves upon, or a bed covered with homespun sheets.

I slept as the children slept, until a voice rang in the clearing:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, and He hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for behold the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them!"

Every sleeper in the cabin sat upright or stirred. We said in whispered chorus:

"Johnny Appleseed!"

A tapping, light and regular, on the window, followed. The man was on the floor in a breath. I heard the mother groping among the children, and whispering:

"Don't wake the baby!"

The fire had died upon the hearth, and they lighted no candle. When Johnny Appleseed gave his warning cry in the clearing, and his cautious tap on the window, and was instantly gone to other clearings and other windows, it meant that the Indians were near.

Skenedonk and I, used to the night alarm and boots and saddle in a hurry, put ourselves in readiness to help the family. I groped for clothing, and shoved small legs and arms into it. The little creatures, obedient and silent, made no whimper at being roused out of dreams, but keenly lent themselves to the march.

We brought the horses, and put the woman and children upon them. The very dogs understood, and slunk around our legs without giving mouth. The cabin door was shut after us without noise, closing in what that family called home; a few pots and pans; patchwork quilts; a spinning-wheel; some benches; perhaps a child's store of acorn cups and broken yellow ware in a log corner. In a few hours it might be smoking a heap of ashes; and the world offered no other place so dear. What we suffer for is enriched by our suffering until it becomes priceless.

So far on the frontier was this cabin that no community blockhouse stood near enough to give its inmates shelter. They were obliged to go with us to Fort Stephenson.

Skenedonk pioneered the all-night struggle on an obscure trail; and he went astray sometimes, thru blackness of woods that roofed out the stars. We floundered in swales sponging full of dead leaves, and drew back, scratching ourselves on low-hung foliage.

By dawn the way became easier and the danger greater. Then we paused and lifted our rifles if a twig broke near by, or a fox barked, or wind rushed among leaves as a patter of moccasins might come. Skenedonk and I, sure of the Northern Indians, were making a venture in the West. We knew nothing of Tecumseh's swift red warriors, except that scarcely a year had passed since his allies had tomahawked women and children of the garrison on the sand beach at Chicago.

Without kindling any fire, we stopped once that day to eat, and by good luck and following the river, reached that Lower Sandusky which was called Fort Stephenson, about nightfall.

The place was merely a high stockade with blockhouses at the angles, and a gate opening toward the river. Within, besides the garrison of a hundred and sixty men, were various refugees, driven like our family to the fort. And there, coming heartily from the Commandant's quarters to receive me, was George Crognan, still a boy in appearance, tho intrusted with this dangerous post. His long face had darkened like mine. We looked each other over with the quick and critical scrutiny of men who have not met since boyhood, and laughed as we grasped hands.

"You are as welcome to the inside of this bearpen," said Major Croghan, "as you made me to the outside of the one in the wilderness."

"I hope you'll not give me such another tramp after shelter for the night as I gave you," I said.

"The best in Fort Stephenson is yours. But your rest depends on the enemy. A runner has just come in from the General warning me Proctor and Tecumseh are turning their attention this way. I'm ordered to evacuate, for the post is considered too weak to hold."

"How soon do you march?"

"I don't march at all. I stay here. I'm going to disobey orders."

"If you're going to disobey orders, you have good reason for doing so."

"I have. It was too late to retreat. I'm going to fight. I hear, Lazarre, you know how to handle Indians in the French way."

"My dear Croghan, you insinuate the American way may be better."

"It is, on the Western border. It may not be on the Northern."

"Then you would not have advised my attempting the Indians here?"

"I shouldn't have discouraged it. When I got the secret order, I said: 'Bring the French—bring the missionaries—bring anything that will cut the comb of Tecumseh!'"

"The missionaries and the French like being classed with—anything," I said.

"We're Americans here," Croghan laughed. "The Dauphin may have to fight in the ditch with the rest of us."

"The Dauphin is an American, too, and used to scars, as you know. Can you give me any news from Green Bay in the Wisconsin country?"

"I was ordered to Green Bay last year to see if anything could be done with old Fort Edward Augustus."

"Does my Holland court-lady live there?"

"Not now," he answered soberly. "She's dead."

"That's bad," I said, thinking of lost opportunities.

"Is pretty Annabel de Chaumont ever coming back from France?"

"Not now, she's married."

"That's worse," he sighed. "I was very silly about her when I was a boy."

We had our supper in his quarters, and he busied himself until late in the night with preparations for defense. The whole place was full of cheer and plenty of game, and swarmed like a little fair with moving figures. A campfire was built at dark in the center of the parade ground, heaped logs sending their glow as far as the dark pickets. Heads of families drew toward it while the women were putting their children to bed; and soldiers off duty lounged there, the front of the body in light, the back in darkness.

Cool forest night air flowed over the stockade, swaying smoke this way and that. As the fire was stirred, and smoke turned to flame, it showed more and more distinctly what dimness had screened.

A man rose up on the other side of it, clothed in a coffee sack, in which holes were cut for his head and arms. His hat was a tin kettle with the handle sticking out behind like a stiff queue.

Indifferent to his grotesqueness, he took it off and put it on the ground beside him, standing ready to command attention.

He was a small, dark, wiry man, barefooted and barelegged, whose black eyes sparkled, and whose scanty hair and beard hung down over shoulders and breast. Some pokes of leather, much scratched, hung bulging from the rope which girded his coffee sack. From one of these he took a few unbound leaves, the fragment of a book, spread them open, and began to read in a chanting, prophetic key, something about the love of the Lord and the mysteries of angels. His listeners kept their eyes on him, giving an indulgent ear to spiritual messages that made less demand on them than the violent earthly ones to which they were accustomed.

"It's Johnny Appleseed," a man at my side told me, as if the name explained anything he might do.

When Johnny Appleseed finished reading the leaves, he put them back in his bag, and took his kettle to the well for water. He then brought some meal from the cook-house and made mush in his hat.

The others, turning their minds from future mysteries, began to talk about present danger, when he stood up from his labor to inquire:

"Is there plenty in the fort for the children to eat?"

"Plenty, Johnny, plenty," several voices assured him.

"I can go without supper if the children haven't enough."

"Eat your supper, Johnny. Major Croghan will give you more if you want it," said a soldier.

"And we'll give you jerked Britisher, if you'll wait for it," said another.

"Johnny never eats meat," one of the refugees put in. "He thinks it's sinful to kill critters. All the things in the woods likes him. Once he got into a holler log to sleep, and some squirrels warned him to move out, they settled there first; and he done it. I don't allow he'd pick a flea off his own hide for fear he'd break its legs so it couldn't hop around and make a living."

The wilderness prophet sat down quietly to his meal without appearing to notice what was said about him; and when he had eaten, carried his hat into the cook-house, where dogs could not get at his remaining porridge.

"Now he'll save that for his breakfast," remarked another refugee. "There's nothing he hates like waste."

"Talking about squirrels," exclaimed the man at my side, "I believe he has a pasture for old, broke-down horses somewhere east in the hills. All the bates he can find he swaps young trees for, and they go off with him leading them, but he never comes into the settlements on horseback."

"Does he always go barefoot?" I asked.

"Sometimes he makes bark sandals. If you give him a pair of shoes he'll give them away to the first person that can wear them and needs them. Hunters wrap dried leaves around their leggings to keep the rattlesnakes out, but Johnny never protects himself at all."

"No wonder," spoke a soldier. "Any snake'd be discouraged at them shanks. A seven-year rattler'd break his fang on 'em."

Johnny came out of the cook-house with an iron poker, and heated it in the coals. All the men around the fire waited, understanding what he was about to do, but my own breath drew with a hiss thru my teeth as he laid the red hot iron first on one long cut and then another in his travel-worn feet. Having cauterized himself effectually, and returned the poker, he took his place in perfect serenity, without any show of pain, prepared to accommodate himself to the company.

Some boys, awake with the bigness of the occasion, sat down near Johnny Appleseed, and gave him their frank attention. Each boy had his hair cut straight around below the ears, where his mother had measured it with an inverted bowl, and freshly trimmed him for life in the fort, and perhaps for the discomfiture of savages, if he came under the scalping knife. Open-mouthed or

DIVIDENDS { 12% on Par Value
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In order to introduce Spare Moments, Our Big, Handsomely Illustrated Magazine (established in 1904) into homes that have never seen it, and in this way secure thousands of new subscribers, we are going to give away a Big Book of 178 pages containing 200 of the Old Time Songs we sang in our younger days, songs that never should be forgotten. If you should purchase these songs in sheet music form, they would cost $50.00.

Many of these songs are out of print and cannot be purchased at any price. Here is your chance to preserve them.

HERE ARE THE TITLES OF THE 200 SONGS WITH MUSIC

A Life on the Ocean Wave
A Man's a Man for a' That
Annie o' the Banks o' Dee
Annie Laurie
Auld Lang Syne
Auld Robin Gray
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea
Baby Mine
Beautiful Bells
Beautiful Snow
Bell Brandon
Belle of Baltimore
Ben Bolt
Billy Boy
Bingen on the Rhine
Black-eyed Susan
Bonnie Doon
Bonnie Dundee
Bring Back My Bonnie to Me
By the Blue Alsatian Mountains
Caller Herrin
Captain Jinks
Captain With His Whiskers
Charlie Is My Darling
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean
Come Home, Father
Comin' Thro' the Rye
Comrades
Cruelty to Johnny
Die Wacht am Rhein
Dolly Varden
Don't You Go Tommy
Do They Miss Me at Home?
Douglas Tender and True
Down in a Coal Mine
Ever of Thee
Five O'clock in the Morning
Flee As a Bird
Go Down, Moses
Good Night, and Joy be wi' ye A'
Green Grow the Rushes, O
Hail Columbia
Hail to the Chief
Hard Times Come Again No More
Harvest Home
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
Hickory, Dickory, Dock
Highland Mary
Home, Sweet Home
I Ain't Going to Die No More
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs
I Dreamt That I Dwelt
If I Had But a Thousand a Year
I Heard a Wee Bird Singing
I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree
I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound
I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet
In the Gloaming
I Remember
I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight
I're Just Come from the Fountain
Jack and Jill Went Up the Hill
Jess, the Flower o' Dumblane
Jim Along Josey
Jim Crack Corn
Jock o' Hazeldean
John Anderson, My Joe
Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier
Johnny Sands
Judgment Day is Rolling Round
Katey's Letter
Kissing on the Sly
Kiss Me Quick and Go
Lanigan's Ball
Larboard Watch
Listen to the Nightingale
Little Annie Rooney
Little Barefoot
Little Boo-peep
Little Jack Horner Sat in a Corner
Little Maggie May
Little Nell
Lord Lorell
Lord Ullin's Daughter
Love Among the Roses
Maggie By My Side
Maggie's Secret
Maid of Athens
Marseillaise Hymn
Maryland, My Maryland
Mary of Argyle
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground
Meet Me by Moonlight
My Heart Is Sair for Somebody
My Country, 'Tis of Thee
Molly, Put the Kettle On
Miss Wrinkle
My Heart's in the Highlands
My Johnny Was a Shoemaker
My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose
My Pretty Yellar Gal
My Way's Cloudy
Nancy Lee
Nobody Knows the Troubles I See
Nelly of the Hazel Dell
O Dear! What Can the Matter Be!
Oft in the Stilly Night
Oh! Boys Carry Me 'Long
Oh! Had I Wings Like a Dove
Oh! I Should Like to Marry
Oh! Susanna
Oh! Why Do You Tease Us?
Oh! Would I Were a Bird
Oh! Would I Were a Boy Again
Old Grimes
Old King Cole
Our Flag Is There
Over the Garden Wall
O Whistle and I'll Come to You
O Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut
Paddle Your Own Canoe
Robin Adair
Robinson Crusoe
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother
Roll, Jordan, Roll
St. Patrick Was a Gentleman
Sailey in Our Alley
Scots Wha Ha'e Wi' Wallace Bled
Seesaw, Margery Daw
See, the Conquering Hero Comes
Shells of the Ocean
Simon the Cellarer
Sing a Song of Sixpence
Sparkling and Bright
Steal Away
Stop Dat Knocking
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Take Back the Heart
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ten Little Niggers
The Angel's Whisper
The Arm Chair
The Battle Cry of Freedom
The Blue Bells of Scotland
The Blue Juanita
The Burial of Sir John Moore
The Campbell's Are Comin'
The Charming Young Widow
The Cork Leg
The Cruiskeen Lawn
The Danube River
The Dustman
The Girl I Left Behind Me
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall
The Laird o'Cockpen
The Land o' the Leal
The Little Brown Jug
The Little Fisher Maiden
The Maiden's Prayer
The March of the Cameron Men
The Minute Gun at Sea
Then You'll Remember Me
The Old Arm Chair
The Old Oaken Bucket
The Pauper's Drive
The Pilgrim Fathers
There is a Green Hill Far Away
There's Nae Luck About the House
There Was a Jolly Miller
There Was an Old Woman
The Rose of Allandale
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The Star-Spangled Banner
The Sword of Bunker Hill
The Used-up Man
The Water Mill
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Thou Art Gone From My Gare
Three Fishers Went Sailing
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer
Turn Back Pharaoh's Army
Wait for the Wagon
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We Meet By Chance
We're a' Noddin'
What are the Wild Waves Saying?
When the Swallows Homeward Fly
When We Went Gypseying
When You and I Were Young
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Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out?
Whoa! Emma!
Widow Machree
Willie, We Have Missed You
Will You Love Me Then as Now?
Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town
Woodman, Spare That Tree
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stern-jawed, according to temperament, the young pioneers listened to stories about Tecumseh, and surmises on the enemy's march, and the likelihood of a night attack.

"Tippecanoe was fought at 4 o'clock in the morning," said a soldier.

"I was there," spoke out Johnny Appleseed.

No other man could say as much. All looked at him as he stood on his cauterized feet, stretching his arms, lean and sun-cured, upward in the firelight.

"Angels were there. In rain and darkness I heard them speak and say, 'He hath cast the lot for them, and His hand hath divided it unto them by line; they shall possess it forever; from generation to generation shall they dwell therein. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!'"

Soldiers began moving their single cannon, a six-pounder, from one blockhouse to another. All the men jumped up to help, as at the raising of a home, and put themselves in the way so ardently that they had to be ordered back.

When everybody but ourselves had left the starlit open place, Johnny Appleseed lay down and stretched his heels to the blaze. A soldier added another log, and kicked into the flame those fallen away. Tho it was the end of July, Lake Erie cooled the inland forests.

Sentinels were posted in the blockhouses. Quiet settled on the camp; and I sat turning many things in my mind besides the impending battle. Napoleon Bonaparte had made a disastrous campaign in Russia. If I were yet in France; if the Marquis du Plessy had lived; if I had not gone to Mittau; if the self I might have been, that always haunts us, stood ready to take advantage of the turn——

Yet the thing which cannot be understood by men reared under old governments had befallen me. I must have drawn the wilderness into my blood. Its possibilities held me. If I had stayed in France at 20, I should have been a Frenchman. The following years made me an American. The passion that binds you to a land is no more to be explained than the fact that many women are beautiful, while only one is vitally interesting.

The wilderness mystic was sitting up looking at me.

"I see two people in you," he said.

"Only two?"

"Two separate men."

"What are their names?"

"Their names I cannot see."

"Well, suppose we call them Louis and Lazarre."

His eyes sparkled.

"You are a white man," he pronounced. "By that I mean you are not stained with many vile sins."

"I hadn't an equal chance with other men. I lost nine years."

"Mebby," hazarded Johnny Appleseed, cautiously, "you are the one appointed to open and read what is sealed."

"If you mean to interpret what you read, I'm afraid I am not the one. Where did you get those leaves?"

"From a book that I divided up to distribute among the people."

"Doesn't that destroy the sense?"

"No. I carry the pages in their order from cabin to cabin."

He came around the fire with the lightness of an Indian, and gave me his own fragment to examine. It proved to be from the writings of one Emanuel Swedenborg.

With a smile which seemed to lessen the size of his face and concentrate its expression to a shining point, Johnny Appleseed slid his leather bags along the rope girdle, and searched them, one after the other. I thought he wanted me to notice his apple seeds, and inquired how many kinds he carried. So he showed them in handfuls, brown and glistening, or gummed with the sweet blood of cider. These produced pippins; these produced russets; these produced luscious harvest apples, that fell in August bursting with juicy ripeness. Then he showed me another bagful which were not apple seeds at all, but neutral-colored specks moving with fluid swiftness as he poured them from palm to palm.

"Do you know what this is?"

I told him I didn't.

"It's dogfennel seed."

I laughed, and asked him what kind of apples it bore.

Johnny Appleseed smiled at me again. "It's a flower. I'm spreading it over the whole of Ohio and Indiana! It'll come up like the stars for abundance, and fill the land with rankness, and fever and ague will flee away!"

"But how about the rankness?"

"Fever and ague will flee away," he repeated, continuing his search thru the bags.

He next brought out a parcel, wrapped up carefully in doeskin to protect it from the apple seeds; and turned foolish in the face, as bits of ribbon and calico fell out upon his knees.

"This isn't the one," he said, bundling it up and thrusting it back again. "The little girls, they like to dress their doll babies, so I carry patches for the little girls. Here's what I was looking for."

It was another doeskin parcel, bound lengthwise and crosswise by thongs. These Johnny Appleseed reverently loosened, bringing forth a small book with wooden covers fastened by a padlock.

This historically correct and strange story has new and exciting developments in the next installment and events move rapidly toward a pleasing conclusion.

* * *

You can always get the true measure of a man by consulting his tailor.

Its Reputation.

MR. NEWRYCH, thinking that a motor car was essential to his position, decided to obtain one at a certain place recommended by one of his friends.

"I want a good, reliable car," he said to the manager, on his arrival next day.

"Yes, sir; we have the best in the trade."

"I want the best on the road," commented Mr. Newrych.

"There it is!" exclaimed the manager, pointing to a certain car. "I should be pleased to take you for a trial spin in it," he added.

"All right," said Mr. Newrych, and they started.

Everything went all right for about a mile and then the machine gradually slowed down until finally they stopped. The manager jumped out and made an examination.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he exclaimed.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Newrych.

"Why, there's no blessed engine on this car!"

"Then what in the world has it been going on?"

"Simply its reputation, sir—simply its reputation!" proudly replied the manager.

* * *

Had a Fine Room.

A DASHING young fellow was recently very attentive to a young lady who did not secretly favor his attentions, and who is blessed with an observing little brother of only a few summers' growth. The lady's admirer was visiting her a few days ago, when the little chap broke into their presence, and, mounting the dashing young man's knee, said:

"Haven't you got a fine room?"

"Oh, yes!" proudly replied the dashing young fellow, whose vanity was evidently touched by the remark. Seeing, as he thought, in the circumstances an opportunity to make a favorable impression on the sister, he gave his mustache an extra twist and reiterated his reply with emphasis:

"Oh, yes, a very fine room."

"I thought so," said the young hopeful, musingly.

"But what made you think so?" asked the young lady's admirer, his curiosity by this time fully aroused.

"Because," was the crushing reply, "Sister Maggie said she liked your room better than your company."

* * *

McTavish in the Air.

SANDY McTAVISH was a highly skilled workman in a new airplane factory. Therefore, it happened one day that Sandy was asked if he would care to accompany the works aviator on one of his trial flights in a machine.

Sandy, after some hesitation, agreed to do so.

During the flight the aviator asked how he was enjoying the trip.

"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I would rather be on the groun'."

"Tut, tut," replied the flying man, "I'm just thinking of looping the loop."

"For Heaven's sake don't dae that!" yelled the now very nervous McTavish. "I've some siller in my vest pocket, an' I micht lose it."

* * *

A Great Discovery.

LITTLE DORIS is very polite. The other day she offered her aunt a share of her candy.

"Will you have a sugared almond, Aunt Mary?" she asked sweetly, at the same time tendering the paper bag.

"Thank you, I will," replied her aunt. And as she was particular what she ate, she selected a white one.

"Auntie," said little Doris, "do you know the difference between the pink and the white almonds?"

"No, dear," said auntie with a kindly smile.

"Well, I'll tell you," explained Doris. "They were all pink once, and I sucked all the pink off the white ones. Didn't I do it nicely?"

* * *

The Chinese Situation.

ONE of Washington's citizens recently saw Admiral Gleaves, the man who drove the submarines from the Pershing flotilla, walking in civilian clothes. There is an order requiring officers to wear uniforms at all times.

The citizen went to Secretary Daniels.

"Mr. Secretary," he whispered breathlessly, "I just saw Admiral Gleaves in citizen clothes. Why is he in disguise?"

"Sh!" said the Secretary. "It's the Chinese situation."

"Chinese situation?"

"Yes," replied the Secretary, in all seriousness, "Admiral Gleaves' last clean uniform did not come back from the laundry."

OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that, so many people claim, it fulfils almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention the Chicago Ledger. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

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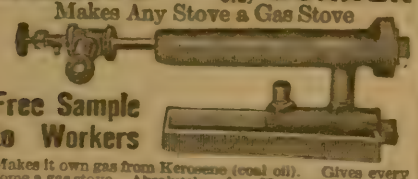

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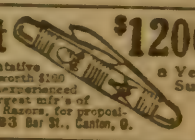

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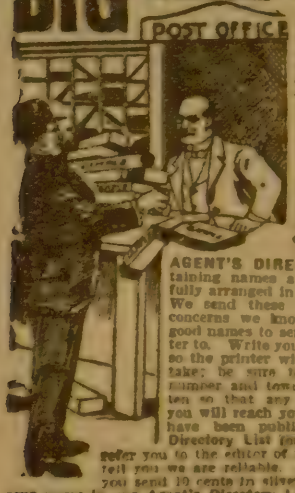

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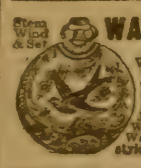

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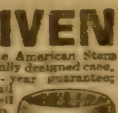

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Under His Careful Eye

Mrs. Randall was systematically arranging bags, boxes and wraps in the unoccupied seat of her Pullman section. "What in the world have you in the parcel?" she asked. "It's not the candy or the——"

"It's a surprise for you, my dear. I bought it the last thing before running for the train. Guess what!" Randall picked up the package with a pleased grin. "What do you think it is?"

"I think—— Oh, Ned, is it a camera?"

"It is! A first-class instrument, too. It takes pictures postal card size, and a baby could work it."

"How perfectly lovely! We'll snap everything we see on the whole trip, won't we?"

"Yes, as soon as it is daylight tomorrow I'll begin by taking you in the very act of sitting luxuriously on the observation platform of this California flyer. We'll make a complete record of our pilgrimage, my dear."

One day in San Francisco after Mrs. Randall had snapped her husband against a background of the Seal rocks and the sea, she sighed with deep satisfaction. "Just think, Ned, what fun it will be to have a picture of you and the Pacific Ocean?"

"And what fun it will be to have all those views of you on Mount Wilson," returned Randall, laughingly. "When we relapse into old stay-at-home parents we can just look over these pictures and live again our travels and see the originals once more. Next to the railway tickets and yourself, I believe the camera is the most important thing I brought. I hope you're taking good care of all those rolls of films we've used."

"Yes, they're locked in the trunk, but I was thinking this morning that it would be nice to have them developed and have some cards printed to send home, instead of sending all the commonplace colored ones we've been buying for the children."

"I guess the children can put up with the commercial cards until we get home. I want to have these pictures developed by somebody who I know does good work. Anyway, the children will enjoy them more if we display them ourselves."

"Maybe you're right, but the truth is I can hardly wait to see the prints myself."

"Mrs. Impatience! I sometimes wonder whether you really are twenty years older than our eldest."

"Who is 10 today, think of it! Ned, we must get some one to take a picture of us together today, so that we can have it enlarged and give it to little Lo for one of her birthday presents. I would think the world of a picture of my father and mother taken the day I was 10. They must have been young like us twenty years ago, Ned."

"It is entirely probable," Randall smiled. "I must be sure to keep my hat on in this anniversary picture."

"You aren't hardly bald at all."

"Lo says I am. I'm afraid, my dear, she hasn't the reverence for her dad that you have for your father."

"But she adores you, Ned, and when she sees the bride-and-groomy pictures we're going to have I know she'll say she has the handsomest young father in Chicago."

"Flatterer! Well, come on, let's negotiate with that youth over there. Perhaps he'll be sport enough to shoot our camera at us."

A week later when they were packing for home Randall looked up from his suitcase anxiously. "I don't find the films," he said.

"Why, I told you, Ned, that I have them in the trunk."

"That's so, but are you sure they're all there? There should be eleven dozen. The twelfth is in the camera now. Would you mind counting them?"

"They're in the bottom of the trunk."

"Well, I'd hate like the mischief to lose any of them. I'd just like to know that they're all there. I've been afraid that we'd lose one out of your bag—or my pockets."

"Well, then, lift out the tray," commanded Mrs. Randall, and when Randall had obeyed deprecatingly she slid her slim fingers down the inside of the trunk, and brought up, two or three at a time, the little boxes and laid them on the floor in a long row.

"Well, I'm mighty glad we've got the whole lot all right," said Randall. "I believe I'll just tie them up and put them in my suitcase. You know, dear, that trunks do get lost once in a while, but a man's suitcase is always right under his eye. When you come to think of it, these pictures are priceless. We could never replace them. I suppose it's perfectly natural that we should value them more highly than would people who travel oftener than we do."

The day the Randalls arrived home, and the children were gloating over all the presents and souvenirs their parents had brought them, Mrs. Randall said: "The nicest of all are the pictures of our whole trip. You'll see daddy and me on the train, in the mountains, and even catching tuna fish at Santa Catalina! Why, my darlings, there isn't a thing that we've done, scarcely, that we haven't made a picture of it for you."

The next morning at breakfast Randall looked so tired and depressed that his wife watched him anxiously. She feared that his long rest had not been of much benefit after all.

"Is there anything wrong, Ned?" she asked.

"Yes, there is, and darn it, Lora, I hate to tell you. But you might as well know it first as last, tho, I suppose. I have lost those films. They're not in my suitcase."

"Don't be so tragic, Ned. They're in mine."

"In yours?"

"Yes, they are! That last day on the train you took your suitcase into the smoking compartment to show those gentlemen your irrigation plans, and you must have lifted out the package of films and forgotten them. Anyway, the porter brought them to me later, while you were out on the observation platform, and I put them with my things, for they really are priceless, you know, and we never could replace them and a woman's suitcase is always right under her——"

"Say no more! I know whom the joke is on all right. Is there anything you particularly wish for Christmas?"

* * *

He Stammered.

FLOSSIE, the waitress, was very keen on a certain handsome young man who always sat at one of her tables. She fluttered round him and ogled and giggled and explained the young man's lack of response by the fact that he stammered.

"Is there anything you want?" she asked one day, and there were several shades of meaning in her tone.

The young man glanced at her and said:

"Will you let me have a k-k-k——"

The maiden blushed violently at this significant sound and threw a glance of triumph at the other waitresses.

"——a k-k-cup?" finished the young man.

The girl blushed deeper than ever at this and the young man went on:

"I kn-know why you're blushing. You thought I was g-going to ask for a k-k-k-clean cup!"

when he heard the result of the lady's morning visit. "But we'll get even with her!"

That afternoon a large wagon drew up at the gate of Mrs. Johones' pretentious villa. On the vehicle sat three burly laborers, strenuously holding on to something in the middle of the dray.

With many "Whoas!" and sundry other shouts, the dray backed on to the pavement, when the laborers struggled and gasped and groaned and hauled down to the road level the spool of cotton!

This was solemnly rolled up the garden path and upended on the doorstep. Then the men gravely resumed their places on the wagon, which drove away.

The delight of the watching neighbors was complete when Mrs. Johones, very red of face, opened the front door, kicked the spool wildly into the road and then slammed the door again.

* * *

In Search of Peace.

FOR many years a faithful housekeeper worked for a bad tempered old bachelor, but finally grew tired of his eternal complaints, and decided to leave him. Biding her time, therefore, she informed him that she was going to California.

"To California!" he repeated in alarm. "What to do there, pray?"

"They say there are many more men than women in California."

"Bah!" the old bachelor snarled. "Don't you flatter yourself that you'll find a husband among them, woman. It's true the men are in the majority, but they're not of the marrying sort. They're runaway husbands who've gone to California in search of a little peace."

* * *

A Lesson.

MRS. JOHONES is an inveterate shopper. The other morning she went to the local store, and after turning three departments upside down, solemnly bought a spool of cotton and asked them to send it home.

"That's the limit!" gasped the owner

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* * *

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A new lamp, which experts agree gives the most powerful home light in the world—better than gas or electricity—and a blessing to every home, on farm or in small town, is the latest achievement of W. H. Hoffstot, 507 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. This remarkable lamp gives 300-candle power at one cent a night. It has no wick and no chimney, and is absolutely safe. A child can carry it. It gives such universal satisfaction that he is sending it on Free Trial. Mr. Hoffstot wants one person in each locality to whom he can refer new customers. Take advantage of his free offer. Agents wanted. Write him today.—Adv.

* * *

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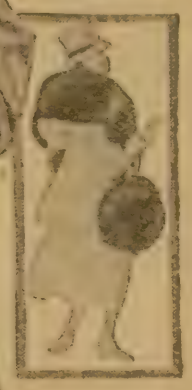

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The Bride Tries the Cash System

"I MUST have lost some of it!" cried the bride frantically, emptying her handbag helter-skelter on the couch. "It can't be that $3.51 is all I have. There was a queer looking man next me in an elevator today, and maybe he was a pickpocket. Oh, here—no, that's only a customer's receipt on green paper! Why, Jack! What on earth do you suppose has become of all that money? You gave me f-f-fifty dollars this morning!"

"You pointed out to me," said her husband, "that you could save money if you could pay cash for household expenses instead of charging things! You said that Emily Krinks had cut down table expenses nearly $10 a week because she watched the sales and bought things cheap, and you wanted to do the same. It seemed like a good idea. I didn't suppose you were going to lug the whole fifty around with you, tho!"

"Now, you're cr-cross!" moaned the bride, with tears in her eyes. "Why, I'm a lot more wrought up over it than you can possibly be! The money's simply been stolen or something!"

"What did you buy today?" asked her husband, getting out a paper and pencil.

The bride wrinkled her forehead and thought deeply. "That foreign-looking man with the lace called right after breakfast," she said. "Oh, Jack! You never saw such bargains in your life! Do you remember that perfectly beautiful luncheon cloth the Biltons had the night of their supper for us? Mrs. Bilton paid $100 for it abroad, and this man had precisely the same thing for $13. Why, I simply grabbed it! I never saw anything like it in my life! Emily called later and tried to tell me the lace was cotton instead of linen, but you know how jealous she is! Of course, I don't intend to use household money for that, and I shall pay it back next month out of my own personal allowance, so, of course, that doesn't count. But I knew you wouldn't mind.

"Then a man came with some plants I ordered a few days ago. He drove up last week with a wagon load of the most wonderful palms and ferns and his prices were so reasonable! We needed a lot for the sun parlor, so I got some."

"Those anaemic-looking things?" inquired her husband. "He soaked you! I'll bet they'll be dead inside of two weeks!"

"You are just as disagreeable as you can be!" declared the bride, with pink spots in her cheeks. "I'd have you know I got $15 worth of plants for $8.50. You don't appreciate the fact that I am trying to save money! Men always like women better who are reckless and extravagant, and just smile and look pretty! I suppose you'd prefer to have me go to a downtown florist and order what I wanted and let him send you a bill for $30 or so!"

"Not at all!" declared her husband, hastily. "I'm not cross. I'm just trying to help you find out what became of your money!"

"I tell you that man was a pickpocket who was in the elevator with me!" the bride insisted. "He had the shiftiest eyes!

"Then a woman called soliciting for a home for poor children, and—no, I've forgotten the name of it or where it was, but that doesn't matter. With Christmas coming and those poor little things—she nearly made me cry, the story she told was so pathetic. Why, James Perkins Long! I never knew you had such an evil, suspicious nature! Of course she wasn't a fake! How do I know? How—I—I just know, that all! You wouldn't understand because you're only a cold-blooded man! I gave her $5, and I'm glad of it, and if you are so stingy I'll pay that back out of my personal allowance, too!

"I went downtown with Emily and she bought a lot of kitchen stuff, and so I had to. I wasn't going to have her think I couldn't afford just as good and modern things as she could, tho I don't know what the cook will say about the egg-beater. We have five now, but Emily said it was the only one worth considering. And there was a sale of copper washboilers—yes, I know we send our laundry out, but some day we may have it done at home, and then you'll be glad I got a $12 washboiler for $4.45!

"I paid for our lunch because I've heard Emily talk about women who were stingy. Then we ran into a sale of waists. You know one needs so many waists nowadays and they were just giving them away, Jack! I got three at $6 apiece! And then there were some little things, I've forgotten just what. But what on earth became of the rest of the money, I don't——"

"Some day when you feel real strong," said her husband meekly, "you add up this row of figures that I've set down. And I think we'd better go back to our system of charging things at the corner grocery and market!"

"If you'd rather," said the bride with a little sigh. "But it's horribly extravagant to employ that system, Jack! You pay so much more for things!"

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Her Relentless Parent

The father of the pretty girl glowered hard. "Gr-r-r-rm!" he began. "I came near calling down the stairs last night and telling that young man that it was time to go home! I'll do it, too, the next time he stays so late! What's he thinking of? Where was he brought up?"

"Why fa-a-ther!" cried the pretty girl, reproachfully. "You said yourself you liked Donald Wintergreen the best of all——"

"What if I did?" barked her stern parent. "I may like him, but that doesn't mean I love him to death! I really can exist thru a portion of the twenty-four hours if he isn't in sight! It's disgraceful! The wisest man that ever lived could say everything he knew inside of a couple of hours, and I can't see what this fellow does to fill up four or five! Does he begin at the beginning and say it all over two or three times?"

"The idea!" protested his daughter. "Why, Donald is awfully interesting. I love to hear him talk."

"H'm!" said her parent morosely. "First I dropped one shoe real hard and then I dropped the other. I thought maybe he'd take the hint! Is he deaf?"

"Anybody in the next block could have heard those shoes come down!" his daughter told him, with spirit. "I was simply ashamed!"

"Then you heard 'em, did you?" demanded her father. "If that's the case, why in creation didn't you fire him out?"

"Do be sensible!" cried the pretty girl. "How could I? Besides, it wasn't late!"

"Jumping fishhooks!" said her parent. "It was so late the milkmen were coming around! And, if you can't tell him to go home, I can. You watch me next time he stays after midnight! I'll give you a realistic imitation of a man telling another man that the space he occupies is needed! I'm not afraid of any young imbecile who——"

"Father!" protested his daughter, a trifle anxiously. "You mustn't think of doing anything like that! Why, it would be a deadly insult!"

"Yes," declared her father, "and when I was his age I never dreamed of staying after 10 o'clock when I called on a girl! If I had I should have expected to see her father come down the stairs two at a time with his shotgun. When the family began to yawn and to wind the clock loudly and bang the windows down hard, shoo the cat and talk about oatmeal for breakfast, I didn't need any engraved card to call my attention to the fact that it was time to head for home. And I'd have had sense enough to go, anyhow, without hints. This Donald Wintergreen wouldn't know a hint from a picture of Mammoth cave! What he needs is a large size diagram with explanations in words of one syllable! And he'll get it, too, if you don't manage to convey to him a hint that your dad chews fire and lunches off dynamite!"

"But father!" said the pretty girl, almost tearfully, "it's easy enough to talk—but just how am I going to do it? I tell you he's awfully popular and goes to see the way-up girls in town and they're crazy about him—and it would be just like slapping him in the face to say anything about going home! It—why, really it's quite an honor to have him call."

"Well!" roared her father, "other girls may feel that way, but when he comes here he can distinctly understand that the honor's on the other foot! And I won't have him staying late if he's the king of—well, kings aren't so much nowadays! Next time I won't drop my shoe—I'll throw it down the stairs and as I was a pretty good pitcher in my day! I——"

"I'll see that Donald doesn't stay so late another time," his daughter said with dignity. "Only it wasn't late!"

"Yes, it was!" stormed her parent. "And you know it!" Now, wasn't it?"

"We-e-ell," she temporized. Then hopelessly, "I can get a sudden headache or—or something! But I think you're just horrid!"

"I guess I can stand that," said her parent relentlessly. "Now, remember! Don't make me practice any out curves down the staircase with my footwear!"

The pretty girl stifled a giggle. "Don't blame me," she said coldly, "if you find me on your hands for years and years, an old maid."

"Well, I guess I could stand that, too," said her stern parent.

A Collar Hunt.

AUGUSTUS was going to a party, and when Augustus appears at a function of this sort he is a wonderful sight to behold. And Augustus was engaged in a collar hunt—a very serious occupation indeed. He had already visited three establishments, but none kept the article for which he hungered. Every depth and shape the shop boasted had been laid before him till the maximum of four inches deep had been reached.

"What! Do you mean to say that you haven't anything taller in the shop?" he asked, irritably.

"Sorry, sir," said the assistant, softly, "but our next size is cuffs!"

He Resigned.

CHARLEY TOWNE, the magazine editor and poet, was once asked to act as the judge of a prize story competition, open to all aspirants. A huge bundle of manuscripts was submitted to him. Selecting a bulky envelope at random, he opened it and withdrew from it a great number of sheets of foolscap, covered on both sides of the pages with fine writing, done in purple ink and in a feminine hand.

He promptly resigned. Later, when asked what manuscript he had taken, he could not remember the title. He did remember the first sentence. It read:

"The day the ball was to be that night dawned auspiciously."

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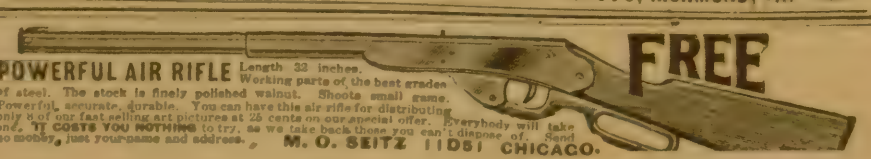

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HER LEISURE TIME.

"I EXPECT almost any day now," said the woman who was finishing an aviator's helmet, "to receive notice from my husband's lawyer to the effect that he has sued for divorce! It will be very annoying just now when I'm so busy, but I can't blame him! No, we're still just as much in love with each other as ever, but since we broke up housekeeping and took to boarding our relatives have completely destroyed our home life, and the poor boy and I rarely see each other. No, all our relatives thoroly approve of both of us, and when they find me sobbing on their doorsteps, cast forth by James, they will be terribly astonished!

"You see, it's like this: When I became a lady of leisure and rid my mind of icemen and grocery orders, balky furnaces, leaky pipes and departing cooks, all the relatives chortled in gladness. They said it was lovely to have somebody on earth with plenty of time and no cares—and then they proceeded to supply them.

"Usually I am called to the 'phone from the breakfast table, thereby endearing myself to all the people whose toes I step on getting from the room. 'Hello!' comes the voice of brother Charles. 'I told Henrietta I'd 'phone you just as soon as I got into town this morning. She's in a terrible mix-up—the dressmaker is coming today to make the children's school frocks and the laundress didn't come and the cook has left—and Henrietta is in bed with one of her awful headaches, and there didn't seem to be a soul on earth to call on till we remembered you. Isn't it lucky you haven't anything to do! What train can you go out on?'

"Charles is one of these calm men of affairs who never inquires or requests, merely orders. So I obey.

"Then sister Ethel 'phones on Saturday morning. She and Oscar are going away for the week-end and will James and I come stay at their house and keep an eye on the servants and children during their absence? I can hear in Ethel's voice that she thinks she is giving us a treat. 'Poor things!' she says to herself. 'They're boarding and will be so glad to get into a real home for a while!'

"No matter where my husband is or how he hates the place, he hates still more heartily to be uprooted and deposited temporarily somewhere else.

"I bring him back to the boarding-house, grumpy, touchy, injured. The pile of stockings in the basket grows. 'I wish you'd come down and help me pick out my new wall paper,' Edith 'phones on Tuesday. 'You're the only person I know who has time to help me. And while I'm attending to the upholstery man you can run over to the north side and see how that firm is getting on at restoring my spinet desk!' It'll help so much!'

"On Wednesday my mother 'phones. She wants me to come and stay in her flat while she attends a club meeting because she is constantly expecting some men to decorate and some others to change the fixtures, and she can't trust the maid. It's so nice, she says, that I have nothing to do and she can call me, and will I please hurry, because she must take the next train downtown.

"When any one has to make sandwiches for a tea party, change the feather pillows into new ticking, discharge the chauffeur, decide whether Johnny has diphtheria or only common sore throat, leave town or have company they dash to the telephone and call me. I'm pinning my lingerie onto me because I've no time to run ribbons, and James is wearing socks with no feet to them because I never am home to darn 'em. I haven't got my trunk fully unpacked nor the closets put in order, and I haven't read my mail for a week!

"When James left this morning there was a glare in his eye I didn't like. I tell you he's a desperate man, and I shouldn't be surprised to find that divorce summons hanging on the doorknob when I get back this afternoon. But I'm going to put one over on my loving relatives and save the situation!"

"Going to quarrel with 'em all?" asked the woman doing a sweater.

"No," said the sufferer, folding up the helmet. "I'm going to housekeeping again and see whether I can't get a few spare minutes for myself!"

A WHITE ROSE

The red rose whispers of passion
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream white rosebud,
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Accomplished Cow

"WE MISS her so," wailed the weeping woman as she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. "We sold Mollie to the butcher. She was so cute and so affectionate and so fond of the children, and she gave such good milk!

"Yes, she loved children better than anything else in the world. She loved to make them laugh, and she was always trying to make them say: 'Oh, look at that cow?' Whenever she could astonish the children and make them happy she was satisfied."

"I don't blame her," responded the sympathetic gentleman. "That's one of the few things worth doing. I do a little in that line myself with pretty fair success. It makes no difference whether the kids are 1 year old or 13, I can paralyze them.

"No parent or guardian, uncle, aunt or grandparent can charm the kids the way I can. Any normal child of more than one year's experience in life will wave the family connection aside and tell them to beat it when I am sticking a nickel in my eye like a monocle or dangling a bunch of keys from my lower lip."

"Just the way with poor, dear Mollie," enthused the weeping woman. "That's just the way she amused the children. You know the school children passed our house every day on their way home, and when Mollie would hear them coming she would go and put the pail over her horns and stand with her head over the fence so they would be sure to see her.

"She did look so ridiculous with that pail stuck up on her horns! And the children never failed to appreciate the joke, and they would call one another's attention to it and laugh. When the children had passed by, poor dear Mollie would toss the tin pail away and go and lie down somewhere with a bored expression and chew her cud until it was school kid time again, when she would go and hunt up her accouterments and take her place with her head over the fence."

"Yes," said the child who was holding the sympathetic gentleman's hand, "I've seen that cow with the tin pail on her head, and she was the cutest, funniest thing I ever saw!"

"Mollie wins," replied the sympathetic gentleman, like a good loser.

Down on the Farm

BY EARL H. EMMONS.

The Windmill.

THE windmill is an apparatus consisting of wood, iron pipe and wind, put together in such a way that the hired man is spared the tiresome and humiliating labor of pumping water for the livestock. The device usually is located over a hole containing water, and its purpose is to transfer the water from the hole to a large tank placed on the surface where the cows may get a drink when small boys are not swimming in it.

It is said that the windmill was first discovered during the twelfth century, but there was really no occasion for this delay, as wind was plentiful long before that time.

There are other uses for the windmill besides pumping water, however. In Holland it is used as a sort of national emblem or trade-mark, and no Hollandish scenery is complete without it. It also serves to distinguish this country from its neighbors, and thus helps travelers to keep from getting lost in Europe. At one time a comic opera was concocted with the windmill as the center of the plot, and the piece proved quite successful.

The windmill has been successfully boosted in other ways, also. It has gained much popularity by being displayed on signs advertising milk, butter, cheese, fish and crackers, and it acquired additional notoriety when a tough gentleman named Don Quixote became involved in an argument with it and was licked.

Another great mission the windmill fills is using up the surplus wind around the farm, and as long as the wind is kept busy operating the mill, it has no opportunity to collect in gangs and start cyclones and things. Sometimes, however, the farmer overdoes the thing by putting up too many windmills, and he then finds there is not enough wind to run all of them.

The only drawback about the windmill is that most of the time there is not enough wind to arouse its enthusiasm, and then, if the atmosphere comes on too impetuously, the windmill falls over and kills two prize heifers. If it is not blown over or struck by lightning, the windmill makes a convenient roosting place for the meadow lark, who likes to climb up on it to see what he can see.

In next week's Ledger Mr. Emmons writes of "The Silo." Be sure to read what he says about it.

Not a Windmill.

JULIUS M. PRICE, the well-known artist, in "My Bohemian Days in London," tells a good story of a brother professional who was sent out to the war by one of the illustrated papers.

It was his first experience and he made a mess of it, the sketches he sent home being very poor and at times quite unintelligible.

The editor took him to task on his return and told him that if he could not make a recognizable sketch of anything it would have been better to have indicated in writing what it was intended to represent.

"Take this one, for instance," he continued, picking up one of the artist's sketches. "Since you were apparently in such a hurry that you had not time to draw it more carefully, why not have written above it: 'This is a windmill?' Then our artist here would have known what it was intended for, instead of which he had to guess."

"But it isn't a windmill; it's a man on horseback," replied the artist.

It Didn't Work.

WHEN John McCutcheon was hunting in Africa he was almost as much interested in taking pictures of the game as in killing it. For a few days there was a large herd of buffaloes grazing near his camp, and he was keen to go out with his camera and try his luck.

Mr. McCutcheon had a wonderful idea. If he and another man got inside a buffalo's hide they could go among the herd and easily get dozens of valuable pictures.

The day that they were to try this experiment McCutcheon had killed his first lion and was too tired to go out and play among the buffaloes. So another man was persuaded to take his place, a very tall man. He took the hind part and the other man took the fore. The tall man was a little agitated and when they got near where the buffaloes were grazing his emotions increased.

All went well until they were really among the beasts; then the gentleman in the hind legs forgot himself and kept raising his head. The buffaloes saw one of their brothers with a lively, undulating back. Panic seized them. They fled to the jungle.

Anxious Chickens.

GEORGE KINGSBURY, former manager of the Chicago Opera House and now a frequent visitor on the Rialto of New York, relates a story of the veteran star, Henry E. Dixey.

"Dixey once rusticated on a chicken farm for his health," said Mr. Kingsbury. "When he returned to Broadway, looking rosy and healthy, a friend congratulated him, and then Mr. Dixey announced that he had eaten a fried chicken a day for thirty days.

"'A chicken every day for thirty days—didn't you get tired of them?' cried the friend.

"'They agreed with me splendidly,' said Dixey. 'And the chickens were so anxious to do their share. One morning I walked past the henhouse and they were all cackling, "I wish I was in Dixey."'"

Desperate.

"WHAT'S the matter with you these days, old top? You look all broken up."

"To tell you the truth, I am."

"Confide in me, dear fellow!"

"Well, I am grieving about a girl. I can't marry her."

"What seems to be the difficulty?"

"Parental opposition."

"Oh, darn parental opposition! Go ahead and marry her, anyhow—don't let her parents stand in the way of your life's happiness."

"That's all very well—but darn the luck, she sides in with her parents!"

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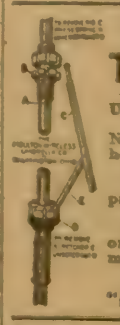
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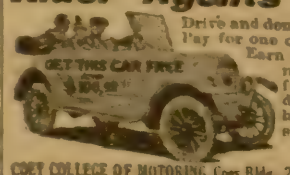

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Wartime Boy Rangers

By Captain Jack Judson

Synopsis.

THE story occurs in the year 1794 and General Anthony Wayne has commissioned Eben Holden and Jack Benson, boy woodsmen, to capture Red Sticks, the Miami, leader of Indians who are on the warpath. They find the Indian camp and, disguised as redskins, penetrate it to find Old Simpson, a white man, a prisoner. As they plan to free him, a tomahawk, thrown by Moonlight, a friendly Indian girl, severs his bonds. The camp is aroused and the three flee for their lives. The two boys, surprised in a hiding place by Red Sticks, capture him, but as they near General Wayne's camp he is freed by his Indians and the boys made prisoners. Moonlight cuts their bonds and they escape when Old Simpson, disguised as a mad Indian, frightens the redskins. Meanwhile Misa, Eben's sister, has been captured by the Indians. The boys lure her guard away and release her. Then they flee, pursued by the Indians.

This story was begun in No. 47, November 24. Subscriptions may begin with that issue or back copies obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

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CHAPTER VII.

TWO BOYS AND A BEAR.

THERE was the barest chance for escape when Mad Anthony's boy rangers found the whole Indian camp, as it seemed, rushing down upon them after their successful rescue of Misa from Red Sticks' hands. Tom Girty had fallen before their rifles, and Jack had brought down a Shawnee chieftain.

The boys determined to fight for their lives, since the stake or even worse waited them if captured. To do less meant destruction.

The savages were almost upon them when the sharp crack of a dozen rifles brought the enemy to a sudden halt. The red hordes fell back. This check encouraged our young heroes, who had reloaded their weapons, and they joined in the repulse. A number of figures in buckskin now made their appearance, and the Indians were held at bay until a good retreat was made.

The rescuers proved to be a lot of Kentuckians who were on their way to join the American army before the great battle, and the leader of the band looked at the three in amazement.

"In the name of Jupiter," he exclaimed, "what are you young chaps doin' here?"

Eben looked into the speaker's face and smiled.

"We have just now rescued my sister from the clutches of the redskins," said he.

"From the whole pesky band?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you deserve a medal."

"Aren't you Captain Buckskin?"

"That's what they call me on the border."

"I thought so," answered Eben. "We have another mission to perform."

"Eh?"

"General Wayne has commissioned us to capture Red Sticks, the Miami!"

"You two boys?"

Captain Buckskin's countenance was a study.

"I must say that you've got a tolerable job on your hands," he grunted.

Eben explained their mission more fully, and the borderer listened attentively.

"So you'll not go to General Wayne with us?" he queried.

"Not now, at least, Captain."

"Then we'll take the girl along, and you boys can stay and risk the stake."

"We're willing to do that."

Ten minutes later Eben and Jack stood alone in the forest, and the sound of footsteps had died away.

"What next?" asked Jack.

"We'll go back to our work," was the reply. "It was a lucky rescue, and Buckskin and his men have my thanks. Now we are going to rest for a spell, for the Indians seem to have had enough for one night. We'll go to the round cave till another night."

"It is not far away, I know——"

"Scarcely two miles," broke in Eben "It will give us shelter and seclusion."

In a little while Eben parted some bushes that overhung the banks of a stream, and they entered a dark place which did not seem to be inhabited. It was a cavern which Eben had discovered in one of his wilderness tramps, and more than once it had afforded him a good and cozy resting-place.

"We'll remain here until another night, and then we'll again pay our attention to Red Sticks," remarked Misa's brother.

They threw themselves upon the floor of the cavern and soon fell asleep. They knew that Misa would be safely conducted to the Americans and be out of reach of the Indians, and she need not give them any more concern.

How long Eben slept he did not know, but all at once he found himself sitting bolt upright listening with all ears. Something had occurred to break his repose. He was certain that he had not dreamed, and while he listened he was confirmed in this.

There was some living object in the cave besides themselves, but the darkness prevented him from making it out. He did not rouse Jack, who was buried in slumber, but with his hunting knife in his hand, he leaned forward and kept every sense on the alert.

Presently he heard the same noise again and a little plainer. It was not a human prowler, but some animal which had invaded their domain.

All at once he felt something soft and cold touch his hand, and he involuntarily drew back.

"It's Old Ephraim!" shot thru his mind, for the great black bear of the border was an enemy to be feared as much as the savages.

He reached out his hand to touch Jack,

The Panther Sprang Into the Air With a Bullet in the Brain.

but his comrade was beyond his reach. He would have to fight the bear alone.

In all his forest expeditions he had never come in contact with Bruin, but he well knew the power of the forest king, and even now did not care to have a tussle with him. But Old Ephraim was insistent, for he was not satisfied with the introduction and seemed determined to enlarge upon the acquaintance. Eben had been forced to the wall of the cavern and could go no farther.

Suddenly he felt the bear near him again. It was a challenge which the youth could not elude; he would have to battle for his own existence. His fingers clutched the hilt of his knife with added determination as he held his breath. A fight in the dark was uncertain. In fact, the odds were against the young scout.

Suddenly the animal emitted a savage growl which enabled Eben to locate him with some certainty, and the next moment, as he grated his teeth, he opened the battle.

He landed against Old Ephraim with a force which sent the wilderness prowler back a few steps, but Eben hung on with the grimness of death.

The thick, shaggy hide seemed almost impervious to the knife, but the brave boy struck again and again, feeling to his joy that the keen steel had gone to the mark. Bruin was now in all his savage fury and his great forearms encircled the youth in a deathlike hug.

Over and over they rolled on the hard floor of the forest cave, Eben doing all in his power to rid himself of his antagonist and the bear exerting all his strength to crush his enemy. The noise awakened Jack.

"Eben?" called out a voice in the darkness.

"Here, Jack," came the reply. "It's a bear, Jack, and I'm in his grip."

Jack was on his feet in an instant.

He had thrown his rifle aside and was grasping his knife with the ardor of a hero.

"Here! Here!" called Eben, but in fainter tones. "Give him the knife and be quick about it!"

Jack was already to the rescue and was plunging the steel into the shaggy figure.

Altho the boys had double-teamed on the brute, Old Ephraim was not yet done for. His wounds seemed to augment his strength, and the three rolled over and over in the dark, fighting for life with the vindictiveness of despair.

"Ho! What's going on here?" suddenly roared a loud voice which sent a thrill thru the two boys. "Kain't a feller sleep without bein' kicked up in this unlawful manner?"

"Help! Help!" cried Jack. "We've been tackled by Old Ephraim, and it's nip and tuck——"

"I should say so from what I've been hearin," was the cool rejoinder.

"Then why don't you come?"

"Well, ain't I here?"

A heavy body landed on top of the combatants, and there was some quick work with a well-directed hunting knife.

"I guess as how Old Eph won't prowl round any more," said the harsh voice, as Jack and Eben, released at last, staggered to their feet and caught their breath.

"Who are you?" the latter asked.

"I'm Obed Simpson, the ghost of the wilderness, and you must be the youngsters who ar' lookin' for Red Sticks."

"You are right, Obed. We have but lately got out of an Indian trap——"

"To get into one set by the ba'r, eh?" and a laugh awoke the echoes of the river cave.

"I guess you've got enough of yer Red Sticks hunt by this time," continued Simpson. "You kain't depend on me all the time. I ain't omnipresent, ye see."

"I know that," answered Eben. "We are under obligations to you, Obed, but we are going to get Red Sticks all the same."

"Young fools!" grunted the old man, and then lapsed into silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNEXPECTED VICTORY.

THE warm beams of an August sun were falling upon the camp of the American army near the banks of the Maumee. General Wayne was almost ready to fall upon the Indians and teach them a lesson they would never forget. He was one of the most famous fighters of the Revolution and a man who had never been defeated. Many of his men were old backwoodsmen who knew the tactics of the enemy, and they could be relied upon to give a good account of themselves.

As the American General was sitting in his tent the doorway was suddenly darkened by an angular figure clad in buckskin and carrying a long rifle.

"I say, General," said the old fellow, in a rough voice. "I guess yer two kids ar' goin' ter make a failure of their mission."

Wayne looked up, but did not speak.

"They're gittin' inter all sorts o' trouble in their hunt for Red Sticks. Twice I've saved their bacon an' they still stick to their purpose."

"Oh, I understand," and the General smiled. "They are likely young fellows, and I have great confidence in them."

"But they've got a slippery rascal to deal with. What with lookin' for Red Sticks an' fightin' bears in a dark cave, I jedge they're up against it pretty strong."

The speaker was Obed Simpson, and it was the morning after the tussle in the cavern with old Ephraim.

Meantime, our two young rangers, back to whom we will now go, were making another try for their human prize. They had no more desire to try conclusions with the shaggy king of the backwoods, for he was too much for them in his savage ferocity; they had rather tackle a dozen redskins than one bear, and hoped that their experience in the cave was to be the last one of that nature.

They hoped to catch Red Sticks off his guard and beyond the camp of the Indian army. That chief seemed to be the leader of the red forces, and if they could net him the power of the savages would be largely broken in the coming battle.

It was with extreme caution that they left the cavern, for another day had come, and as Wayne was anxious to engage his foes, they hoped to accomplish their mission within the next few hours.

Could they have entered the lines of the savage forces they would have witnessed a scene that would have thrilled them.

In the center of the allied camp a number of chiefs were holding an exciting council.

Turkey Foot was there, so was Tecumseh, the great Shawnee. Panther Tail, the Wyandotte, was adding his boisterous voice to the deliberation, while not far off stood Tom Girty, the white renegade, with a bloody bandage about his head, the result of Eben's shot.

"We must know just what the American is going to do," said Tecumseh. "Some brave must go on a scout with his eyes open and bring us the news. Who will go?"

Silence prevailed in the council for a moment, and then the figure of an Indian came forward. It was Red Sticks of the great Miami tribe.

He looked like a forest king in his war trappings. He had not spared his war paint and his eagle headdress gave him a lofty appearance.

"Red Sticks will go!" he cried in thunderous tones. "He will pry into the plans of the man who never sleeps, and when the Indians know them they can fall upon him like the fire from the sky."

"But Red Sticks will have to strip off his plumage," said Turkey Foot.

"Red Sticks will do that now," was the instant reply, and forthwith the eagle feathers fell to the ground and all the insignia of his rank followed it.

A murmur of applause followed this action.

In a few moments Red Sticks stood before his brother chiefs in the garb of a common warrior, but he had not lessened his regal looks. Silently and without another word the Miami stole from the group and vanished in the woods.

Armed with nothing but his tomahawk, the Miami struck out thru the forest, keeping to no defined trail, but with every savage sense on the alert. It did not take him long to cover a goodly distance, for he was agile and eager, and besides he was anxious to meet the boys whose mission he had divined.

He did not halt until he came to a little stream which meandered thru the

wilderness, and, being thirsty, he bent over the limpid water to quench his thirst.

If he had taken the precaution to glance overhead he would have postponed his drink, for upon an overhanging bough crouched a huge yellow-skinned animal, with eyes and teeth agleam with madness. The giant panther of the Maumee woods had observed his prey, and was lashing his tail in expectation of an easy victory.

Lower and lower sank the head of the ferocious brute, and with every nerve a-quiver he regarded his enemy. Suddenly the panther shot downward like a falling bomb and landed fairly upon Red Sticks' back.

The Miami sprang up with a shriek of horror and attempted to loosen the sharp claws which had already been buried in his naked back. There was little chance for the unlucky Red Sticks to divest himself of his determined adversary, but he did not despair. He had the strength of a Hercules and the agility of one born to win in any combat. The panther knew he had tackled no mean foe, and that he must soon put an end to the struggle, or never again hunt his prey under the forest oaks.

Red Sticks at last tore loose the terrible claws and broke the hold of the white fangs, then he drew his hatchet and bravely charged the crouching terror.

The wilderness cat met the assault with a counter charge, and the stroke which the Miami delivered only grazed the animal's skull, stunning him for a moment.

Red Sticks uttered an ejaculation of dismay, for the beast had crouched for the second time, and the next instant was in the air again. Down they went together upon the leaves already reddened with their blood, with the Indian underneath.

The terrific battle on the ground was renewed with redoubled vigor, and Red Sticks found his tomahawk torn from his grasp by a sweep of the huge paws. He was at the mercy of his enemy.

The brute was now fairly upon him again, chewing at his shoulder with all his teeth. At this direful moment in the fortunes of the Miami, the forest resounded with the whiplike crack of a rifle, and the panther sprang into the air with a bullet in the brain. He quivered for an instant on the leaves and then gasped his last.

"That was a good shot!" exclaimed one of two boys who rushed forward with rifles in their hands.

"It was a good target, Jack, and I couldn't well miss it," was the reply.

Red Sticks looked into the faces of his opportune rescuers and growled.

"We've saved one warrior's life," Jack remarked, looking into the gleaming eyes of the savage. 'Now if he were only Red Sticks——"

"Red Sticks it is!" interrupted Eben with a thrill of victorious pleasure. "This is the height of good luck. We won't have to risk our scalps in the Indian camp for our prize."

Jack could hardly believe his companion's words. Had they really captured the man so badly wanted by Mad Anthony? It seemed impossible.

Not a word had fallen from the lips of the Miami. He was still glaring at the young rangers with all the ferocity of his wild nature, for he had recognized his rescuers at first sight.

"The panther had you foul," remarked Eben, looking down into the Indian's eyes. "You are Red Sticks, the Miami."

The chief's teeth came together with a snap.

"We're out for you," the youth continued. "Mad Anthony has need of Red Sticks."

"Curse the Yengee!" was the sharp answer. "He no business with Red Sticks."

"A great deal of business," was the swift response. "We'll take care of you, chief."

In a few minutes the great prize was well secured, and after this the boys looked to his wounds, which, after all, were not so severe, and got him upon his feet.

"You hunt long for Red Sticks," he grunted savagely.

"And you have given us a good deal of trouble. I guess we have the upper hand at last."

For the first time the semblance of a smile gathered at the redskin's lips, but it soon disappeared.

His look seemed to say, "They laugh best who laugh last," and then, with a glance at his wounds, he silently signified his willingness to become General Wayne's prisoner.

CHAPTER IX.

BAFFLED ONCE MORE.

"NOW," said Eben with a grim smile, "we've caught the Miami: what will we do with him?"

"We must get him to Mad Anthony; that's our duty," answered Jack, as he looked at the silent Red Sticks.

"Certainly, but it is no mean job."

This was evident, for the redskin might interpose objections that would upset all their plans. The trail to the American Army was fraught with danger, for the woods were likely to be alive with their foes; but this fear did not daunt the young rangers.

Meanwhile Red Sticks maintained a strict silence which boded no good to the enterprise. Whenever he was addressed by the boys he shut his teeth hard and glared.

"Come!" said Eben, in tones of command. "We must be off," and suiting action to words he essayed to lift the prostrate Indian.

Red Sticks grudgingly got upon his feet at last and looked away. The boys exchanged swift glances.

"He's going to be an elephant on our hands," Jack whispered.

"Not for long," retorted Eben, thru clinched teeth. "I'm not going to be balked by a serpent like this."

The youth deliberately cocked his piece and held the muzzle near their prisoner's head.

"It's obedience or a bullet thru your brain!" he exclaimed. "This is no fooling matter, Mr. Red Sticks. Forward march! We are going straight to General Wayne, who wants to see you and——"

"That's right, Eben; give it to him in plain words," Jack put in.

Seeing that there was but one alternative, the chief gave in and set one foot forward.

The forest was all around them, and for some time their captive proved tractable. He marched with head erect, glancing neither to the right nor to the left, and the two scouts were congratulating themselves that their hunt was almost over, when Red Sticks stubbornly threw himself upon the ground and refused absolutely to move. With the deepest chagrin Eben and Jack looked blankly at each other.

"We can take his scalp, at least," Jack remarked. "I guess that will suit Wayne as well as the kicking Indian."

Red Sticks evidently understood, for he gave a slight start and squirmed. The boys bound his feet securely while they took counsel together.

All at once there was a noise not far away, and a deer was seen bounding in their direction with terror in his eyes. Something had startled the animal. Were Indians near?

Leaving their prisoner on the ground, where he was partially concealed by some bushes, the boys sprang behind trees and waited.

Presently two Indians made their appearance and bounded after the stag. They were not in war dress, but wore only the trappings of forest hunters.

The boys looked at Red Sticks.

"If he signals the redskins," said Eben, "put a bullet into him. We can't afford to go back to Mad Anthony with empty hands."

Fortunately the two Indians passed on, and Red Sticks watched them until they disappeared.

"Once more," Jack said. "It was a lucky escape——"

"But look yonder!" and Eben's eyes grew large as he gazed toward the west.

"We're doomed once more," was the reply, for not far away stood at least twenty painted warriors in a group.

At their head was to be seen a figure which the boys instantly recognized as that of Tom Girty, the renegade.

"They've seen us!" Eben ejaculated. "We will have to surrender and take our chances."

"But Red Sticks?"

"Leave him where he is. He's well bound, and perhaps the enemy will overlook him."

In another moment both Eben and Jack came out into the open and, holding up their hands in token of submission, advanced toward the redskins. A fierce smile illumined Girty's face, and he threw his rifle to his shoulder, but instantly lowered it.

"You've got some sense left," he grinned as the boys came up. "Where is Red Sticks?"

Eben shook his head.

"You haven't killed the chief?"

"No."

"Well, we'll take you back," continued Girty. "They want to see you in the camp."

Jack and his companion exchanged glances as they were led away, leaving Red Sticks bound and gagged in the forest. He might loosen his bonds, but it was doubtful. They had marked the spot where he was, and were sure they would be able to find it should fortune favor them in the near future.

It galled them to think that once more they were prisoners of their implacable foes. The future for them was dark indeed, and their prospects for taking Red Sticks into the American camp seemed very remote.

This time they were not bound, but were placed in the midst of the company and marched off at a good pace. They noticed that the eagle eye of Tom Girty was constantly upon them, and knew that the slightest attempt at escape would seal their fate.

Therefore they obeyed the commands of their captors without question, and after a long tramp were ushered into the Indian camp, with which, as the reader knows, they were not unfamiliar.

The yells of triumph that had pealed from the throats of the red scouts seemed to summon all the occupants of the camp, and the young rangers became the center of attraction.

Tomahawks were brandished on every side, but Girty placed himself between the boys and the weapons and declared that the captives belonged to him.

"We're going to pay off some old scores," said the renegade, addressing the prisoners. "You see this?" and he touched his bandaged head. "I don't overlook little things like this."

There was no reply from Jack, and Eben did not care to further enrage the most merciless man on the border.

After a while the young prisoners of war were conducted to a tree which stood near the great council house, and strong thongs of deer hide secured them to the trunk.

"A nice pickle," said Jack, with a lugubrious countenance. "We are no sooner out of the frying pan till we get into the fire."

"You're right, Eben, and if I mistake not, this fire will be our last. I hope Red Sticks is enjoying his confinement."

Every now and then Indians would come to the tree and regard the captives with looks of savage triumph. Not a single look of mercy was to be seen, and when the spectators went away the boys felt the skies of doom grow darker.

The long August day drew on. At last a young Indian brought them a little roasted venison, which they eagerly devoured, for they were nearly famished.

"Me Wyandotte," said the Indian, while the boys ate.

"Yes," nodded Eben.

"Me Eagle Feather."

The young redskin seemed communicative.

"Do you know Little Wolf?" Eben queried.

"Him dead," was the reply.

"Who killed him?"

The young Wyandotte drew nearer.

"Girty shoot him for being good to white boys."

"That makes me owe Tom Girty one more debt!" exclaimed Eben as he felt his blood leap like fire thru his veins. "I'll even up with that snake one of these days."

"White boys run gantlet tonight," imparted the Wyandotte.

"So that's the program?" cried Jack. "I doubt not this is Girty's revenge."

"The white Indian make it up."

"I thought so. Where do we run?"

"Down where the little river is."

"And the redskins intend to beat us to death as we run between the lines?"

"Indians making big sticks now."

With this the Wyandotte youth withdrew and left our young captives to their thoughts.

It was a gloomy prospect. Very few white prisoners had ever survived the terrible test of the gantlet, and as Jack and Eben thought of what was before them for the first time, they dismissed Red Sticks from their minds.

This story will be brought to an enjoyable conclusion next week and will be followed by another story of boyish adventure, fully as thrilling.

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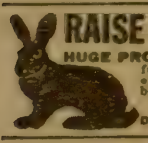

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THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

HOW IT WAS DONE.

"And have you any remarkable people in this village?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes, sir! We have a blacksmith that can tell the time by looking at a horse's foot."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the visitor. "I won't believe that, you know."

"Well, sir, if you won't believe me," returned the native, "come and see for yourself."

So the city man was conducted to the blacksmith's forge and found that worthy busy shoeing a horse.

"I am told," said the visitor, "that you can tell the time of day by looking at a horse's foot. Can you now?"

For reply the blacksmith bent down, lifted one of the hoofs of the horse he was shoeing and said: "Yes, it is now exactly twenty-three minutes to 4."

The visitor took out his watch. "Wonderful!" he cried. "You are quite right. Now I'll give you five shillings if you tell me how it is done."

The blacksmith accepted the five shillings.

"Now, sir," he said, "if you bend down just here you will see the church clock thru that opening in the trees."

TURNING THE TABLES.

A noted artist was recently visited by an interviewer, who fired at him from a question-sheet questions such as these:

"Were your parents artistic? Which of your paintings do you consider your best work? When, where, and why did you paint it? How much did it bring you? Who is your favorite dead master? Favorite living master, What is your income from art? How much——"

But at this point the artist seized the interviewer by the arm and began in his turn:

"Just a moment, please. What is your name, age and salary? Is journalism with you a life work or merely a means to a higher literary end? How do you like your editor? State his faults and salary. What was the best interview you ever wrote? Give a brief summary of same. Have you ever been fired? How does it feel? Where——"

But here the interviewer, jerking his arm from the painter's grasp, fled from the studio, and the artist cheerfully resumed his work.

HIS BESETTING SIN.

Old John Bates, an Edinburgh upholsterer, was renowned for his silence. People who had been his customers for a generation had, many of them, never heard a word from him, except "Good morning. Five shillings. Thank you. Good day."

A patron one day said to John:

"What's the best kind of mattress?"

"Hair," was the reply.

The patron, some twenty years later, had occasion to buy another mattress, and again asked what the best kind was.

"Cotton," said John.

"Cotton!" the patron cried. "Why, you told me twenty years ago that hair was the best."

The old man gave a quaint sigh.

"Talking has always been my ruin," he said.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

A trawler one evening came into a port where lay at anchor a destroyer flotilla. She dropped her "hook" foul of the first and second ships, and the efforts of the officer of the watch on the leading ship to move her were fruitless.

On the matter being reported to the commodore, he went aft and hailed the intruder.

"Hullo, there. You're foul of my billet, and you must clear out and anchor elsewhere. I'm in command of this flotilla—who are you?"

Back came the answer, appalling in its audacity and disregard of service convention:

"Ah'm the Star o' Bethlehem—and Ah've set for th' night."

LITERAL.

The stout party had been in the boot shop over an hour, and the patient shop assistant had had half of the stock down for her inspection. She found a fault with them all until his patience became quite exhausted.

"These would suit you," he said, taking another pair down as a last resource. Still the lady was not satisfied.

"I don't like this sort," she said. "They have a tendency to get wider when they are a bit old."

"Well, madam," retorted the exasperated assistant, politely, "didn't you?"

QUIETEST MAN IN CONGRESS.

Representative William B. McKinley of Illinois is one of the quietest men, if not the quietest, in Congress. He believes in action, not talk.

When McKinley first came to Washington, however, he did have a talk in his bosom which he wanted to get rid of. So one day he arose in the House and clamored for recognition. As he is somewhat under five feet high it was difficult for the Speaker to see him.

Finally the latter fixed his eye on the Illinoisan and shouted out: "If the gentleman from Illinois would only stand up it would be easier for the chair to recognize him."

"I am standing up," retorted McKinley.

He never tried it again.

THAT TROUBLESOME H.

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go downstairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of Cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly, "I ate it cold."

COLD CONGREGATIONS.

Billy Sunday told a story at a Brooklyn luncheon about an apathetic Missourian congregation.

"This bunch's preacher," he said, "has wrastled among 'em, for thirty-seven years, and never an encouraging word but one he got in all that time.

"He told me about it with tears in his eyes. He said he was on the way home to dinner when a deacon hailed him. The deacon shook him by the hand and then actually said:

"'Ah, parson, that was a beautiful text you preached from Sunday evenin'.'"

HIS ALLEGIANCE.

Two huge colored men lived in a precinct at Evansville during a campaign in which a certain politician ran for mayor.

"Who is you fo', anyhow?" asked one of them one morning when he met the other. "How's you goin' to vote in de 'lection?"

"Why, I'se fo' Smith; that's who I'se fo'—and you already knowed it. Why you ax me dat?"

"Yes, you's fo' Smith. I know who you's fo', all right. You fo' Sale; dat's who you's fo'."

TART WITNESS.

Doctor Oliver Hobson was defending certain appropriations.

"Don't call these appropriations pork barrel appropriations," he exclaimed. "Tho Pocatella numbers only 517 souls, she can appreciate a $90,000 postoffice as well as any bloated metropolis could.

"Cut appropriations of this kind, gentlemen, and you wound your electors as cruelly as the drummer was wounded at the Pocatella House.

"This drummer, being very fond of corn on the cob, ate ear after ear. Finally the pretty waitress, after she'd brought him his fourteenth or fifteenth ear, said, tartly:

"Don't you think you would save half a dollar or so a day if you boarded at a livery stable?"

A DANIELS STORY.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels said at a recent reception:

"Some of the ideas submitted to us for fighting the submarine peril are excellent. Some, again, remind me irresistibly of the pigeon fancier.

"There's a pigeon fancier in my native town who has great success with the birds. A farmer said, enviously, to him one day:

"'You never lose a pigeon! How is it? Where's your secret?'

"'Well, you see,' said the fancier, 'I cross my pigeons with a talking parrot, so that if they get lost they can ask the way home!'"

WHAT CHOATE COULDN'T CALL HIM.

When Joseph H. Choate was Ambassador to the Court of St. James he was standing near the door as some of the guests at a reception were leaving. An Englishman, mistaking him for one of the footmen, said:

"Call me carriage."

Mr. Choate turned to him and said:

"How do you do, Carriage?"

"Why do you call me that?" demanded the astonished Englishman.

"Well," responded Mr. Choate, dryly, "I couldn't very well call you Hansom."

USELESS ARGUMENT.

Girlie was fond of playing with her dolls, and always called herself "little mother." One day when her mother wished to put her in her little crib for her nap, Girlie objected, saying she wanted to be in bed. When her mother refused, Girlie started crying.

"Oh," said her mother. "Girlie mustn't cry like that. Don't you know little mothers don't cry?"

"Dey don't lie in cribs, eizer!" was Girlie's quick reply.

WOMEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD

The work of women on the battlefield or in the hospitals, nursing, cheering and comforting the wounded or dying, is a very small part of what women do to promote a country's fighting capacity.

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And the straight and narrow path is also slippery.

Crooked ways often lead to straitened circumstances.

Consider the clock, how it gets there, hand over hand.

He's a poor detective who is afraid of his own shadow.

After lending an ear the charitable man lends a hand.

Be sure of your ground before you start to build upon it.

When the truth is in your way you are on the wrong road.

Usually a truly good woman has a sad look that is discouraging.

Our idea of a loafer is a man who rests before he gets tired.

Many a so-called self-made man is the handiwork of his wife.

He is indeed a busy man who can never find time to find fault.

Many a man who is sure he is right lacks the energy to go ahead.

One way to acquire popularity is to keep your troubles to yourself.

Many a rich man is unable to offer anything better than a poor excuse.

Mind your own business and let other people mismanage theirs if they like.

One opportunity is enough for the man who knows how to take advantage of it.

Too often the wife's yearning capacity is larger than the husband's earning capacity.

Time gets away from an old man almost as quickly as money does from a young one.

After a man gets to be about so old most of the romance has oozed out of his system.

Instead of trying to mend their ways, some men could save time by hustling for some new ones.

Some men are so smart in a business way that people do not care to do business with them a second time.

Opportunity waits for no man, therefore if you have an appointment with it don't fail to be Johnny on the spot.

A physician says that worry makes people thin, but it doesn't seem to affect fat women who worry over their fat.

In after years a spinster may have cause to congratulate herself on the number of times she didn't get married.

WHAT THE WAR WORK COUNCIL IS

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

FROM all parts of the country and from all denominations are drawn the members of the War Work Council of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association. By a great national emergency they are called, to undertake a great national work. Their work is nothing less than the safeguarding of all women affected by the war.

So tremendous is this task that some of the Council question whether the $4,000,000 which is being raised will cover expenses to next June. If it does not, the amount will be increased.

The names of the women on the War Work Council are in themselves a guarantee of its importance. Each woman is known in her community as a serious, earnest worker for good. The chairman of the executive committee is Mrs. James Stewart Cushman of New York. Mrs. Henry P. Davison of New York is the treasurer. Mrs. John R. Mott, whose husband is general secretary of the International Young Men's Christian Association, is one of the vice chairmen. Mrs. William Adams Brown is chairman of the committee on Cooperation and Publicity. She is the wife of Dr. William Adams Brown of the chair of Systematic Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York.

The work of the War Work Council has Government sanction. Among the Council members are some whose husbands hold honorable positions in Government service. Mrs. Leonard Wood, Mrs. Robert Lansing, wife of the Secretary of State, and Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, are doing their bit in the Council. Mrs. C. C. Bullock of Chicago, Mrs. Harold Ickes of Hubbard Woods, Ill., Miss M. A. Taylor of Cincinnati, Mrs. Chester Thorne of Tacoma, Mrs. James A. Baker of Houston, Texas, Mrs. C. M. Goethe of Sacramento, Cal., are a few of the many whom the central and western part of the country gives to this service.

The budget of $4,000,000 is divided among women in America, France, Russia and England. In our own country, $900,000 is appropriated to the building of hostess houses in the camps and cantonments. These houses are for the use of the wives, mothers, sisters and friends who come to see their soldiers in the cantonment. A mother has been known to travel miles to reach a camp and then face the appalling problem of finding her son among fifty thousand sons. Where there is a hostess house, a woman goes directly there and her soldier is summoned to meet her. The houses have large reception-rooms, rest-rooms and cafeterias.

Seven training camps have hostess houses in use. Twenty-five other camps will have them as soon as the carpenters can finish. Commandants of other cantonments have sent requests to the War Work Council. No house is built unless the Commandant asks for it.

Camp Lewis at American Lake, Tacoma, Washington, is one of the fortunate seven. Way across the continent, Camp Upton at Yaphank, Long Island, New York, has three houses. One is open, a second is opening and a third is in a barracks. The Commandant could not wait for the third to be built, so he lent the barracks. The Plattsburg, New York, house, which was the first to be built, is still going strong. Fort Niagara at Youngstown, New York, calls its building a tea house. Kansas, with its group of Fort Riley, Camp Funston, and Army City have at present two hostess houses. The Ambulance Corps at Allentown, Pennsylvania, has not been forgotten.

The cafeterias are important adjuncts to the hostess houses. Miss Marion Hopkins is delegated by the War Work Council to go from camp to camp organizing this department. Visitors at the camps are thus fed and the soldiers themselves come in crowds. Army cooking is just like the food one gets at home. The cafeteria dishes—well, one lingering soldier expressed the general feeling when he said, "I'm eating slowly so it will last longer."

In the camps where the houses are being built, tents are used temporarily. Sometimes the Young Men's Christian Association lends a part of its quarters. The need is urgent. The $900,000 may prove too small a sum.

Girls called to work for the Government in the cantonment as stenographers, operators on uniforms, or in unskilled labor, need the War Work Council's attention. Often the Government provides the work, but forgets to find a living place. Again, those hasty cities springing up around munition factories frequently have no place at all for the women workers. The War Work Council has appropriated $500,000 for emergency housing. For assisting women who cannot speak English, whose men folks have been called to the colors, a special sum of $100,000 has been set aside. Information Bureaus are established where they can learn about everything from separation allowances to news from the front. Interpreters are sent to the hostess houses to help them when they visit the camps. Every attempt is being made to put the non-English speaking American women on an even footing with other American women. Mrs. Harry M. Bremer is in charge of the American-Foreign Languages Service Bureau.

Colored women need the War Work Council's help perhaps more than any other women. Two hundred thousand dollars is devoted to their needs.

France, Russia and England have sent to the War Work Council calls for assistance. In Petrograd two cafeteria specialists are already assisting the Russian women to establish eating places. Miss Clarissa H. Spencer of Rock Island, Ill., is a graduate of Wellesley and Goucher. Her associate, Miss Elizabeth Boies of Hudson, Mich., is a Smith College graduate and a graduate of the University of Chicago. Miss Boies writes of the uncertainties the two encounter thus:

"No one ever started an association in more difficult times than this year in this country. Life here is as unstable as quicksand. But old and new regimes alike agree that the association never was more needed."

Five additional food experts are on the way to Russia and others are being summoned.

In France the task is twofold—to assist in opening cafeterias for working women and to establish for the overworked nurses rest places where they may spend their off hours and an occasional week-end. Four women are already on duty there, ten are en route, and others are to follow. The four who have arrived are Miss Mary A. Dingham of Pomona, N. Y., Miss Henrietta Roelofs of Grand Rapids, Mich., Miss Katy Boyd George of Mississippi and Miss Ethel Comstock of Chicago.

The entire budget of $4,000,000 is being spent on women. The War Work Council remembers what most of the world forgets—that women have none of the glory of war, but they do have the suffering. The whole social order is arranged somewhat clumsily to protect women. When the social order is torn apart, the women who have not been allowed to fend for themselves are exposed to dangers of every sort. Thousands of women in the last six months have been thrown suddenly into strange disordered environments. Some one must look after their interests. The War Work Council remembers the women whom the world forgets.

HOLDS WAR POST.

Mrs. Chalmers Watson.

Mrs. Watson, a physician, is the highest ranking woman officer in the British army. She has just been appointed chief controller of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, which gives her command over the thousands of women working behind the fighting lines in France. The new controller of the women's corps is a sister of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir A. C. Geddes, chief recruiter. She is the third member of her family to hold an important war post in England. Mrs. Chalmers Watson was the first woman physician graduated from Edinburgh University.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

Brave boys are they!
Gone at our country's call;
They've left home and loved ones,
To win victory or to fall.

God bless the dear old mothers,
Whose sons have answered the call;
Help them to bear their sorrows,
If their loved ones should fall.

—Harriet McKellar.

FLANDERS FLOWERS.

Some day the fields of Flanders shall bloom in peace again,
Field lilies and the clover spread where once was crimson stain,
And a new, cheerful golden spray shine thru the sun and rain.

The clover's for the English who sleep beneath that sod,
The lily's for the noble French whose spirits rest with God,
But where our sacred dead shall sleep must bloom the golden-rod.

For every flower of summer those meadows will have room,
And yet I think no Flemish hand will touch the Kaiserbloom,
Whose growing blue must evermore whisper of grief and doom.

But clover for the English shall blossom from the sod,
And glorious lilies for the French whose spirits rest with God,
And where our own lads lie asleep the prairie golden-rod.

Once more the Flemish children shall laugh thru Flemish lanes,
And gather happy garlands thru fields of bygone pains,
And, as they run and cull their flowers, sing in their simple strains:

"These clovers are for English who fought to save this sod,
These lilies for the valiant French—may their souls rest in God!
And for the brave Americans we pluck this golden-rod."

—Anchusa in Chicago Tribune.

ON EQUAL FOOTING.

War conditions are in part responsible today for the admittance of women to the study of medicine on an equal footing with men in the Harvard Medical School and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia.

Because Harvard confers no degrees on women, it was announced that the degrees would be conferred by Radcliffe College on graduates of the medical school.

A donation of $50,000 by George W. Breckenridge of San Antonio, Texas, makes possible the construction of buildings for the accommodation of women students at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia. The new building will be seventy-five feet by forty-five feet and six stories high.

It will contain a laboratory of pathology, experimental surgery, neurology, pharmacology and chemistry and a reading and locker room for the women students.

In making the announcement, Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, dean of the medical faculty, gave much credit for the change to Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, dean of Barnard College.

"This step has been taken," he said, "after long consideration, and has been hastened by a great change in woman's position in Europe since the outbreak of the great war. The widespread and most successful employment of women in trades which previously have been considered as belonging exclusively to men has caused the change in the attitude toward what has previously been considered women's work.

"For many years past a large number of women have worked in the laboratories of the Department of Health of New York and have done admirably. The laboratories in the hospitals, also, frequently employ women, and with the repeated disappearance of men owing to draft and enlistments in the medical reserve corps, many places will be vacant which can only be filled by women.

"Even now, it is thought to be very doubtful if women in any great number will be willing to stand the physical strain of operative surgery or willing to face the hardships and the difficulties of private practice. There is no question that they will come more and more to have a place peculiarly their own, especially in the laboratories of the medical sciences. Such work is eminently fitted for women. It is regular and requires a high degree of mental and intellectual dexterity, and temperamentally women are fitted for such work."

In discussing the admittance of women to the Harvard Medical School Dr. E. H. Bradford, dean of the school, said:

"Harvard has opened her medical school to women as a war measure. But medical education for women has come to stay. There is undoubtedly a place for women in the profession.

"The war is calling thousands of our medical men to service, students ready to enter medical schools have been drafted. Something must be done to make up the shortage and we look to our women to solve the problem."

It was announced that women students wishing to enter the Harvard Medical School would have to present commendations from the medical faculty.

SAD PROSPECT.

"Do you think women ought to take an active part in politics?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I'm afraid that a girl who sacrifices her life to politics is going to have something like the customary experience of a girl who marries a man to reform him."

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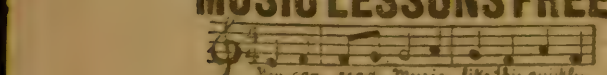

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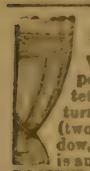

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HOME AND HEALTH

FASHION NOTES.

A new plaid silk shirtwaist is made much like a man's shirt, with mannish sleeves, stock collar and very little fullness.

Shoes in contrasting colors are still good this season; many styles show military influence in broadened toe and straight heel.

All blouse collars, whether they are of the low or high stock variety, fit close up at the back of the neck in a very becoming line.

Satin is the favored material for separate skirts. A large number of shirred and pleated tunics are seen. The lines are straight and rather long.

The square decolletage is featured on many of the new evening frocks, and in many afternoon gowns the deep V line is filled in with a little square tucker of muslin or white satin.

A satin collar which buttons to the chin, is a large circle and fits inside of the dress or blouse, and offsets the poor line which the jabot gave when the coat slipped a little and exposed the strip of flesh between the line of jabot and the edge of the dress or blouse. This is made in white satin, white poplin, with the buttons of black velvet, and has been named the stock cape collar.

A coat that is proving popular is the military trench coat. The new back is especially good-looking, as it is box-pleated, with the two folds forming the center back, instead of the folds being at each shoulder. These military coats are of army cloth. Empire style, deep belted models, and great patch pockets are little things which appeal to the woman who wants comfort in a utility and motor coat.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Half a lemon placed in the water in which dish towels and kitchen cloths are soaked is said to sweeten them.

To keep nuts fresh thruout the year they should be packed in casks between layers of fine sand.

To remove white spots on furniture caused by steam, heat or dampness rub with camphor thoroly. This will not injure the most highly polished and costly furniture.

Keep ten-cent blackboard eraser in kitchen, and use it to polish the stove after cooking each meal. This does not soil the hand, and keeps the stove wonderfully clean and free from grease spots. Use another eraser to rub in the wax on hall and dining-room floors.

A kitchen table covered with zinc is a great labor saver. It is easily cleaned and saucepans may be stood and vegetables, etc., cut up upon it without injuring it. The zinc costs little, will last practically a lifetime and can easily be nailed on the table by any home carpenter.

Finger marks on doors are easily removed with a flannel dipped in paraffin and afterward wiped with a cloth wrung out in hot water. In this way the smell of the oil is removed. This plan is better than soap and water, for it does not injure the paint, and it is equally useful for cleaning varnished wood.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A good way to finish off curtains at the bottom, instead of using a hem, is to scallop them in large scallops. This is quite effective in cretonne, where just the raw edge is sufficient.

A useful contrivance for holding newspapers, books or sewing is made by sewing pockets of a suitable size to plain two or three section screen about three feet high—procurable at any furniture or department store for a mere nothing. When not in use this screen can be folded together and stowed away in a very small size; but, if prettily covered in chintz, it can be appropriately used in almost any room of the house.

Lay smoothly upon the thin place in a blanket a piece of used merino underwear and pin amply and securely. Then begin at the lowest edge and stitch with the sewing machine, row after row successively, a quarter of an inch apart, until the extent of the patch is reached, withdrawing the pins as you proceed. This is quickly done, and is a most satisfactory method. Do not work around and around, as the goods will bulge in the middle, and half the design of the patch, that of neatness, will be a failure. Should the selvedge be frayed, turn the merino over it, including it, and stitch as directed. It is not necessary to break the machine thread for each row. Stitch the way of the stripes.

A particularly lovely pillow slip for everyday use is made in envelope style. The triangular flap hangs down below the center of the slip, and an inset of filet crochet initialing decorates the point. The flap should have a wide hemstitched hem and the ends of the case should be hemstitched in the same way. Across the ends and around the hem of the flap an edging of filet crochet lace should be applied perfectly straight and flat. This edging should not be more than two inches wide. Of course, a pair of pillow slips of this kind could not be quickly made, but then they are intended for best daytime wear, and will well repay in loveliness for the time evolved in crocheting the lace and insets, which, after all, can be accomplished in odd moments by the woman who crochets.

HEALTH NOTES.

The recovery of a patient very often depends upon the food taken, and the power of taking food depends greatly upon the way in which it is cooked and served. More food is required during convalescence from serious diseases than in a state of health, as the body has to increase in weight. Everything served should be as tempting as is possible to make it. The entire system being weak, food should be prepared in a manner most easily digested. Liquid foods give the least trouble.

Soft corns occur on the bottoms of the feet and in between the toes and are most painful. The first thing to do for corns is to relieve them of all pressure. A perforated corn plaster may be used or a disc of white felt or chamois with a hole in the center. The feet are soaked in hot water and the corn picked out, but no instrument should be used which has not been sterilized; that is, by dipping it in boiling hot water. A good lotion for corns is composed of salicylic acid and collodion. Soft corns should be protected by a bit of linen placed between the toes. Sprinkle the linen with powdered tannin. Painful corns on the bottoms of the feet are treated by putting several layers of adhesive plaster to act as a kind of cushion over the corn. This keeps the corn protected from friction and it will in time disappear.

RECIPES.

CREAMED BACON—Brown bacon until crisp and fry it slowly. Place it on a platter and drain off the grease all but enough to saturate smoothly a good teaspoonful of flour. Slowly add two or two and one-half cups of milk and stir until rather thick, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the bacon. Serve with boiled mashed potatoes.

GREEN MAYONNAISE—Beat up the whites of two eggs and the yolk of one egg; add one level teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and two tablespoonsful of butter or olive oil. Cook over hot water in a double boiler or a bowl, stirring constantly until smooth. Do not cook any longer than necessary, or it will curdle. Strain thru a fine sieve and before adding to the salad whip in half a cupful of whipped cream. Add either strong spinach juice or a few drops of vegetable coloring until you have the desired shade of green.

OYSTER BISQUE—Wash and chop one quart of oysters and heat the liquor. Strain this over the oysters and add one cupful of stock and water. Season with a slice of onion, parsley, celery and mace, and cook slowly for half an hour. Soften one cupful breadcrumbs in one cupful of hot milk, add to oyster mixture and rub thru a sieve. Thicken a pint of rich milk or cream with two tablespoonsful each of butter and flour, blend the two mixtures and season well with salt and pepper and serve.

THE GAS STOVE.

The flames should never shoot up around the outside of a vessel, but should be turned down to the proper height where they will burn consistently blue. This uses less gas and does not blacken the kettle.

When a burner makes a roaring sound (flashes back) and when ignited burns a yellow flame, it should be turned off at once and relighted.

The range burners should never be left burning when they are not in use. The habit of leaving the gas on while the potatoes are drained at the sink will add quite a bit to one's gas bill total for the year.

A gas range should be kept clean and free from matches, dirt or rubbish. Dirt will clog up the orifice thru which the gas is supplied.

The oven door should be opened before lighting the oven burners.

A habit of never turning the gas on until a match is ready in the hand is good to form. Then if the match flickers out the gas ought to be turned off while one gets another match.

A BUSY LADY.

Little Esther went to visit her Aunt Harriet for the first time. When she returned she remarked that her aunt was always busy.

"What does she do, dear," queried the mother, "to keep her so very busy?"

"Why," said the little girl, "she spends all day long hiding her silver in fifty different places so the burglars that she is sure are coming can't find it."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the mother.

"And," continued Esther, "she spends all night hunting for it and gathering it into one pile in case of fire."

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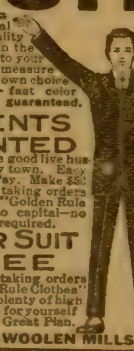

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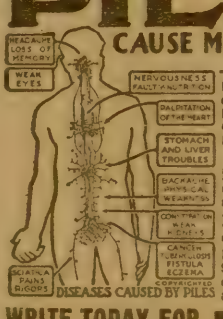

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Think what it would mean to no longer suffer with these intolerable, roaring noises—the whistling—the escaping steam—the hum of insects—the buzzing—all the weary catalogue of sounds, which at times make you feel that they must stop, or you will go insane. Perhaps, too, your hearing is beginning to fail, but whether it has or not, you know in your heart of hearts that it will go and the voice of science warns you in unmistakable terms. *If you have Head Noises, sooner or later, you will be deaf.*

Here is your opportunity. Send for one of my Free Treatments and see my method which has cured hundreds in just your condition. Just drop me a note or a post card giving your full name and address. You will never regret it.

This offer and talk is for YOU. Perhaps you have tried other things and become discouraged. Perhaps you have been told there is no help. Perhaps you are carelessly neglecting your case from day to day thinking it will get well of itself.

Make just this small effort. Send for one of my Free treatments. It won't cost you a penny. See this successful new treatment and the method which has cured many, many people with Head Noises just like yours.

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MAKING UP HER MIND.

"WHEN are you going to put that young Howard Bingle out of his misery?" the bachelor uncle inquired casually.

His pretty niece gave an excellent imitation of a young woman highly puzzled. "Why, whatever are you talking about!" she exclaimed.

"H'm!" said the bachelor uncle. "The high price of yams in the Saskatchewan islands, of course! But I'd just as soon talk about young Bingle, if you want me to! I——"

"If I want you to!" she echoed indignantly. "I'd like to know why you should think I am dying to talk about Howard Bingle! Why, the very idea!"

"I know," admitted the bachelor uncle nodding. "I am quite wonderful, in that respect—penetrating people's disguises and reading their minds, so to say! I know you were devoting a great deal of time to the subject.

"I tell you, he's getting on my nerves, going around looking so haggard and piteous and woebegone as he does! What's the idea of stringing him along and making the poor chap think he's going to get thrown down in the end? I'll admit that sort of treatment might be good for a rambunctious, conceited fellow who needs preliminary training before he is privileged to become engaged, but for the life of me I can't see the object in Howard's case!"

"I don't see that Howard is having such an awful time!" protested the pretty girl. He's here nearly every evening and he wouldn't come if he didn't enjoy himself, would he?"

"Enjoy himself!" shouted the bachelor uncle. "Great guns! If ever there was a picture of misery it was Howard last evening when you allowed him to sit in a corner talking war with your parents while you posed on the piano bench with Smithson and took lessons on the ukulele! Don't you know that one of the most maddening sights to a young man is seeing another fellow give his girl a ukulele lesson? Was it necessary for you to be so terribly stupid that Smithson had to place separately each of your fingers six or seven times on the strings? Do you suppose Howard was exactly wrapped up in the discussion of the left wing and the right front?

"He could have gone home if he'd wanted to, but you've heard of the lure of the siren, haven't you? He couldn't budge from that chair! And if he had budged you knew perfectly well you'd immediately have abandoned Smithson and made a few hypnotic passes over your struggling victim and halted him in his brave course to the front door! He hadn't a chance, not a chance! Honest, you ought to give a chap a sporting show, you know! It's unfair to him when he's down!"

"Pooh!" said the pretty girl. "I guess he doesn't suffer much!"

"That's all you know about it!" the bachelor uncle said earnestly. "Just because Howard doesn't hurl himself upon your front doorstep and beat his head against the stone and yell and draw the populace, you pretend to think no emotion is surging thru his chest! I suppose if he'd throw a fit of hysterics you'd be satisfied! You don't give him any credit for restraining his mad impulse to choke Smithson and to beat you into a state of common sense and repentance!"

"Mercy! You don't suppose he'd be as fierce as that, do you?" inquired the pretty girl with much interest.

"Huh!" said the bachelor uncle disgustedly. "I'll bet he'd like to be! And if he was really clever he'd do it! When a man gets savage and beats up a woman she always loves him madly ever after! I believe that is all you are waiting for and I shall make a point of dropping a hint in Howard's ear tonight! That boy needs help in this affair. He is too kind, too gentle! He should abandon you and start going to see Addie Primrose or Kathryn Rumsey! I'll bet that neither one of those young women would treat him so——"

"Now you needn't go suggesting any such thing as that!" cried the pretty girl, firmly. "That Addie Primrose has been simply crazy about Howard for ages."

"Hah!" commented the bachelor uncle. "Green-eyed monster! It would just serve you right, the way you've been acting!" he continued. "If you're going to take him, why don't you do it and let him breathe easy and smile again—and if you are going to work the always-be-a-sister stuff, for goodness' sake get it over and let him start on the long road to recovery! It wouldn't be so long if Addie got her chance, either, let me tell you!"

"Do you think Howard like her, really?" the pretty girl inquired anxiously.

The bachelor uncle looked wise. "We men must stand together!" he said cryptically. "I refuse to answer!"

"Well,' she admitted after a minute, "maybe I have been kind of mean to him! I don't trust that Addie Primrose at all! I guess I'll phone Howard to come over to dinner tonight!"

"Now you're showing some sense!" applauded the bachelor uncle. "If you look real sharp, I guess you can rescue Howard from Addie, all right!"

The Perfect Blockade.

CARL W. JUNCH, a millionaire dyer, said in Cincinnati:

"Now we've cut off the neutrals Germany is bound to fare as sparsely as the Schmidt family.

"Mrs. Schmidt, you know, took her large family of children to the city one day, and when lunch time came she led them into a restaurant."

"'Waiter,' she said, 'one sirloin steak and seven plates.'

"The waiter gave a start. Then he bent over Mrs. Schmidt and whispered, respectfully:

"'Beg pardon, madam, but if you and your family was to take that there table by the kitchen door and sniff hard, I think you'd get more of a meal.'"

Superstitious.

THERE was about her a poise that comes only from litigation. She was not born yesterday, obviously.

"George," she faltered, and her rich, mellow voice awakened a responsive thrill in the heart which was pumping blood into the arm about her waist, "I'm afraid to marry you."

He was only human, and he was deeply stirred.

"Why, my darling?" he demanded, in agonized tones.

She shaded her magnificent eyes with her curved lashes, as she had been taught to do years previously at a boarding school.

"Because, George," she murmured, "you are my thirteenth—and I am so superstitious!"

Couldn't Escape.

WITH pathetic tears on her baby cheeks, little Ethel ran up to the big, stalwart policeman.

"P-p-please, sir," she sobbed, "will you come and lock a bad man up?"

"What's he been doing?" asked the man in blue, gently.

"Ooo—boo—boo," wailed Ethel, "he's b-b-roken up my hoop wif 'is nasty bicycle!"

"Has he?" replied the officer, angrily, as he saw her tears flow afresh. "Where is he?"

"Oh, you'll easily catch 'im,' said Ethel, drying her tears. "They've just carried 'im into that drug store on a shutter!"

Most Agreeable.

PRESIDENT GEORGE C. WOODRUFF of the Baldhead Club of America said at the recent annual turkey dinner in Hartford:

"The members of this club don't buy hair growers. There are lots of millionaire hair grower manufacturers, but we don't patronize them.

"The baldhead who keeps on hoping for a new hair seems to us as irrational as the Irishman who will never say no.

"Some Irish, you know, will never disagree with you—never say no. A tourist couldn't believe this. He resolved to put it to the test. So he said to an Irishman one day when it was raining cats and dogs:

"'It's a fine day, Pat.'

"'Sure an' it is, yer honor,' said Pat, 'an' it would be finer still if it wasn't rainin'.'"

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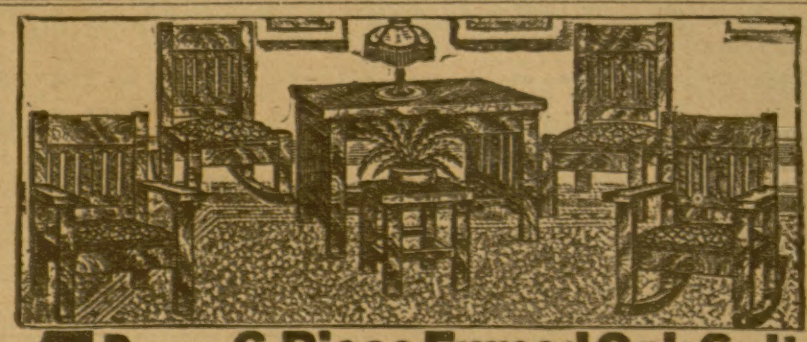

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IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG, QUICK profits, investigate this. Oil company with holdings in center of biggest producing area in entire Coastal Oil Belt offers investors rare opportunity to secure interest on real ground floor basis. Company now drilling on property entirely surrounded by monster gusher wells that came in with initial capacity up to 35,000 barrels a day. Property already producing thousands of barrels a month. Wonderful opportunity for large or small investors; but quick action is positively necessary as present offer is limited. Send for literature; no obligation. Union Trust Company, 530 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

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PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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DO YOU SNORE? I CAN STOP IT WITHout drugs or devices. Schade, 944 N. Lavergne, Chicago.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

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NEW 40-LB. FEATHER BEDS, $8.95. A pair 6-lb. pillows to match, $1.30. New, live, clean, sanitary feathers. Best ticking. Sold on money back guarantee. Write for free catalog. Agents wanted. American Feather & Pillow Co., Desk 106, Nashville, Tenn.

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HIGH GRADE ASSORTED POST CARDS 35C 100 prepaid. Townes Novelty Company, Richmond, Va.

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SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

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A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList, brings you his Serial No. 1 on varicose and stricture. Every man needs it. Postage 4c. Write today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

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MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Purdie, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

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GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published free for stamp. Ladies send description, age. Distributor, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

YOUNG MAIDEN, HEALTHY, HANDSOME but lonesome. Worth over $100,000. Will marry honorable gentleman. Address "R. C.," Box 4, San Diego, California.

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MARRY; HUNDREDS WORTH $1,000 TO $100,000, will marry. Write Mrs. Watson, 606 W. 135th, New York City.

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HANDSOME WIDOW, 36, WORTH $95,000, lonely, will marry. B. Mission Unity, San Francisco, Cal.

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GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

A Caddy Story.

THE gentleman was learning to play golf and it had been too much for the composure of his caddy. The caddy had made valiant efforts at first, but by the third hole he was helpless with mirth. The gentleman fixed him with a cold eye and said:

"What do you think I'll give you on your card if you are so silly and giggle all the time? Do you think you'll get a 'good?'"

"No," replied the chortling caddy, "I'll get a 'V. G.'"

"V. G.! I suppose that stands for very good," snapped the infuriated gentleman.

"No, sir. V. G., very giggly," said the abandoned little caddy, rolling on the ground.

NEWS

Good news an' bad news, a-flyin' th'oo de air,
Fightin' 'mongst deirselves, dem newses travels everywhere,
Swimmin' under water an'-a-rollin' 'crost de ground.
Good news an' bad is bustlin' all around.

Bad news is noisy an' it scares you wif a shout.
Good news is cautious as it hovers round about.
Bad news at de finish will be surely put to flight;
Good news gits its bearings an' is certain foh to light.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

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A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM EARNS more money with less work. Raise the crops you know about—alfalfa, wheat, barley, etc.—also oranges, grapes, olives and figs. Ideal for dairying, pigs and chickens. No cold weather; rich soil; low prices; easy terms; good roads; schools and churches. Enjoy life here. Newcomers welcome. Write for our San Joaquin Valley also Dairying and Poultry Raising Illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1931 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

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DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 5, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

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LANDOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' subscription, Free. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter and say, "Mail me Landology and all particulars Free." Address Editor Landology, Skidmore Land Co., 26 Skidmore Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

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MISSOURI FARM LANDS

SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $10 CASH AND $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, C-107 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 1039 Wilson Ave., Suite 106, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS' "MANUAL AND GUIDE" free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

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WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 72, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

CASH PAID FOR OLD MONEY OF ALL kinds; $5.00 for certain eagle cents; $7.00 for certain 1852 quarters, etc. Send 4c. Get large Illustrated Coin Circular. May mean your large profit. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

PHOTOPLAYS IDEAS WANTED

$25-$300 PAID ANYONE FOR IDEAS, SUG- gestions suitable for photoplays. Complete outline free. Producers League, 512, St. Louis.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for stamp. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Soldiers' Letters.

"HAVE any of you written the boys at the front yet?" demanded the landlady for the eleventh time. "The Budd boarding-house has sent five men to fight for freedom and not a single one of you has written a letter to any of them, I'll bet a dollar! The boys are complaining about it. I declare, it is a shame!"

"They haven't written to us, either," retorted the argumentative boarder.

"They have! I had a nice long letter from Jimmy Jones this morning."

"Yes, but there wasn't anything in it but the boy's address," complained the landlady's daughter.

"You can't expect to get more than a soldier's address in one letter, can you?" demanded Stews. "The address is something like this: 'Sergt. John Jimmy Jones, Jr., A Company, 18th Engineers, Railway, United States Army, American Expeditionary Force in France, via New York City, N. Y.' That is an unofficial approximation."

"Well, perhaps he can't be expected to put any more than the address in the first letter," conceded the argumentative boarder, "but he ought to put a little more in the second letter."

"He can't," explained the patient Stews. "If he put anything in it the censor would sense it out."

"But there is some local news in this letter I got this morning," insisted the landlady. "If you'll keep quiet long enough I'll read it to you."

A deep and respectful silence ensued, whereupon the good landlady read:

"We are now encamped at (censored), which is a very beautiful place in the midst of (censored). When I was in London I saw Westminster Abbey and the Queen and all the sights.

"What our work is I am not allowed to say, but I am perfectly happy and contented. The captain told us something definite—of course, he could not be sure of it. Nothing is sure, you know. But it was what I was hoping to hear. It will mean work that I enlisted for and that I came over here to do."

Sighs of gratification came from the lips of the pretty teacher and the landlady's daughter and the professor and Mr. Stews. The argumentative boarder shook his head, but observing how overwhelmingly he was in the minority he held his peace.

* * *

He Came Often.

A PROBLEM play was being produced in Chicago. One evening it was discovered that a certain man, evidently from the rural districts, had attended the play six nights in succession and always sat well down in front. Each night he leaned forward eagerly in his seat and drank in the words of the drama.

These facts were communicated to the theater's press agent, who scented a good story. Approaching the interested spectator between acts, he apologized for his intrusion and said: "Would you mind telling me just why you are so interested in this play? Do you know some member of the cast?"

"Nope," said the man from the outlands. "That ain't it. But I'll tell you about it. You know the scene in the private room in the restaurant, where the dark man and the other man's wife get up and leave by the left-hand door just a moment before the woman's husband enters by the right-hand door?"

"Yes," said the press agent, expectantly.

"Well," said the interested spectator, "some night the husband's going to come in before they leave."

* * *

How It Occurred.

HE WAS a slightly wounded soldier and for over an hour he had been listening to the orations and questions of an old dame who should have been giving the undertaker a job instead of worrying mankind.

"And did you get wounded?" she at last popped the inevitable question.

"Was I wounded?" exclaimed the exasperated Tommy in surprise. "No, mum, not at all. You see, there's a careless chap in our company, and the night I got hurt he'd bin eatin' oranges and throwing the peel all over the battlefield; so, of course, when I went to see 'Aig ter ask if the night were dark enough ter 'ave some fireworks, blow me if I didn't slip on one of them bits o' peel an' cut me finger on a salmon tin!"

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We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free**, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

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Can YOU Answer This?

What Bible incident does this picture represent? Look at it closely. Ask a friend to help you if you are not posted. Write your answer in a few words, simply mentioning in what part of the Bible the story or parable appears or what the picture means.

Give your nam and full address in your letter, put a three-cent stamp on and mail it to *Bible Treasure Search Editor, Box 5-A, Station N, Cincinnati, Ohio.* You will be rewarded positively with a set of beautiful picture cards in colors, two illustrated stories and other interesting reading matter; also an opportunity to gain $500.00 in cash and other rewards by solving more pictures. Don't miss this if you would like to be surprised and delighted.

Just watch and see what you'll get!

A Woman's Message to Women:

(TRADE-MARK)

R. F. D. 2, Box 58, JOELTON, TENN.

"Last Spring I was in a critical condition from female troubles, inflammation, displacement, irregularity and flooding, so that I would have to stay in bed sometimes for two weeks, and the doctor thought I would have to go through an operation. I wrote for your ten days' Opaline treatment, which helped me wonderfully, so I sent for a box, and at the last two times, I staid up and did my work. I think Mrs. Summers' medicine is the greatest thing on earth for women's ailments, and I will recommend it every chance I have." Mrs. Ellen Anderson.

COLLINSTON, LA.

"I am writing to let you know what your Opaline treatment has done for myself and daughter. She had suffered ever since entering womanhood until she tried your remedy; but she is getting along fine now and all of her pains and cramps have left her. As for myself, it has cured me of untold suffering and weakening drains. Doctors did not help, but after using your remedy one month, I am up and able to do all my work for ten in the family. I can't find words to thank you enough." Mrs. H. N. Osborn.

Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help.

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of **Mrs. Summers' popular Opaline Home Treatment** in relieving so much of the misery and suffering known only to womankind.

READER, if you are troubled with some of those special ailments of women—

SEND FOR A FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

with illustrated, descriptive copy of *"Woman's Own Medical Adviser,"* and test **Mrs. Summers' Opaline Remedy for yourself,** in your own home, without the knowledge or aid of anyone. You can afterward continue if you wish, at about 12c. a week. For twenty-five years women have reported it satisfactory, and often superior to vegetable tonics and compounds. It is used by old and young and does not interfere with daily work. Write in confidence, as your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman. For the **Free Trial,** address,

THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO., Women's Dept. 105 **South Bend, Ind.**

Mrs. Summers' Remedies are sold by many Druggists.

BOYS—A Special Lone Scout Sweater

With Official Monogram

Just the thing for winter, for sport and for work. Made expressly for our boys, to be worn with the Lone Scout Uniform. **Same design and quality as U. S. Army sweater coat, with military collar and regulation pockets.** Body of sweater is gray, collar blue, Lone Scout Monogram in red and blue. No dye to fade. Sweater strictly pure wool—not a thread of cotton in it.

"Warm as a Stove"---Weighs 2 Pounds

Sweaters of this quality sell for $6.50 or more at retail. On account of buying in large quantities and selling at cost, we furnish this special sweater to our boys for $4.00. Weight of sweater is 2 pounds. Built to last, firmly knit with special shape retaining features; no sagging; double bottom, will never stretch out; sloping shoulders; a tight, firm stitch where the wear comes, but sufficiently elastic to give freedom to the body; all seams protected against ripping; tailored buttonholes which will never get larger.

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With Official Monogram
$4

Order now and get the full wear out of your sweater. Be sure to state your size. The sweater is $4.00 and if you want us to prepay shipment, send postage with order. Shipping weight of sweater is 2 pounds.

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The only Company that Supplies Official Lone Scout Outfits and Equipment.

PHYSICIANS EXPLAIN WHY WOMEN NEED MORE IRON IN THEIR BLOOD TODAY THAN 20 YEARS AGO

Say Anaemia—Lack of Iron is Greatest Curse to the Health, Strength, Vitality and Beauty of the Modern American Woman

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says physicians should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency resulting from a demineralized diet now being served in thousands of homes. Opinions of Dr. James Louis Beyea, for 15 years Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College; Dr. H. B. Vail, Medical Examiner, and late of the Baltimore and Columbus Hospitals, and other physicians who have thoroughly tested the value of Nuxated Iron.

Any woman who tires easily, is nervous or irritable, or looks pale, haggard and worn should at once have her blood examined for iron deficiency—administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, careworn women 100 per cent in two weeks' time.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood."

"Iron is also absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents."

"The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless."

Dr. James Louis Beyea, for 15 years Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, says: "As a physician I have always been opposed to prescribing advertised remedies, and for fifteen years, while Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic College, I taught my medical students that such remedies were generally valueless, but in the case of Nuxated Iron severe tests made on myself and numerous patients have absolutely convinced me that it is a remedy of most extraordinary merit and one which should be generally prescribed by all physicians. Notwithstanding the fact that I am nearing my 80th birthday, a short course of Nuxated Iron has made me feel like a new man. Friends say, 'What have you been doing to yourself, you look so well and full of life?' In my opinion there is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to put strength and power into the veins of the weak, run-down, infirm or aged. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which often do more harm than good. To be absolutely sure that my patients get real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety, I always prescribe Nuxated Iron in its original packages."

Dr. H. B. Vail, Medical Examiner and late of the Baltimore and Columbus Hospitals: "Time and again, I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. One man 47 years old who had practically worn himself out with stimulating medicines and nauseous concoctions came to me recently after a month's course of Nuxated Iron and declared: 'Doctor, I feel as full of life and energy as when a boy of 21.' When you compare a product like Nuxated Iron which is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, with the older forms of inorganic iron which upset the stomach, ruined the teeth and passed through the body without doing any good, it is not surprising that millions of people annually are now taking Nuxated Iron and physicians everywhere are prescribing it."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "I am a great believer in Nuxated Iron, it often acts almost like magic. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking nuxated iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth."

NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent, or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

THE CHILD'S APPEAL—

"Mother, why don't you take Nuxated Iron and be strong and well and have nice rosy cheeks instead of being so nervous and irritable all the time and looking so haggard and old---The doctor gave some to Susie Smith's mother and she was worse off than you are and now she looks years younger and feels just fine."

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood---beautiful healthy rosy cheeked women full of Life, Vim and Vitality---while those who lack iron are often cross, nervous, irritable, weak, tired, complaining creatures whom nobody wants to have around.